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Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

APRIL
1943

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(COVER)

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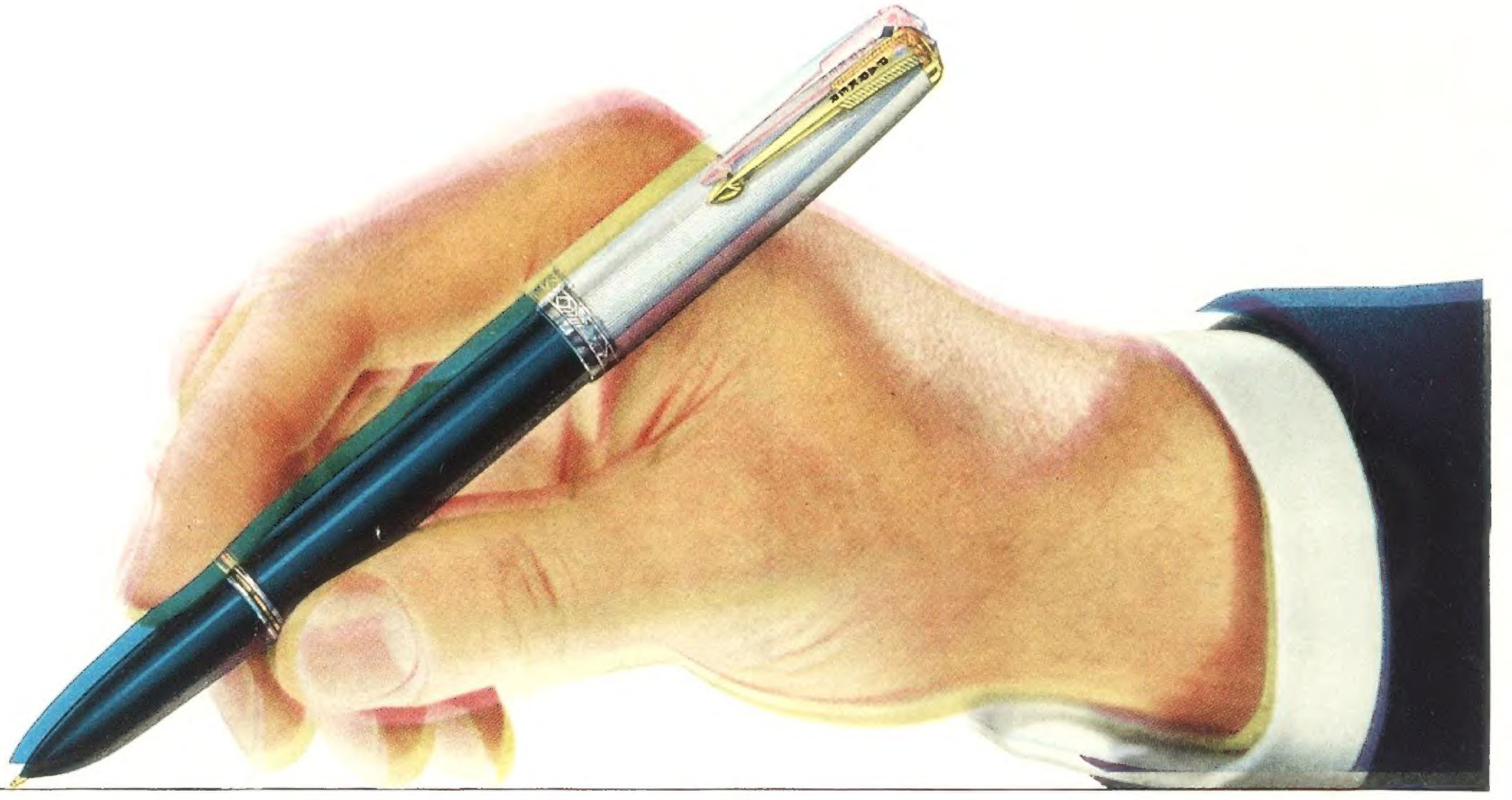
CLOTHES · ART · CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
CANADIAN PRICE FIFTY-FIVE CENTS

You Probably Can Place a Reservation



"Writes dry with wet ink!"

THERE will be fewer Parker "51" pens this year. For a recent War Production Board order limits the manufacture of *all* fountain pens.

You can almost *feel* why this must be when you weigh this sleek, taut, bullet-smooth Parker "51" in your palm.

It looks, and it handles, it glints, and it fondles like something that has *calibre*.

You sense immediately why Parker's efforts, and more and more of our engineering skill and craftsmanship have been transferred to the making of *fuzes, primers, and detonator caps*, for the guns and bombs of the United Nations.

Thus it is that a smaller '43 production of this sensational, torpedo-pointed Parker "51" must be rationed among dealers. Yet, you probably can place a reservation with one of the stores you patronize.

We never have produced, in any year, all of the "51" pens we could sell. The great demand is due to the sensational smoothness, the split-second obedience of this utterly new pen. It is the only pen that can use "51" writing fluid—a magic-like liquid that *dries as you write*. Yet the Parker "51" can be used with *any* ink, if you so desire—but you won't "so desire."

If your wartime duties require a pen, if you want wonderful encouragement in keeping up correspondence with service men, fit this gorgeous writing instrument to your trigger finger.

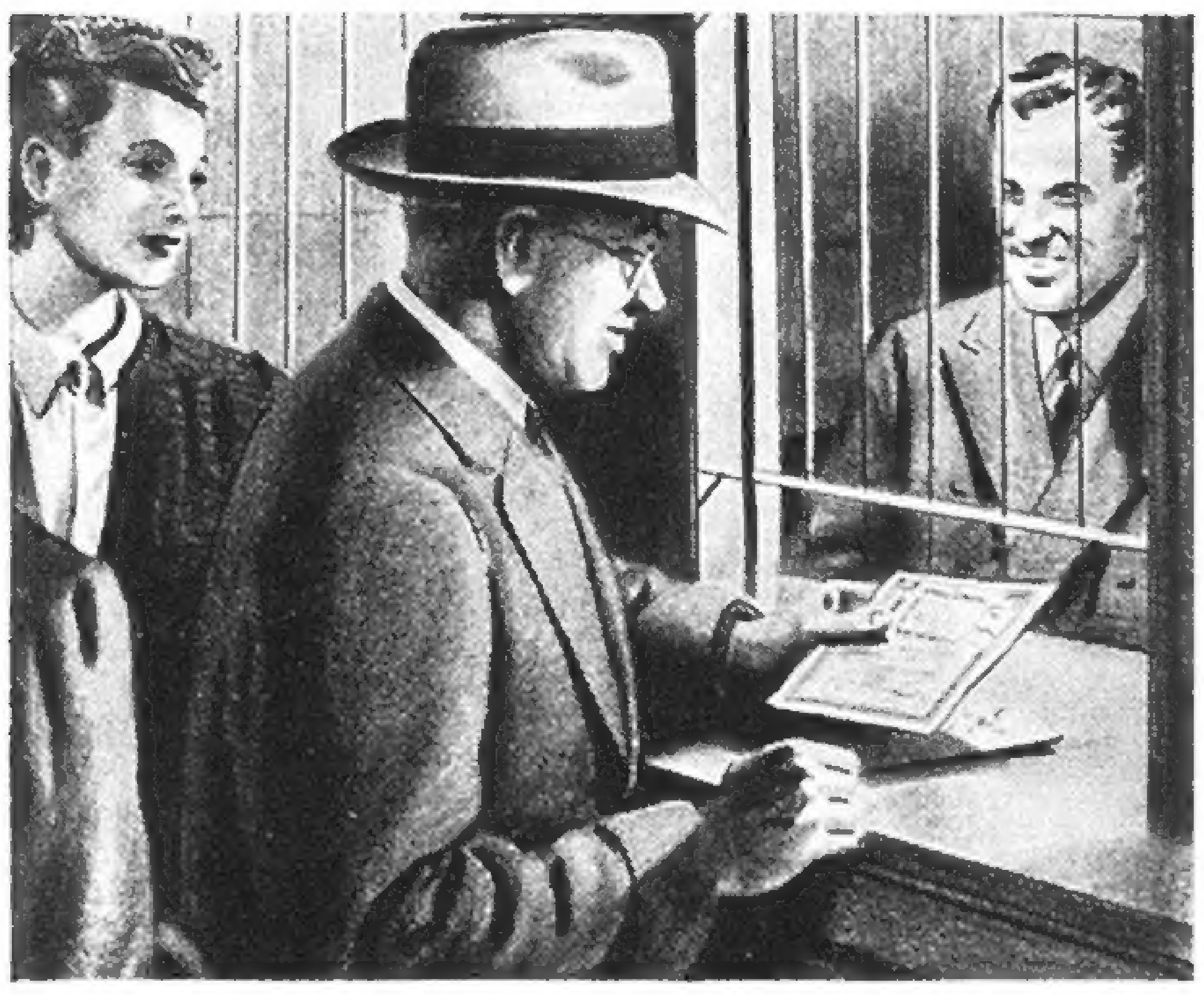
The colors most available are Black, Blue-Cedar, Dove Gray. The prices, $12.50 and $15.00. Pencils to match, $5.00 and $7.50. Famous Parker Vacumatic pens, in a rather complete line, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00.

◆ *GUARANTEED BY LIFE CONTRACT! Parker's Blue Diamond on the pen is our contract unconditionally guaranteeing service for the owner's life, without cost other than 35¢ charge for postage, insurance, and handling, if pen is not intentionally damaged and is returned complete to The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.*

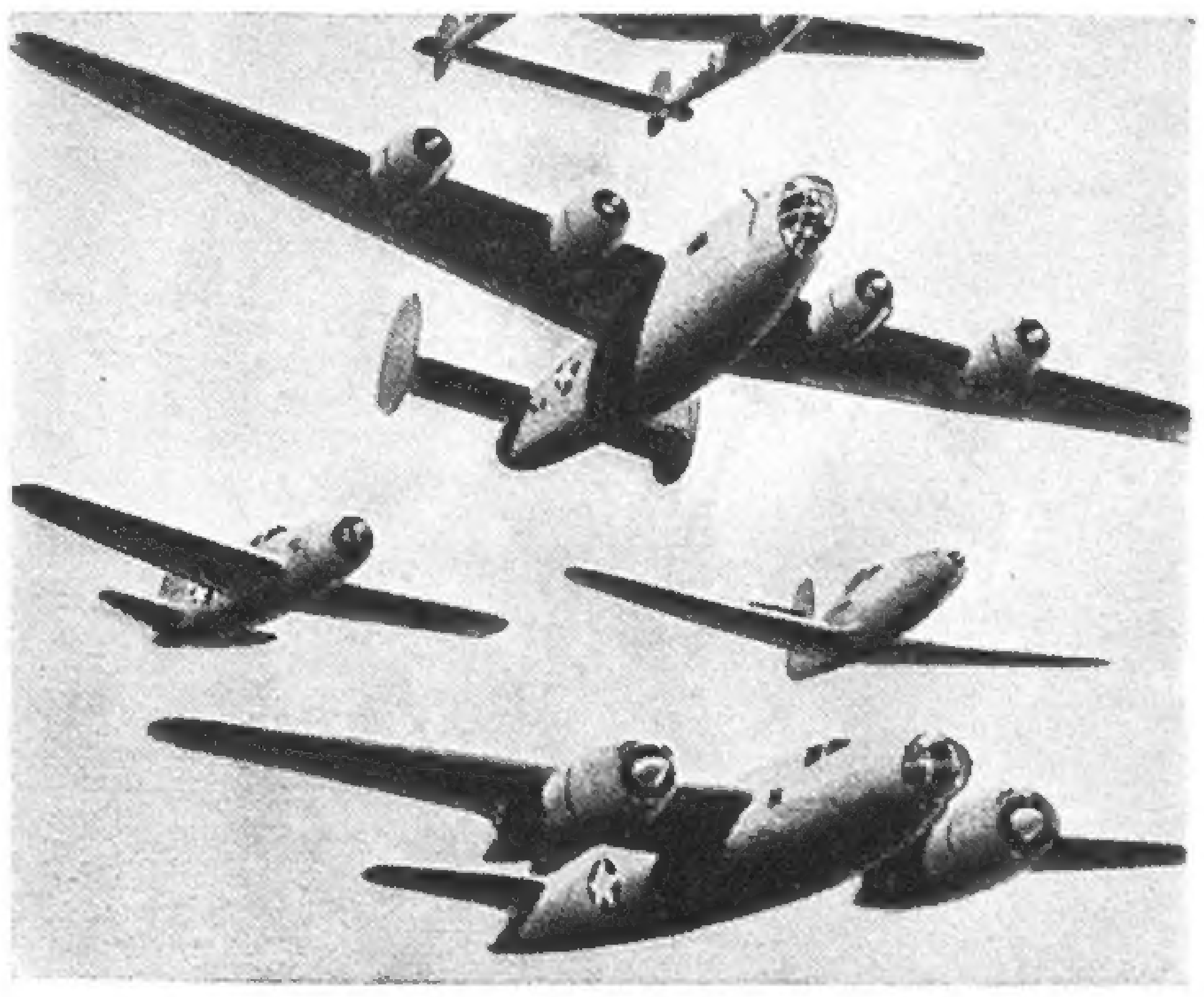
PARKER "51"

COPR. 1943, THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

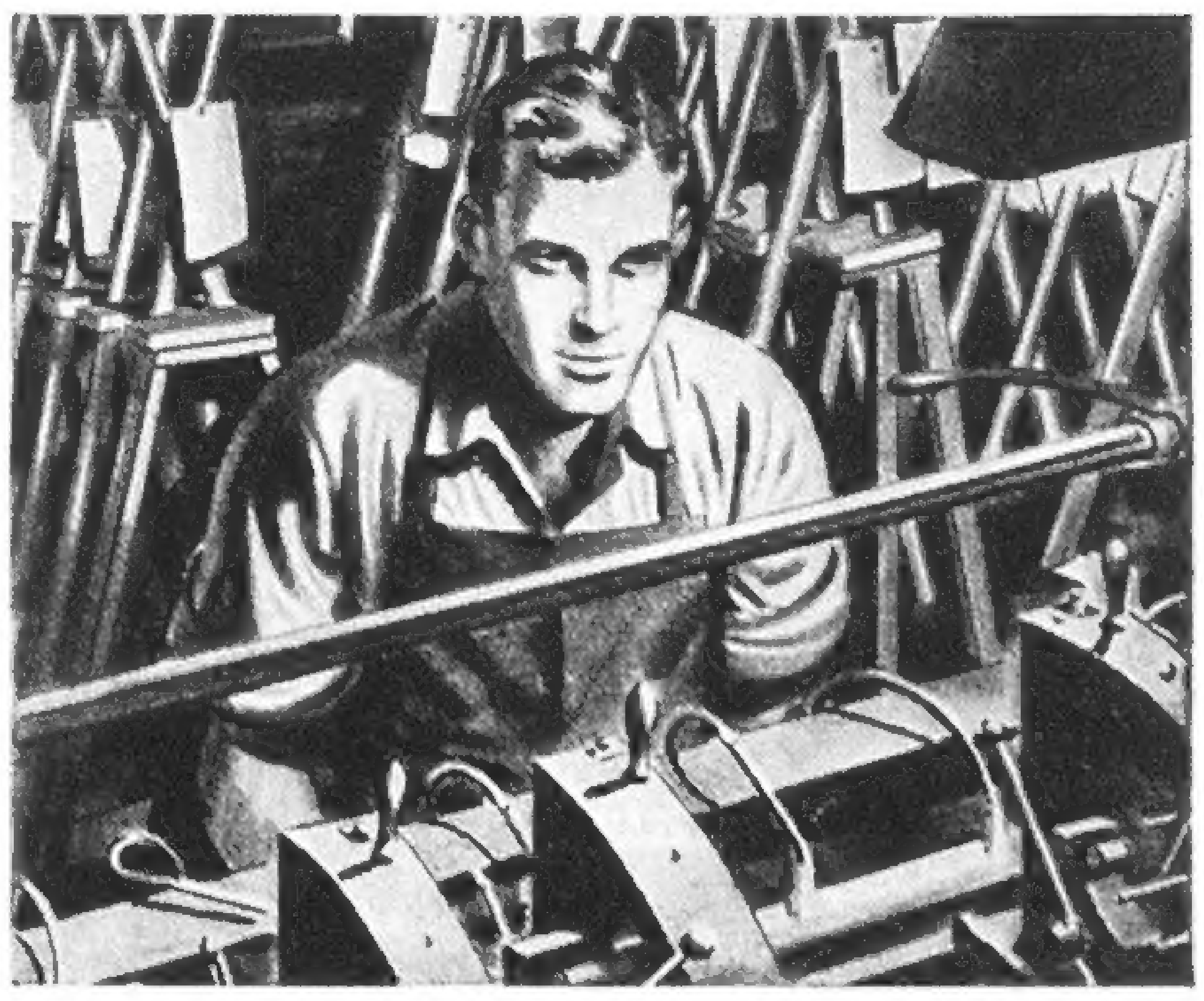
How War Bonds Buy Victory



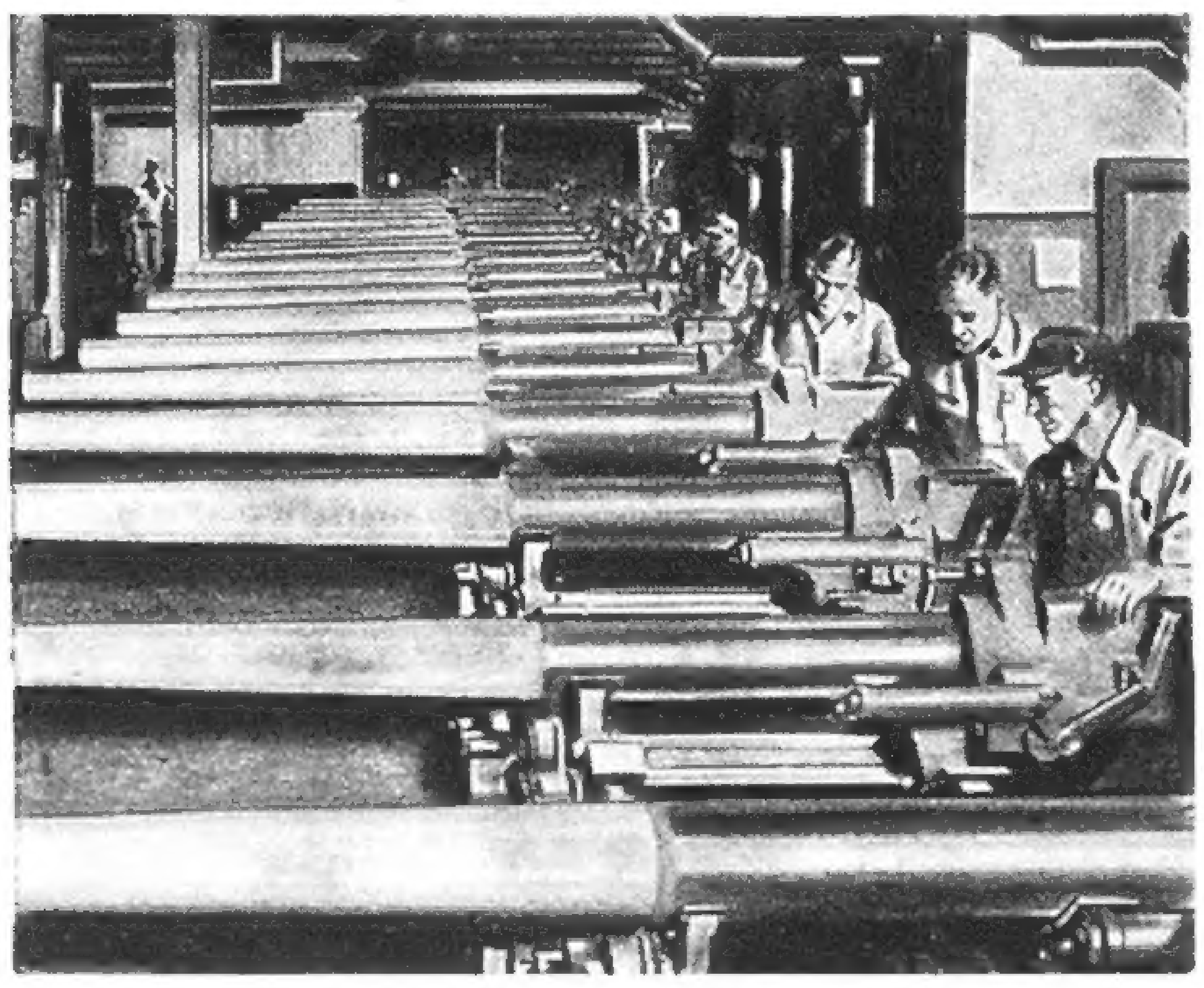
Every time you buy a War Bond, you are bringing Victory just a little closer.



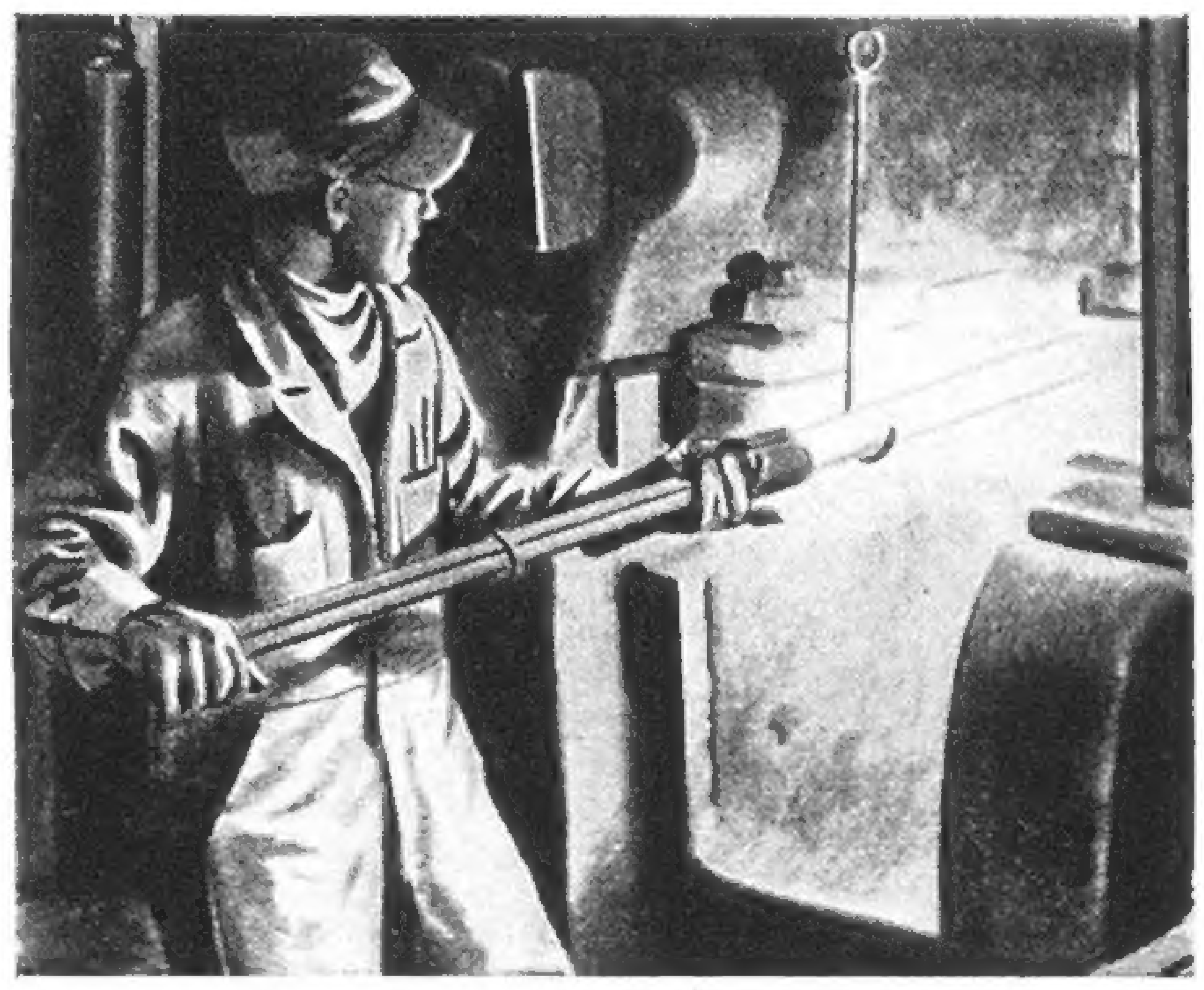
War Bond holders own a share in the greatest warplanes the world has seen.



War Bonds mean "Fire-Power"—such as the aircraft cannon Oldsmobile builds.

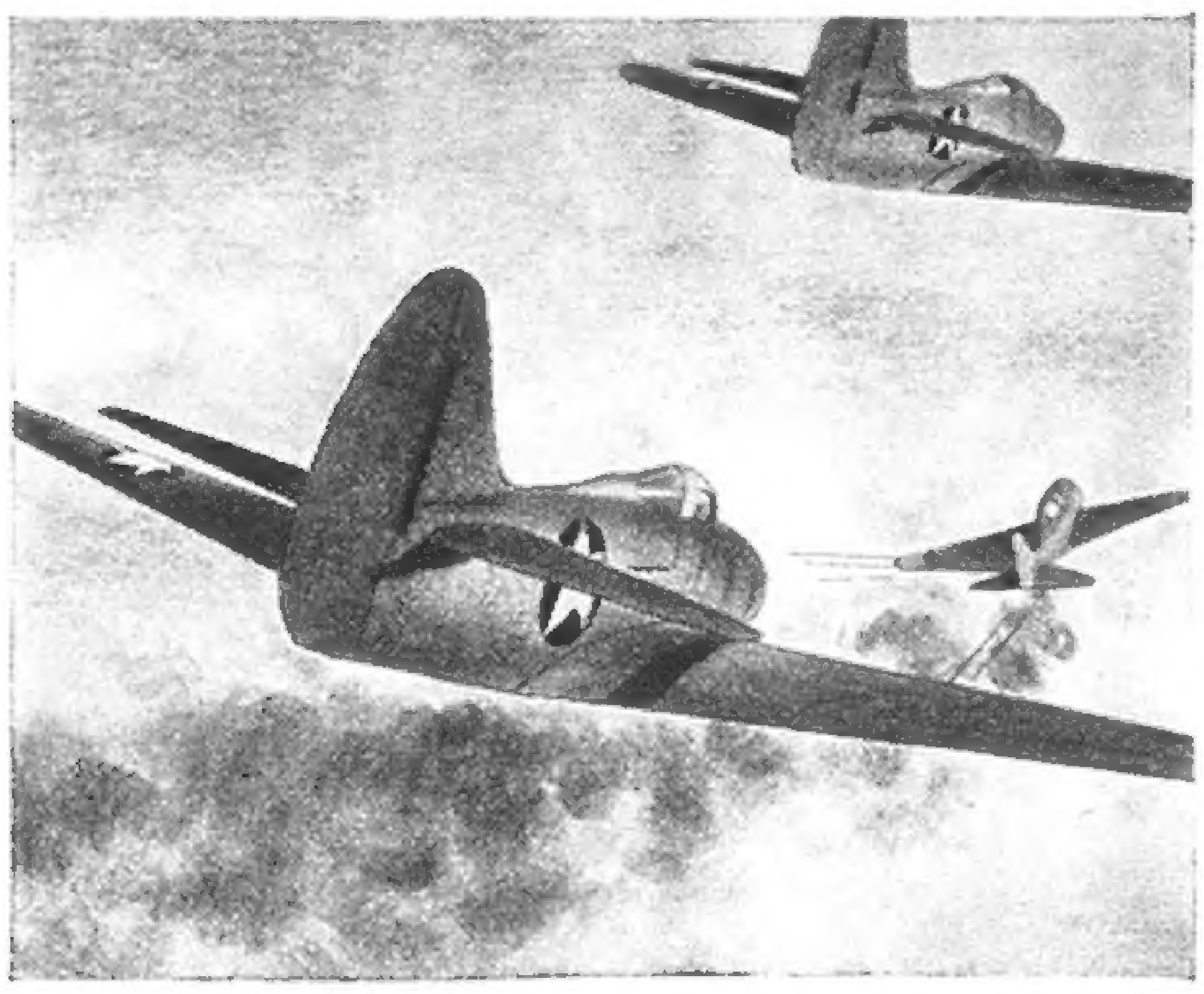


More "Fire-Power!" These are hard-hitting, Oldsmobile-built cannon for tanks.

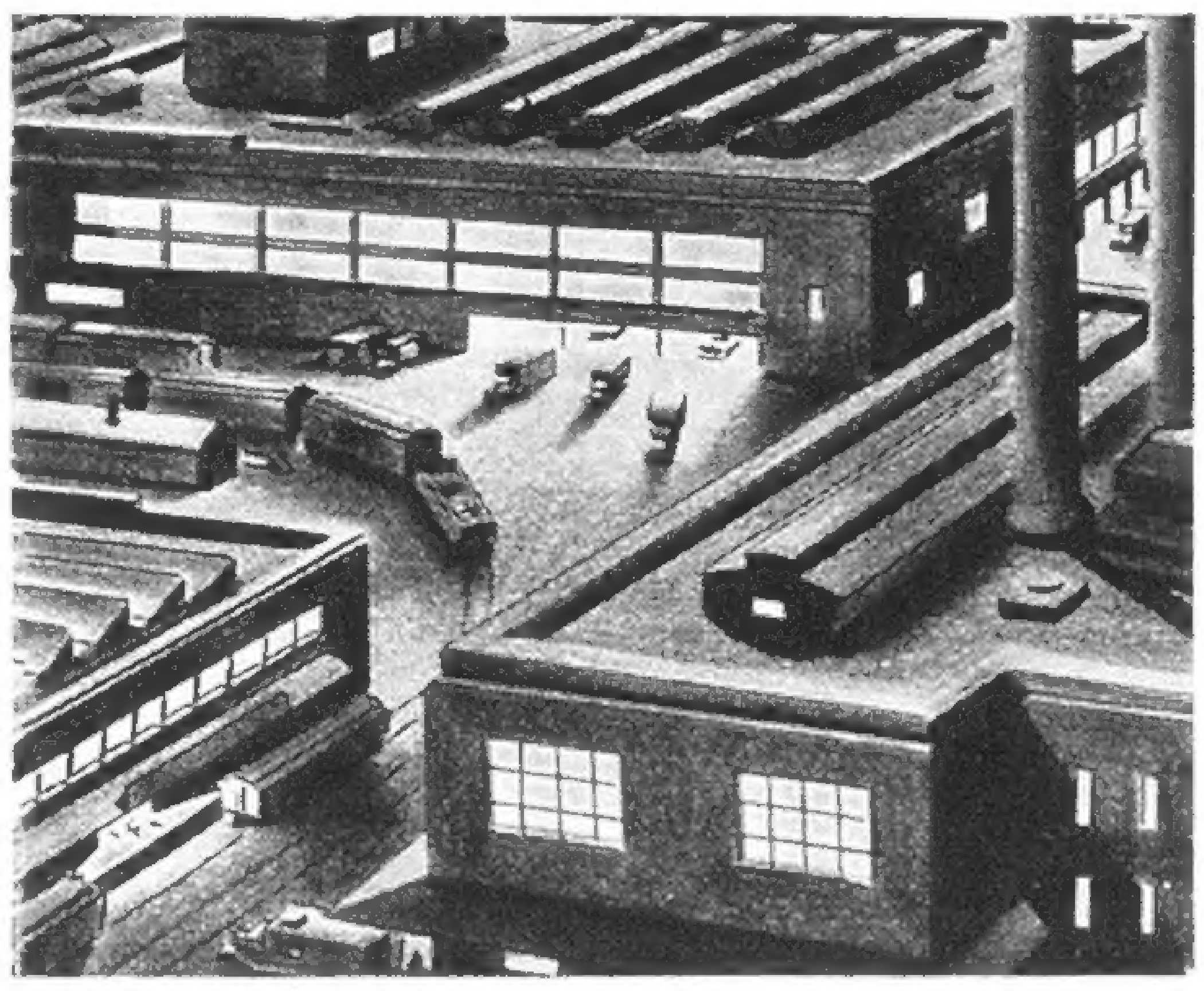


And shell by the million! Oldsmobile has been turning 'em out for two years.

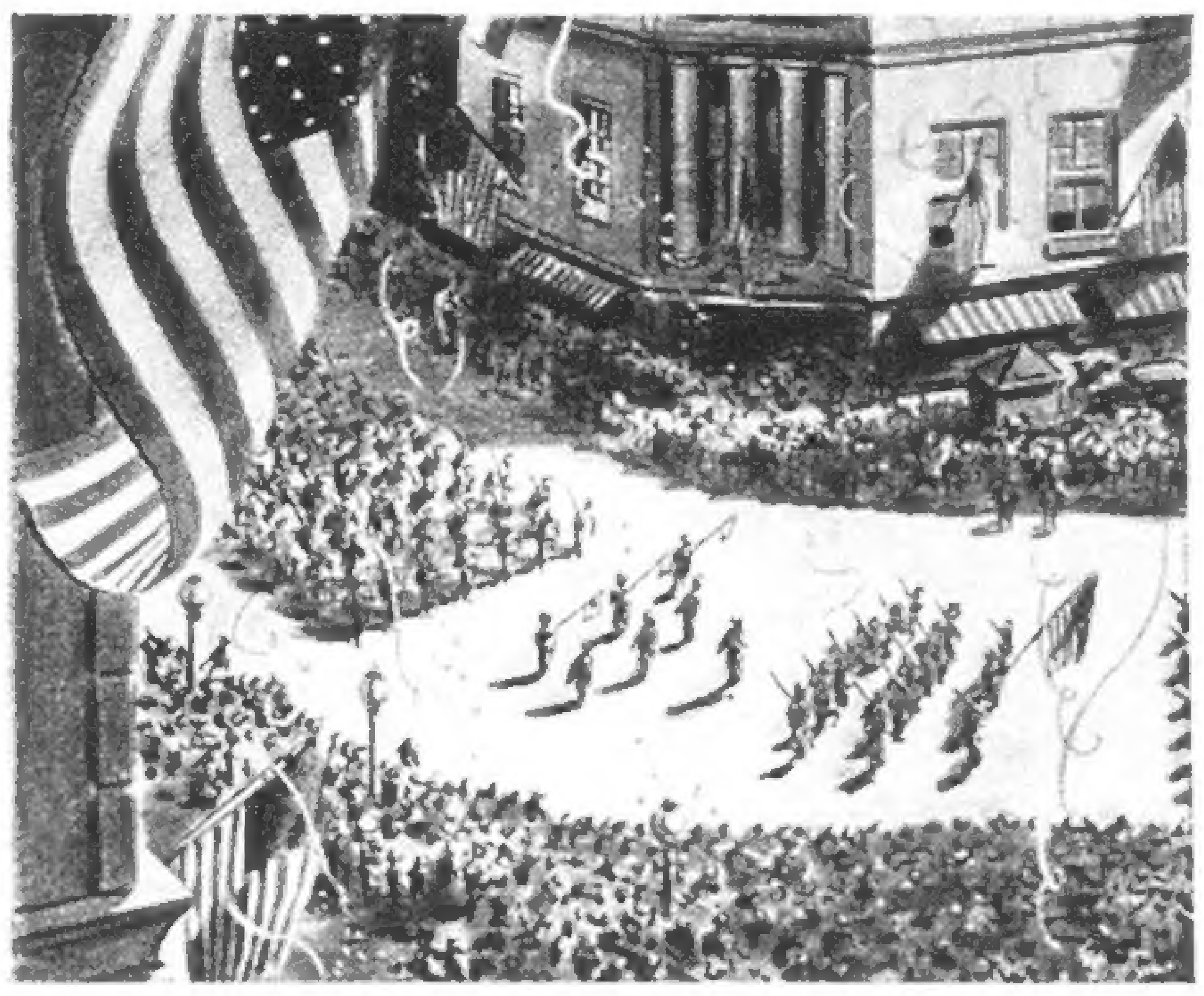
War Bond dollars back up our fighters—training, equipping, supplying them.



They fight with your dollars, with guns and ships your Bonds help to buy.



Even if you don't work on war production, let your War Bond dollars work for you.



Some day . . . VICTORY! And you'll get back every War Bond dollar, *plus interest.*

HOW OLDSMOBILE BUILDS FOR VICTORY!

KEEP 'EM FIRING!

THE FACTS AND FIGURES, such as can be revealed, tell an impressive story. Oldsmobile swung into volume production of war equipment as early as April, 1941, nearly two years ago. Since then, *millions* of high-explosive shell and armor-piercing shot . . . *thousands* of fast-firing automatic cannon for the nation's fighter planes . . . *thousands* of long-range, high-velocity cannon for tanks, have flowed from the Oldsmobile production lines. Working in close co-operation with more than 130 subcontractors, Oldsmobile today has reached a peak of war production volume that once would have seemed impossible.

But the facts don't tell it all. Let's remember that production *alone* won't win this war. Bonds *alone* won't win this war. It's the skilled hands and keen minds and fighting hearts of our men overseas, the men who use the weapons we build and buy, that will bring us through to Victory. So, let's build an *extra* gun today . . . buy an *extra* Bond today . . . *for them!*

Oldsmobile was among the very first war producers to receive the Army-Navy "E" award for outstanding production achievements. That is the greatest distinction we could ask in time of war, because—Victory is our business!

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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ESQUIRE
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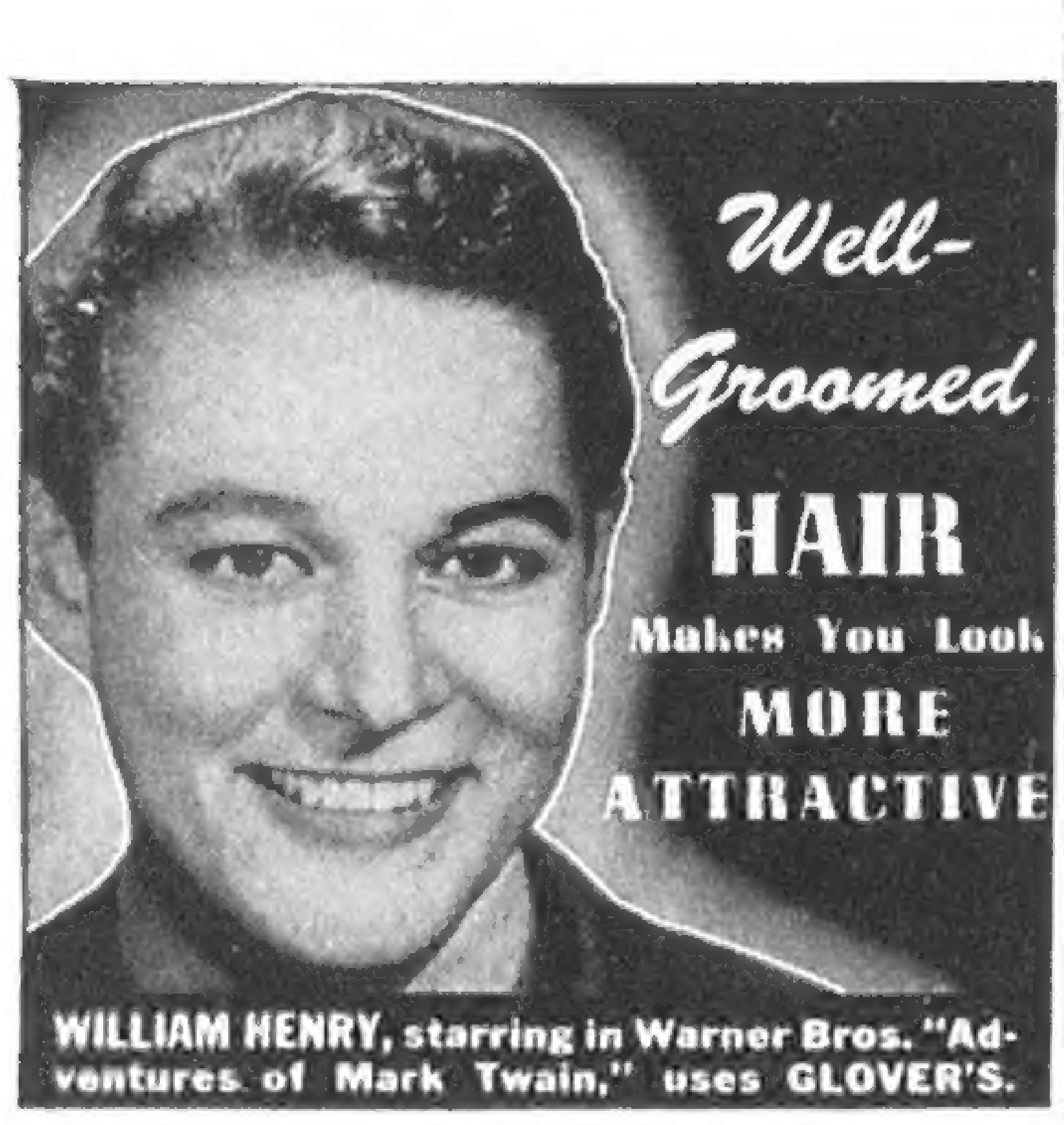
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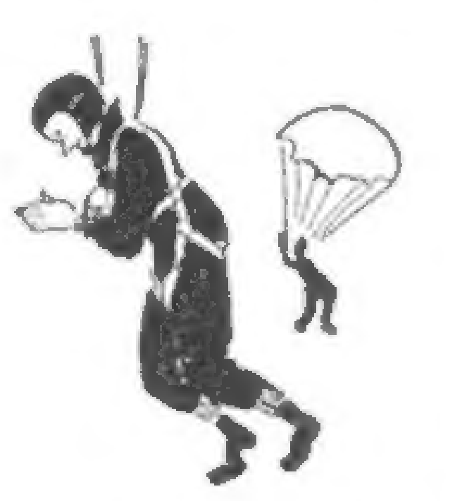
Talking Shop with Esquire

STRICTLY NON — G. I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.

BURGLAR'S WATERLOO. An ingenious portable lock to protect your personal possessions. Outfit consists of a ratchet bar, two keys and a brace plate, total weight, five oz. Contrivance fits any kind of sliding drawer and can be applied or removed instantly without benefit of screws, nails or tools. Does everything an ordinary lock can do and more, as it can even lock two drawers at the same time, and the trick two-sided key offers double protection — making duplication impossible.

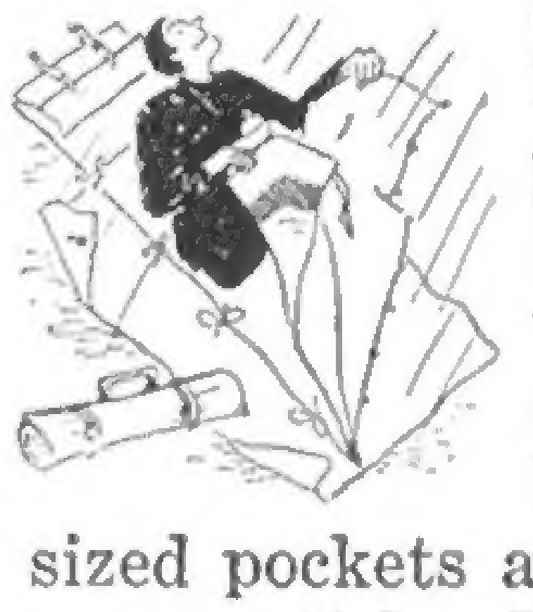
BUILT-IN FILTER-CLEANER. A pipe with a gimick . . . but what a gimick! It's an imported Briar that contains not only a patented filter, but a magic plunger with a spring action which makes the pipe non-clog via a special extension at the top of the filter which acts as a cleaner. There's no twisting or turning of the bit because it's locked securely in the pipe and remains in a fixed position. Give it a try.



PARATROOPERS, PARTICULARLY. In fact for any guy in service. It seems that sudden changes in air pressure in drops from high to low altitudes, force air into an ordinary wrist watch stopping the sweep second hand mechanism. Not so this water-proof, airtight shockproof watch with special shock absorbing features, leverage float accurate to a 1/1000 of an inch. And of course the usual luminous dial, unbreakable crystal, waterproof strap and stuff.

GOT A GOOD SHINER? Here's a swell liquid stain-polish that gives your shoes a rich, hand-rubbed custom finish . . . that high gloss that will pass the most critical inspection. Speedy to apply, saves elbow grease. And mark well this shiner: to wit: a powder that not only puts a brilliant shine on your brass buttons, but also cleans and polishes your mess kits with a minimum of effort. Doesn't scratch or mar, and leaves no trace of white powdery stuff around the designs on your hardware. What more do you want for a dime?

WANNA PLAY GAMES? There may be a shortage of dames where you are, but certainly no shortage of games. Canny game manufacturers are whipping up all manner of ways to help you augment your pay check (or vice versa). Here's a 4-in-1 game combination, box 12"x14", which houses a chess and backgammon board, plus Acey Ducey (a dice game for two) . . . kinda like a sophisticated Parcheesi, and another little number called Crown and Anchor . . . a "put and take" routine with chips and dice.



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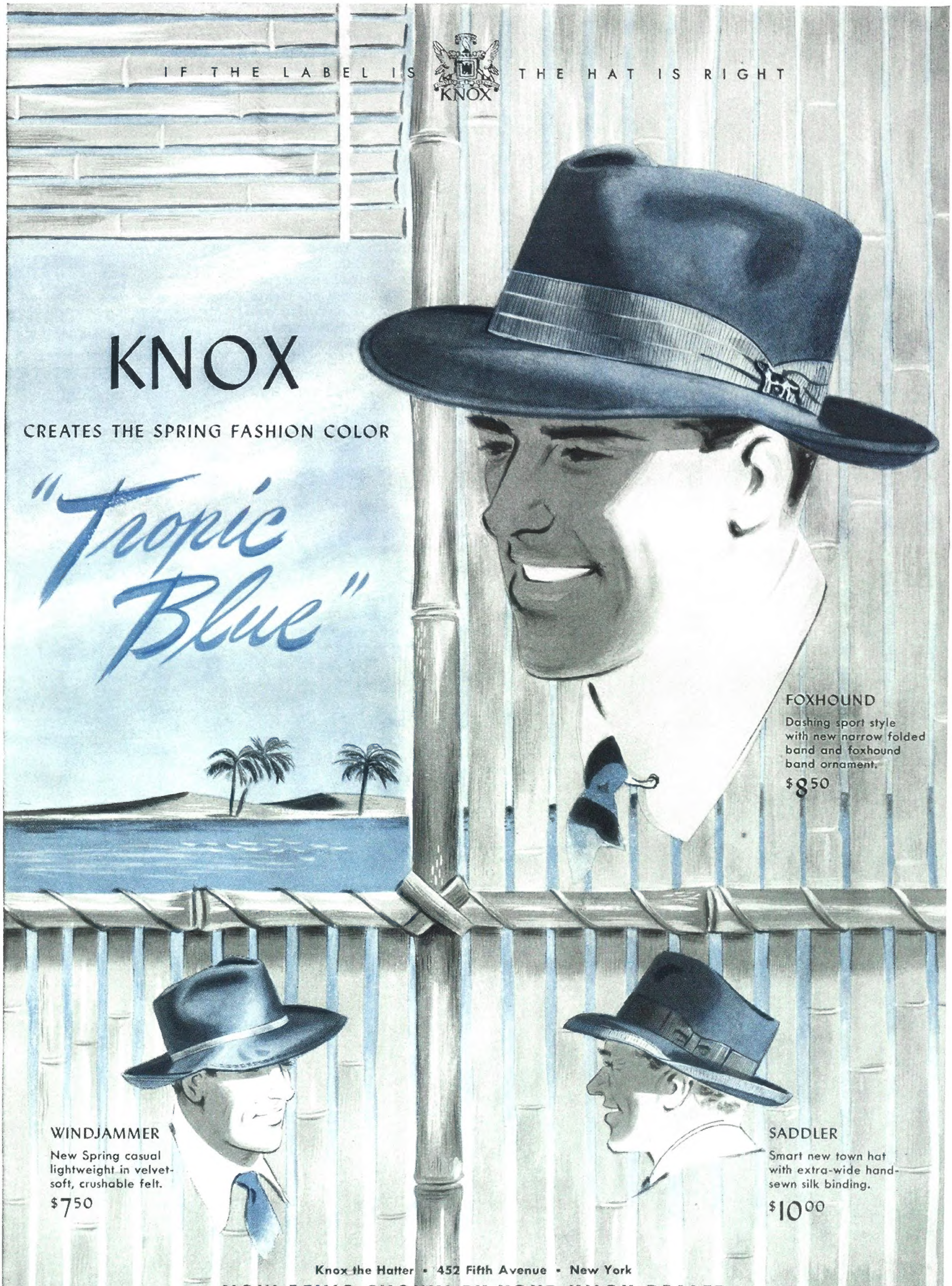
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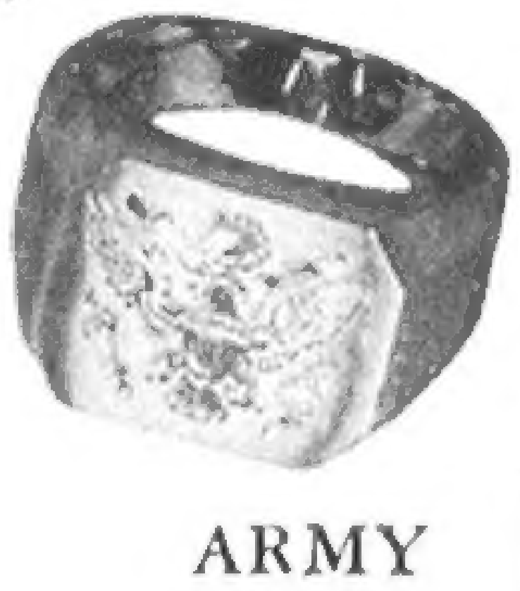

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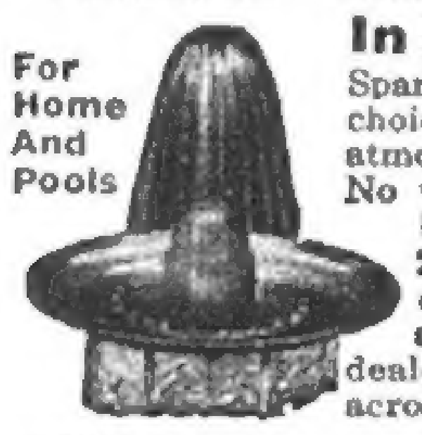

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FOR FIGHTERS ON THE PRODUCTION FRONT

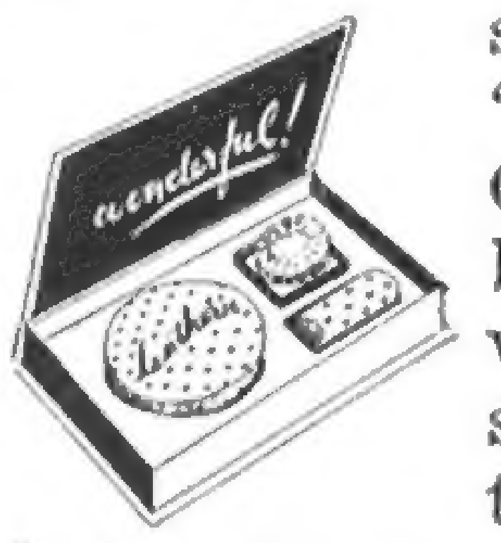
SEVEN SEAS SLACKS are ideal for the men and women behind the men behind the guns! They're practical, long-wearing, excellent values! By switching from a coat, to sport jacket, or sweater, your slacks can be the better half of half a dozen costumes!

50th ANNIVERSARY
Seven Seas SLACKS

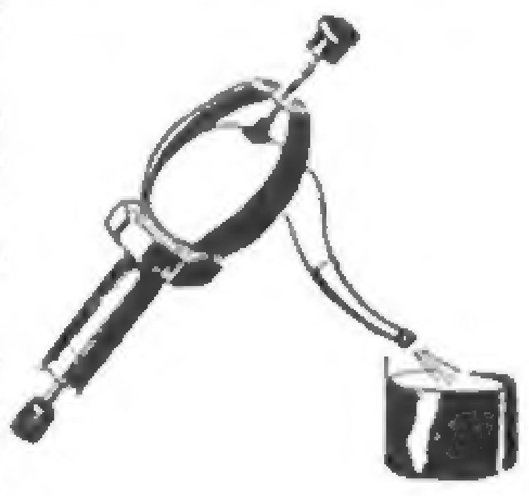
Moyer MFG. CO.
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
50th Anniversary Year

Talking Shop with Esquire

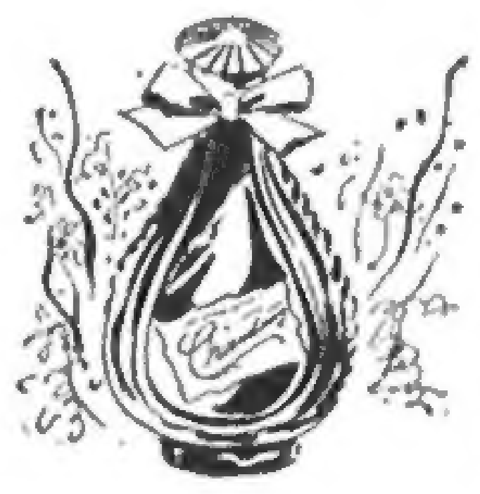
FEMININE FRIPPERIES. Special boxed "sets" of colognes, make-up, etc., have enormous appeal such as the "Friendship's Garden Remembrance box" filled with such floral scented items as toilet water, sachet and soap. Or a set of perfume and matching cologne called "Straw Hat". Don't overlook the intriguing trio called "Lady in the Dark", perfume, cologne and dusting powder, luxuriously packaged. Or a makeup set aptly yclept "Wonderful" and composed of face powder and lipstick in white cases sprinkled with gold polkadots, plus rouge in a fancy plastic box.



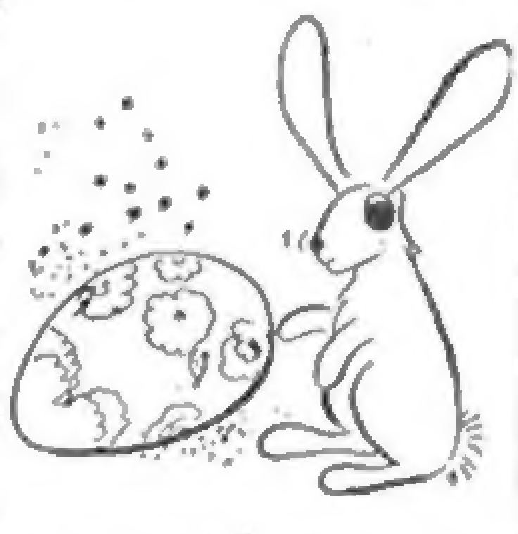
PIPE PUMP. With pipe cleaners at a premium, many a Briar will be rendered sweet, clean and odorless by means of the metal pipe pump. Bowl of pipe screws over pump intake, while the stem is dipped into the cleaning fluid. Then you pump till the fluid becomes a dire hue. Remove, give a few extra pumps to dry out bowl and stem, and the job is done with neatness and dispatch.



PREFERABLY PERFUME. Sure she'll be expecting an Easter gift . . . and *you're* the Easter Bunny, Bud. Here's the authentic low-down on scents. If she's gay and flirtatious, get her a fragrance called "Chichi", in a heart-shaped bottle with feathered dart stopper. If she's feminine and cuddly, try "Doux Jasmin" a romantic blend of sweet jasmin and lily of the valley: or delicate "Chantilly", with its disturbing fragrance. Vivacious ladies will go for "Breathless", crisp and quixotic in its jewel-cut flacon. While brunettes of latin-like temperament demand the fragrance of romance and excitement, "Estrellita".

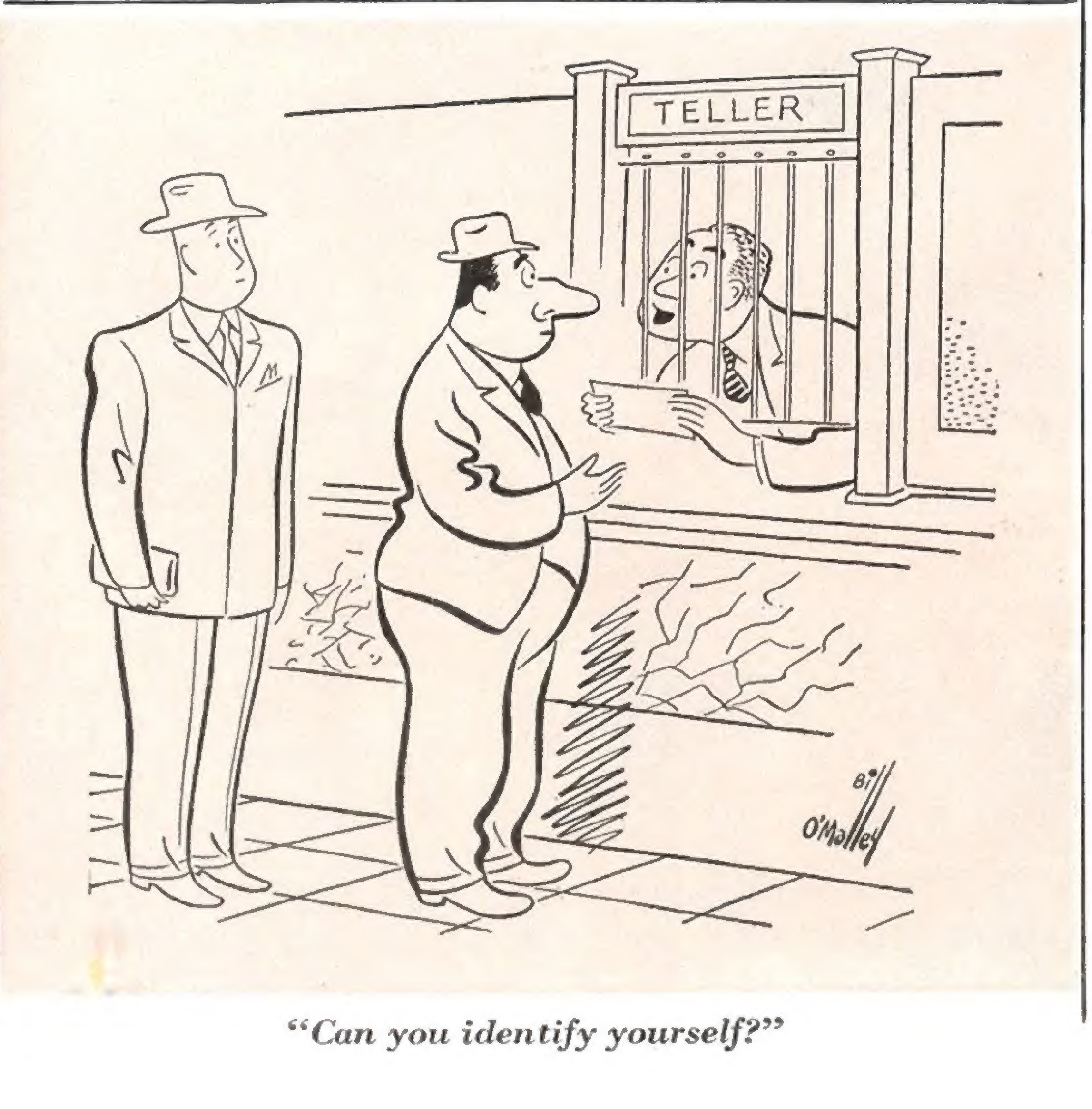


EGGS, $10 EACH! No ceiling on these, gentlemen, because they're delicate little miniature egg-shaped boxes of hand painted porcelain. You give them to your lady for an Easter token. And *she* uses 'em to hold pills, individual sugar portions or whatever.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



"Can you identify yourself?"

THE COMMANDER BOOT

$8.95

Unusual! For Service Men—and civilians, too! Its special cover-the-ankle height keeps out cold (on windswept decks); keeps out snow (on icy patrols); keeps out sand (on desert marches); keeps out cinders and stones (on airports or any rough ground!). One quick pull tightens the laces! Made of fine meaty Leather in mellow Brown or Black. On Mail Orders, add 25c for shipping, and state color and size desired.

Also Fleece Lined for extra warmth (genuine Shearling). Black or Brown. Also $8.95

FELLMAN, LTD., 6 E. 46th STREET, N. Y. C.

U. S. MECHANIZED TROOPS RIDE WITH GUIDES

HULL STREAMLINE COMPASSES are used on U. S. Army motor vehicles to show direction of travel at all times. As Hull Streamline Auto Compasses have aided America's motorists in the past, so are Hull Compasses helping to guide our fighting men to their destinations today. Until victory, available for civilian purchase only so far as dealer stocks permit.

HULL MANUFACTURING CO.
P. O. Box 246-G4 WARREN, OHIO

IF HE WERE ONLY TALLER

You can now be as much as **2¼ inches taller** simply by changing to Staturaids, the height-increasing shoes, with concealed buildup. **Custom made** to your order, in choice of styles for business, sport, dress, military wear. Prices start as low as $14.50 for these fine quality custom made shoes.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG. DEPT. 128

JOSEPH BURGER
You buy direct—Staturaid Factory & Showroom
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Free Catalog
Ready March 1

Fully illustrated, showing special footwear and clothing for fishermen and campers, also special fishing tackle.

L. L. Bean, Inc.
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Mfrs. Fishing and Camping Specialties

HOLLYWOOD STAIN POLISH

Hollywood
BOOTMAKERS Stain POLISH
as advertised in Esquire

TRADE MARK

Gives your shoes a rich hand-rubbed custom finish, plus a high gloss, as featured by America's leading shoe stores. Available in Antique Walnut, Antique Redwood, Dark Brown, Tan and Black. ✱ Sold by **Flagg Bros.** (stores in larger cities), other leading shoe and dept. stores. If dealer does not carry **Hollywood**, send **$1.50** for complete set of Hollywood Polishes, sent post-paid. Unconditionally guaranteed.

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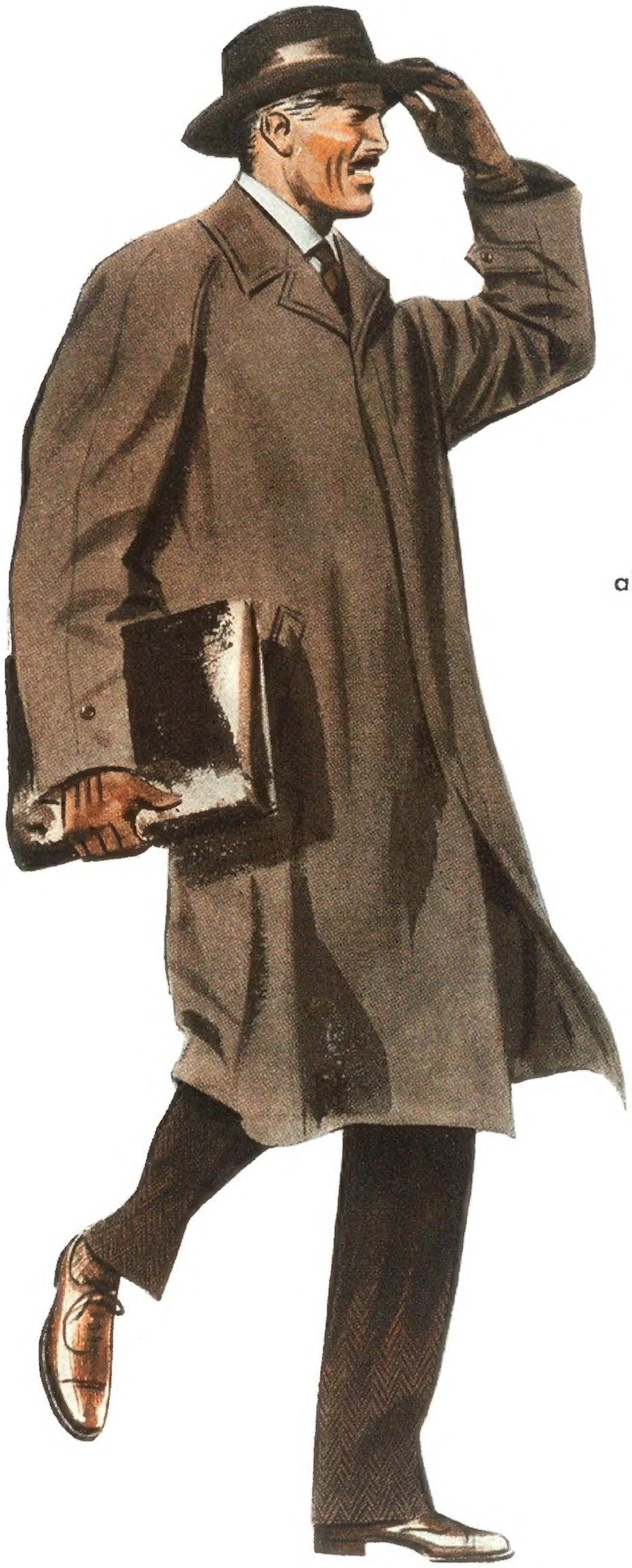
IN THE SPRING

It's sure to pour

SO WEAR AN ALLIGATOR

Now you're walking more!



Sure! You're outdoors more —and you're walking more. But if you're one of America's proud Alligator owners, you're not the least bit worried about treacherous Springtime weather. In your smart, dependable Alligator Raincoat, you can afford to ignore wind and rain. You know you'll keep dry and healthy, and you'll do your wartime job better than ever. For Alligators are made to merit "the best name in rainwear." First in style—first in dependable rain protection. If you haven't yet bought your Alligator, visit your dealer, as limited stocks *are* available.

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

JEERS FOR DR. GOFFIN

I have just read M. Goffin's article about jazz, with its selection of all-time great musicians. I was horrified. I wonder why you chose him as the man for the job, when there are at least half a dozen vastly better qualified people available? It is undoubtedly a nice feeling to have talented (law, Maeterlinck, etc.) Europeans handle esoteric problems like All-American bands, but Jeese gad! The man is a monster, a buffoon! Alvin Haye, or whatever that preposterous jumble was, as a bass man. The poor guy's name is Hayes Alvis.

To be more specific: Goffin, despite all his accomplishments, has a highly superficial knowledge of jazz, and is in no way a genuine authority on the subject. It matters very little how far back his interest goes, inasmuch as he has never progressed very far.

You will, I think, receive more and more outraged letters of protest over your little error in judgment. Probably many lists of All-American bands. And there should be, in the name of reason, much better ones than his.

Jazz is a wonderful thing—it deserves a better break.

Paul P. Bacon
Newark, N. J. President, Hot Club

CHEERS FOR DR. GOFFIN

Congratulations on your All-American Band. It is at once apparent that Mr. Goffin is a critic of more than usual sensibility and discrimination. Many of his selections are so unquestionably "right" that there is no possible room for argument. In most of the rest, there is as much to be said for his selections as for the possible alternatives. Moreover, in most such cases he has suggested the alternatives in the text, thus leaving it a matter of personal judgment and preference.

In certain cases, however, it is my opinion that Mr. Goffin has left himself wide open. Let us start with the selections of Harry James, Benny Goodman, and Artie Shaw. On occasion they have all played good (but not GREAT) jazz, but always with and under the inspiration of great jazz artists. Louis Armstrong, and Johnny Dodds, and Jelly-Roll Morton require no such inspiration.

Most of the confusion regarding who does and who does not deserve mention arises from our inability to define jazz exactly.

There are certain things, however, that most assuredly are not jazz. I have heard the church organist improvise beautifully by the half hour. Moreover, he was an exceptionally fine instrumentalist, one of the fourteen best organists in the country. *But* he was certainly not playing jazz. However you define jazz, it requires more than fine playing and improvisation. It requires polyrhythms, explicit, or more often, implied, that "swing" in the original jazz sense of the word (before it was corrupted to mean what Benny is King of). It further requires polyphonic ensembles, the intricate interweaving of multiple melodic lines, of the strange, beautiful, and inexpressibly moving quality that comes only from collective improvisation by musicians who speak the jazz idiom and are living the music together.

Jazz must partake of the character of the natural Negro music that came out of New Orleans in the second half of the first quarter of this century.

Benny and Artie are great clarinetists, and Harry is a great trumpeter. All three are great commercial band-leaders and fine businessmen. But, by any reasonable standards of genuine jazz, none of them belongs on anybody's All-American Band.

Meanwhile, the greatest jazz clarinetist of them all, Johnny Dodds, is not even mentioned. There is much to be said for Tesch, and if anyone prefers him to Johnny Dodds or Jimmy Noone, I can easily respect his opinion. But when our Johnny isn't even mentioned—we can't stand for that. Others who certainly deserve consideration are Sidney Bechet, Omer Simeon, Mezz Mesirow, and Rod Cless.

Tommy Ladnier, King Oliver, Freddie Keppard, and Bubber Miley are also, it seems, too dead to mention; but Muggsy Spanier and Rex Stewart, and Nat Dominique, and Sidney DeParis are very much alive—so we end up with Harry "Sleepy Lagoon" James and Charlie Shavers on trumpet. And where was Floyd O'Brien when we got Lou on trombone. Lou does some fine solos, to be sure, but give me Floyd to fill the ensembles and do the solos, too.

Art Tatum has the finest technique of any jazz pianist, but he tends to exhibitionism at the expense of jazz. As a result, Fats Waller or James P. Johnson should be seriously considered for his position. And for the "All Time Team" there can be no serious quarrel with the Earl Hines of the '20s, but where is Jelly-Roll Morton, the very incarnation of jazz piano?

Gene Krupa, again, is probably by far the best technician on drums, but there are many better jazz drummers.

I really hate to say anything about the guitar, because Django is one of my pets. I love him, and can go quietly and happily mad listening to him any old time. He is a marvelous instrumentalist, probably the greatest of all guitarists in spite of two paralyzed fingers on his left hand, but so is "Leadbelly" a marvelous instrumentalist. Both play incomparable music but both must step aside for Johnny St. Cyr.

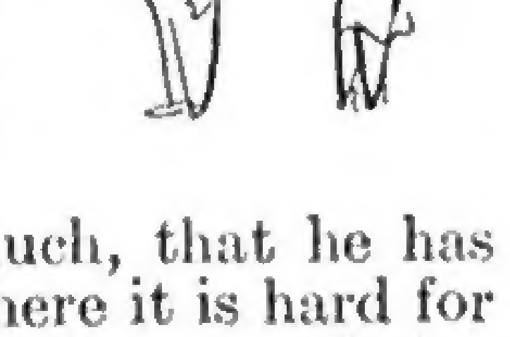
As for vocalists, you can have the lot, except Louis and Bessie, but if you must have vocalists, why not consider Lil Green, Adelaide Hall, Joe Turner, James Rushing, and "Big Bill" Broonzy?

Yours for more and better jazz

Seattle, Wash. F. B. Exner

SPEAKING FOR THE BLACK SOUTH

I read Elmer Grossberg's story when it first came out and saw nothing wrong with it (except that the regrettable part comes when we southern Negroes realize that it could so easily be true). After reading the "typical" letter I looked up that copy of Esquire which contained the article and re-read it thinking that I, too, could find the "sore" spot. I didn't.



My only attempt at an explanation is that the Negro has been stepped on and pushed around so much, that he has come to the place where it is hard for him to discriminate between being stepped on and pushed around and his NOT being stepped on and pushed around. It is like the child who is accustomed to a slapping from his parent —whenever his parent draws his hand back, to the child that means only a slap in the face (while occasionally the parent is going to pat it on the back).

That is my feeble explanation. I think Esquire is such a wonderful exponent of democracy in the magazine field that it is not easy to see it be taken to task for something it did not do. Your magazine is tops with me.

Very truly yours,
(Mrs.) J. H. Lipscombe
Hampton Institute, Virginia

SPEAKING FOR THE WHITE SOUTH

If the matter of a few Negroes being displeased over such a small thing is of such concern to you, will you *please* give the White race a break and allow a word for them in your Sound and Fury? I have discussed the entire situation with a number of friends and Esquire readers, and while I may not speak for the entire White race, I *do* speak for the entire *South* in general, and the number of readers mentioned above in particular.

I've studied the history of this race from its beginning in West Africa, where this primitive, polygamous black man was run down and sold as slaves by the slave traders of the 15th to 19th century. That was their first break, the second was their freedom here; both of which they should thank since they are not now the wild gang of those forests today.

Today, the Negroes are taking every opportunity they find to "object" to the slightest possible infraction of their own set up decisions of words and cartoons; every instance they can demand something, they do so, under the premise that it is not "conducive to fairness" while the Negroes are fighting for America. Any straight-thinking, unbiased white man in the United States knows that they have a rather decided "chip" on their shoulder, and are using the "war" as a means of demanding rights they have no reason to have.

We want the Negro to be free and live his life as he wants to—with the other Negroes, but NOT in social equality with the Whites.

I don't think you'll print this; I don't think you are fair enough to do so. But if you do print it, I'll know you are gentlemen and not getting paid for propaganda by some Negro organization.

Very truly,
Jackson, Miss. William C. Parker

ESKY GETS AROUND

At Home

Your mag is really a morale builder for the U. S. Army. By the time my copy gets back from an extended tour of the barracks, it has completed a mission, and shows signs of "Success in Battle."

Keep up the good work!

Sincerely yours,
Pvt. George P. Roystro
Army Administration School
Brookings, So. Dakota

In the Middle East

There were five of us and the sun was gloddy hot. We sweated all day and at night the mosquitoes bit us to hell and the ground was rocky hard. We had a tent; that helped; and we lived in it six long months—with no literature. We were just going mad, it's the truth, when Bill Millen stumbled and fell in the tent with (this is also true) nine very old and battered issues of Esquire which he had picked up for 2 pounds (it was worth it) in an Arab store. As I write, every one of us has read every issue.

In case you are interested we liked best the following:

1. *A Good Job Gone* by Langston Hughes, April, 1934
2. *$2400 for Kindness* by Saroyan, August, 1935
3. *Notes on the Next War* by Hemingway, September, 1935
4. *Visiting Stranger* by Aldous Huxley, November, 1935
5. *Return to Lavinia* by Erskine Caldwell, December, 1935
6. *The Man in the Yellow Coupe* by Saroyan, May, 1936
7. *The Brothers Jiminez* by R. H. Torres, June, 1936
8. *Uncle Fonse Laughed* by Jesse Stuart, September, 1936
9. *Land Beyond the River* by Jesse Stuart, January, 1937

Favorite department we decided was S. & F. We also came to the conclusion that you must have an awful lot of fun throwing the mag together.

Thanking you for many months of enjoyment, I remain yours faithfully,

R.A.F. Graham T. Ackroyd
Middle East Forces

In Australia

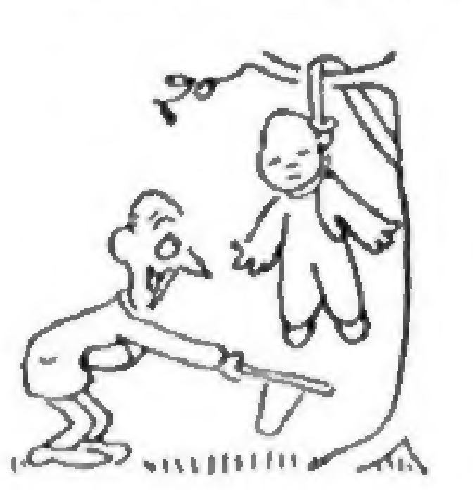
The beds are all deserted. Nowhere can the patients be found. Where are they all? The nurse gets an idea. Down to the Red Cross she goes. Sure enough, Esquire has come in. Naturally, where there are new copies of Esquire, there will you find the patients. Each day and night in bed dreaming of three things—getting better, ending the war, and reading Esquire. We're getting to call it Capt. Esquire, Medical Corps. Keep 'em coming.

Pvt. George Raybin
U. S. Army in Australia

MISSISSIPPI LIBERAL

Re: "nigger." So you let that crowd that pays lip-service to professional liberalism back you down. You are willing to sacrifice good writing to those gnat-strainers and camel-swallowers.

I happen to be a Southerner, non-pro, and I loathe the words niggers, kikes, dinges, etc., not because they are important but because they are offensive to my fellow-man. I know some white men who resent the word "cracker." Personally, I don't give a durn.



But it burns me up that you, instead of standing on your record, hand out a verdict that such and such a word never can be used again in your book. Editors are so largely responsible for much of our sloppy writing. Curses on you. Gr-r-r.

Seriously, now what's a fellow to do? Scene: my native Mississippi. Plot: a lynching. A poor ignorant white man is holding the rope and yelling at the Negro victim:

"That'll l'arn you! You kinky headed black bastard. 'Ygod, reckon you won't go messin' 'round no white women, you burr-headed *Negro!*"

Oh, my God!

I always thought I was a fair to middlin' liberal. I believe in equality (yes, economic and social) and believe that Negroes must have, and quick, the opportunity to develop the will for equality. They haven't got it now, North or South, I mean the will and mental weapons for freedom . . .

I write for a living. Recently in a book of the Civil War and the fight of Southern Abolitionists I had many characters calling Negroes "bumboes." That apparently made me a Nazi, according to the bosom-beaters. Unfortunately, Negroes were called "bumboes" and still are called niggers. We can't cure it by ignoring it.

It's getting to the place where a liberal guy must go unwashed. Liberal? Nonsense! Do you not realize that those fellows are selling liberalism down the river to American reaction? If it takes words such as nigger, cracker, kike, son-of-a-bitch or what to put the truth in a tale, then who are you to say, "No soap." You are being pontifical. You are being a pamphleteer and not an editor.

I won't threaten to stop my subscription. I like Esquire and I won't cut off my nose to spite my face.

Flushing, New York James Street

Continued in center of page 135

FOUR ROSES
FOUR ROSES

It's no use, Mr. Photographer—pack up your camera!

No, no, it's not because the picture is upside down. We know a picture always looks that way in the back of a camera.

It's because even you, with all your skill, can't possibly take a picture that does justice to a Four Roses Whiskey Sour. In fact, we've never seen a picture that looked half as enticing as this grand drink really tastes.

So we suggest you forget the picture—pack up your camera—and, you guessed it, enjoy one of those fine drinks yourself!

How to make the world's best Whiskey Sour

First, make certain that you have some Four Roses on hand—for only a whiskey that is perfection itself can impart true magnificence to this glorious drink.

Then, put one part lemon juice and three parts Four Roses into a cocktail shaker. Add sugar to taste.

Shake well with cracked ice, strain into glasses and then, if you wish, decorate each drink with a cherry and slice of orange.

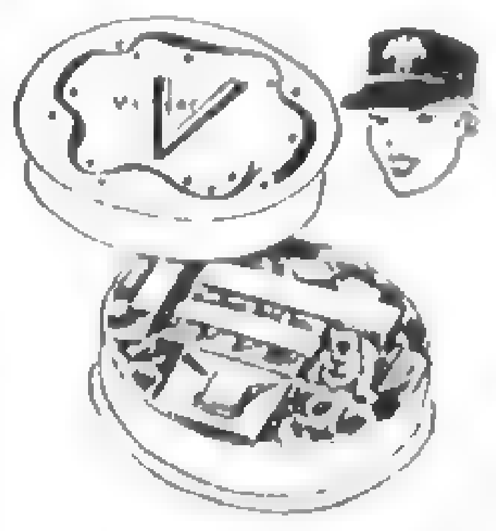
And now let your palate luxuriate in the sparkling flavor of one of the world's greatest mixed drinks—a Whiskey Sour made with that matchless whiskey, Four Roses!

FOUR ROSES

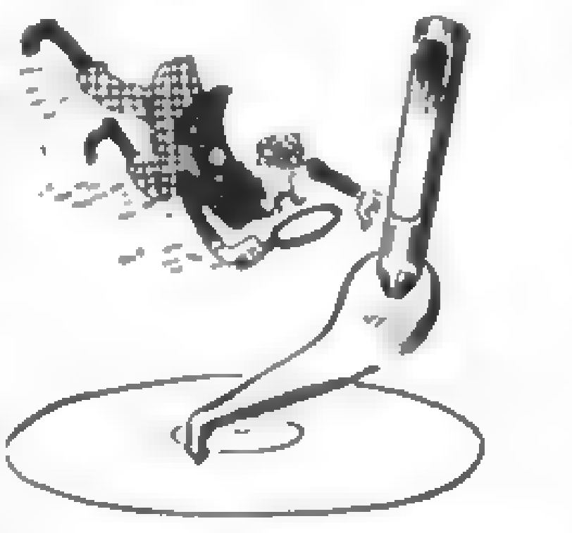
Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

Talking Shop with Esquire

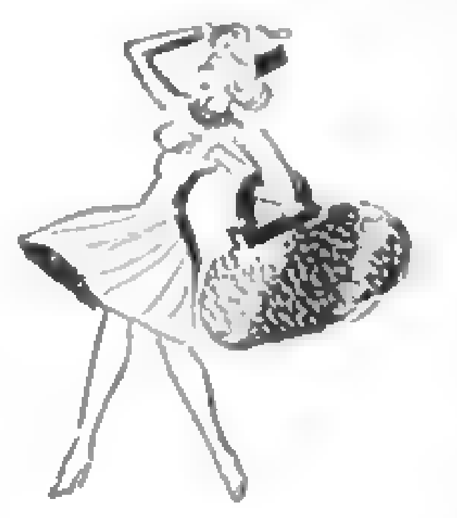
DOUGHGIRLS' DOWRY. The little dear must needs have a sewing kit. Ideal one is 4 x 3 inch size, covered in khaki or navy leatherette. Inside holds the usual scissors, buttons, pins and 7 spools of thread. Like male kits except for that one little spool of *pale pink* silk! VICTORY BOX. Another token of your esteem for ladies in uniform... WAACS, WAVES and SPARS. The Victory box contains a money belt and pencil light, nuts, chocolates, caramels and other fattening morsels.



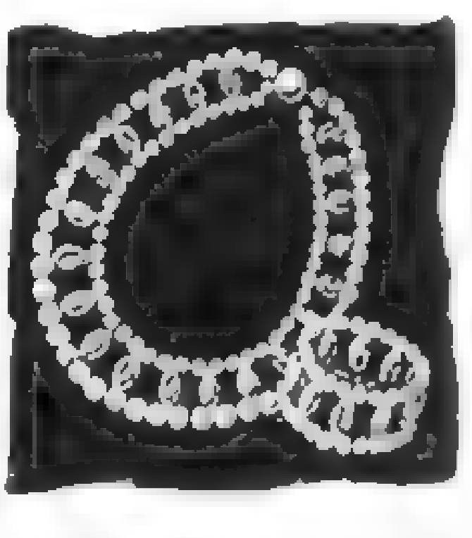
"QUICK WATSON, THE NEEDLE." Our sound detective has tracked down a new phonograph needle that's a scientific triumph. Crooked as a snail in shape, it has a flat shank to insure vibrationless grip, a curved section with a spring action to absorb shock, another flat area to reduce needle "talk", plus a precious metal tip which conjures up a full tonal range. Plays 5000 records! Another new needle has an alloy tip more costly than platinum... so fine that long usage only adds to its smoothness. No gougee, no scratchee.



HANDBAG PLUS FITTINGS. To get "E" for effort from the femme dept. we suggest a gorgeous, Gargantuan handbag of shiny red snakeskin with handsome frame of matching or contrasting plastic. *And* fitted inside with compact, lipstick and comb to match the frame. Truly terrific. Also comes in navy, tan, black, brown or bright green snake. Warning: She'll probably rush out and buy herself a pair of snakeskin shoes to match... and maybe gloves! Oh woe is you!



NITELIFE GEMS. If you want to dazzle a dame with "jools" as brilliant as Broadway before the dimout, we recommend the necklace with matching bracelet pictured herewith. Two rows of big pearls encompass huge hunks of amethysts, emeralds, sapphires, rubies or aquas. Flashing fakes, but she'll love 'em. They look like a million for a modicum. Also consider a double strand of irridescent beads in shimmering pastels or deep jewel shades.



Ranger

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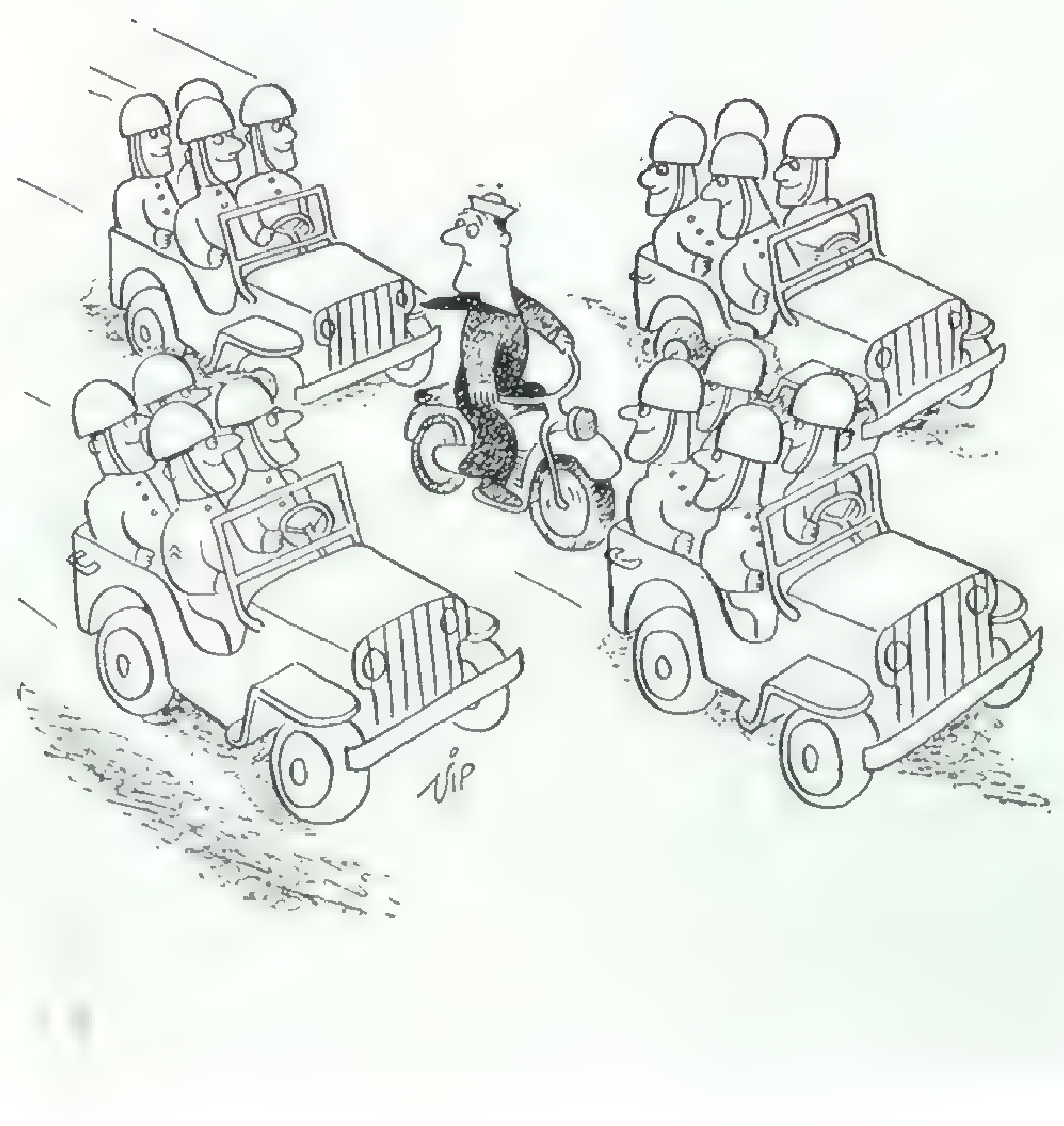

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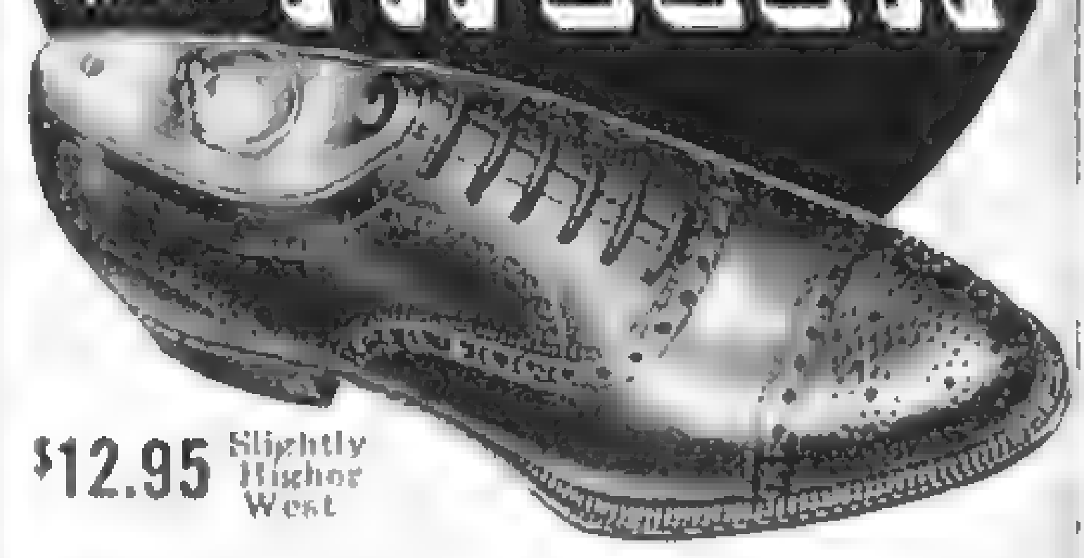

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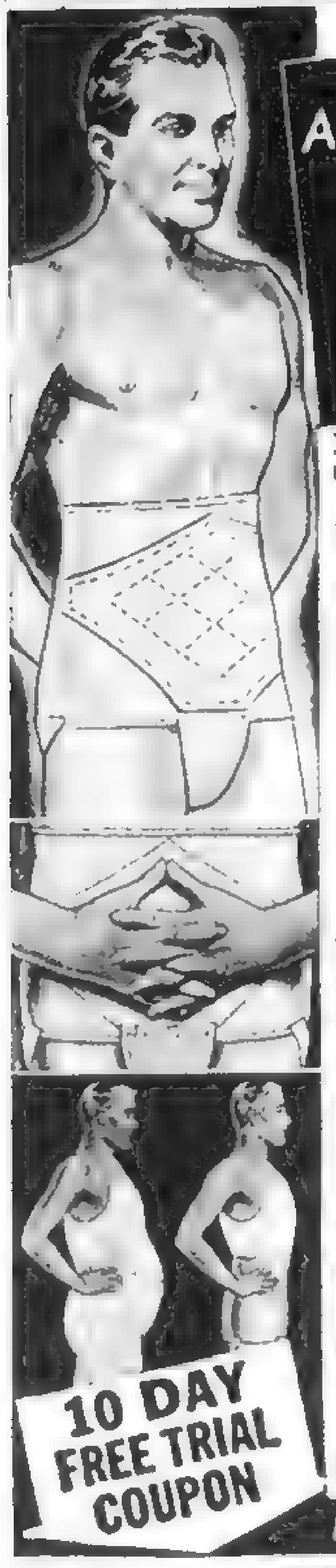

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Don't let them talk about your "Bay Window"—stay slenderized with this amazing free-action, ever comfortable, supporter belt! Once you try it, you'll never be without the Commander.

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The Sensational
NEW PRINCIPLE
Of Abdominal Support

Clasp your hands over the abdomen, as in the picture—then raise and press gently against it—and notice how much better you feel! Sturdy porous fabric is BUILT IN with the special stretch weave of the Commander for EXTRA DOUBLE SUPPORT across the abdomen. Instantly the Commander flattens your "corporation" BRACES YOUR BACK Improves your posture. Your clothes fit smartly—You look better, too. No binding, no riding, no sagging! Send for this famous all-purpose supporter belt today! NO BUCKLES, LACES OR STRAPS.

Try It 10 Days At Our Expense. Do this today! Send the coupon—wear a Commander for TEN DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE and if you do not get all the results you expect return it and YOUR MONEY REFUNDED promptly.

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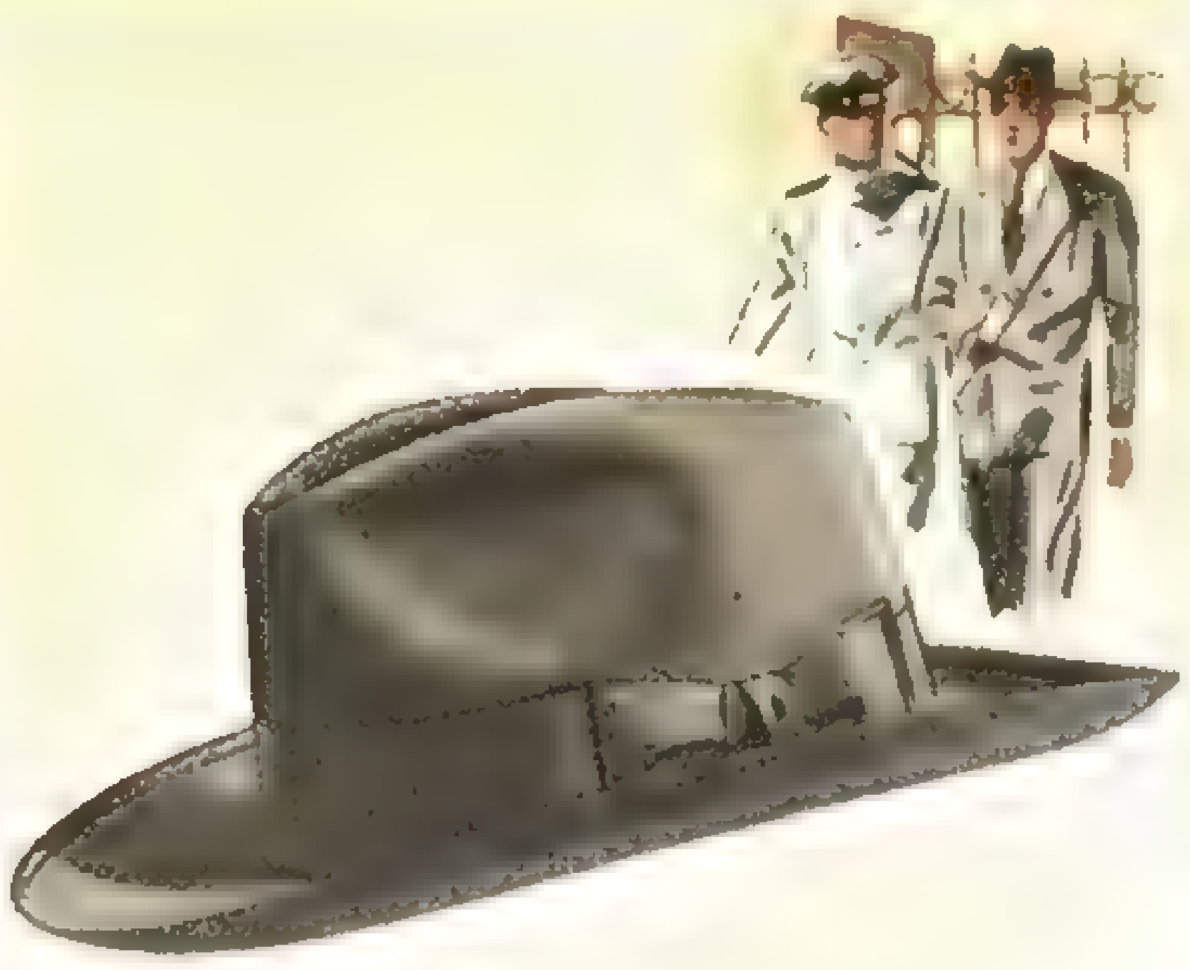

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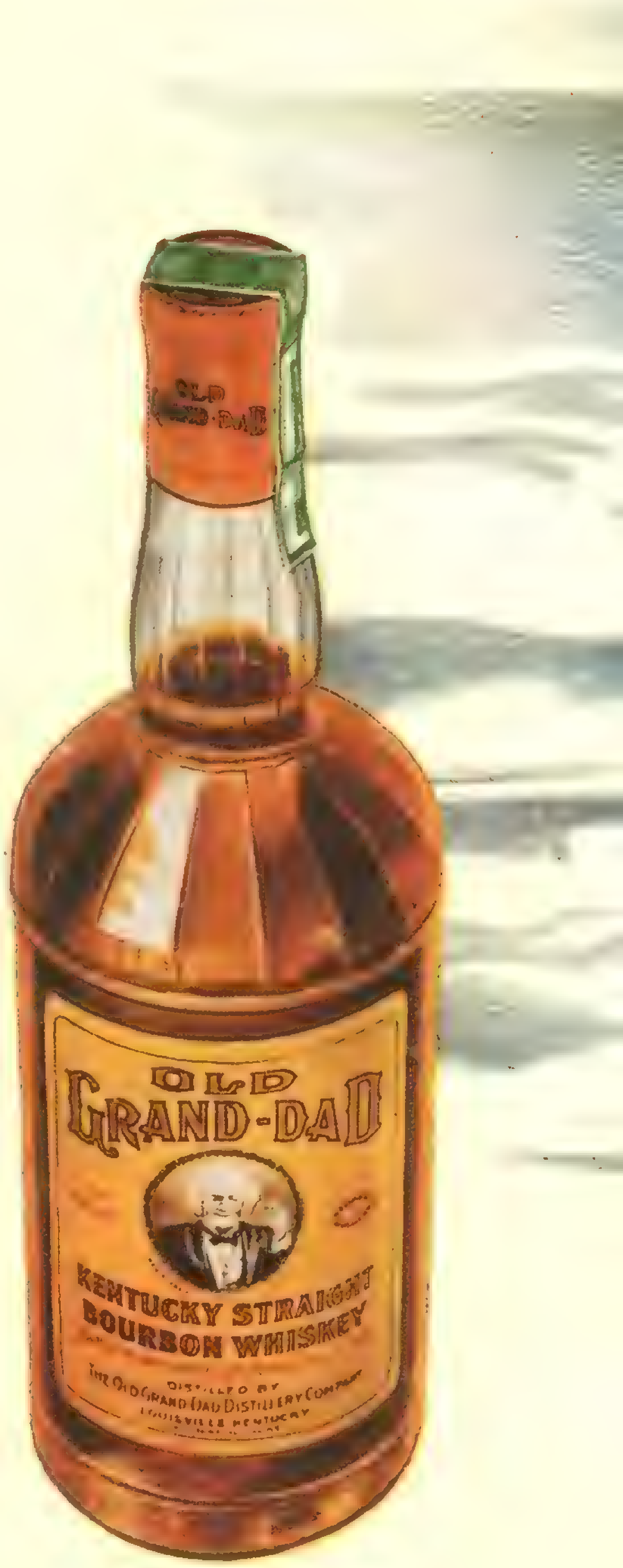
100 PROOF AGAINST

HAVE YOU ever made a list of the things that have changed lately? It's like making a catalog of everything you ever bought, used or wanted. No cuffs on your trousers, no vests, tires, overshoes, or garden hose, one cup of coffee and half the sugar, no Sunday driving, "meatless" days, one pat of butter . . . and so on!

Of course, no red-blooded, straight-thinking American will grumble about anything that's needed to win the war. But when, to save vital materials and labor, the old, familiar trademarks and brands that you've known and depended on for years, begin to show up in new packages and labels and sizes and prices, you can't help wondering if there's anything that isn't going to change.

And in this uncertainty, it's a distinct pleasure for the men who love fine whiskies to know that here are five great whiskies whose quality is *100 proof against the bombs of change!*

The illustrious quality of Old Grand-Dad, Old Taylor, Old Crow, Old Overholt and Mount Vernon *hasn't changed!* And it won't change! For the simple reason that even in wartime, THE STRICT U. S. GOVERNMENT REGULATIONS SPECIFYING HOW BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKIES SHALL BE PRODUCED ARE NOT CHANGED.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OLD GRAND-DAD
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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY—RYE OR BOURBON

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BRAND
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

OLD OVERHOLT
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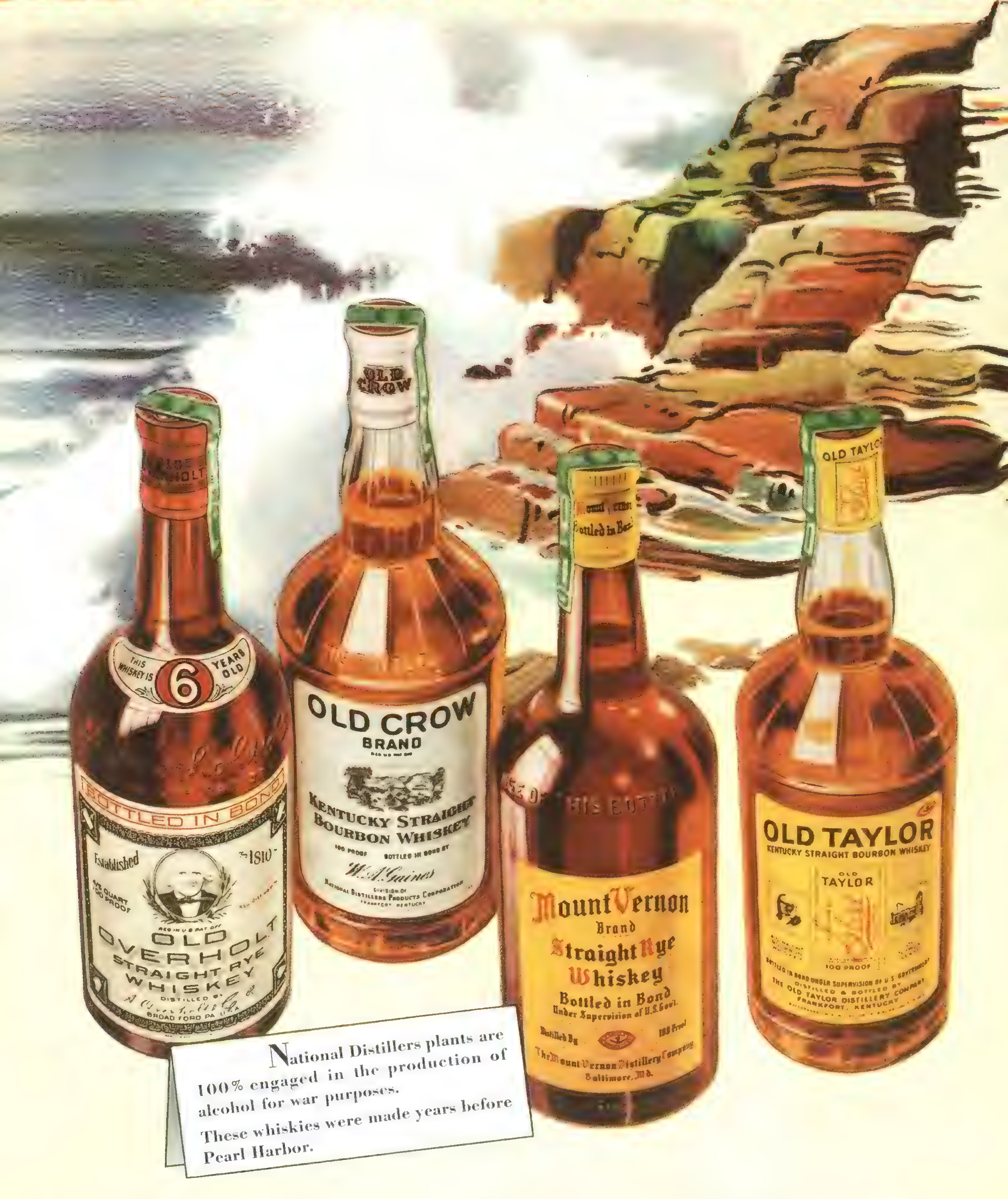
THE BOMBS OF CHANGE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National Distillers plants are 100% engaged in the production of alcohol for war purposes.

These whiskies were made years before Pearl Harbor.

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"Followed advice in your ads. Bought Pal Blades to save steel. They do last longer because I don't have to 'bear down'—get twice as many shaves as with any other blade."

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4 for 10¢ 10 for 25¢

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Your reputation as a sportsman will be safe when you get this 100 page book, ram-jam full of hitherto unpublished secret methods for cramming your creel and garnishing your game bag. No time worn tripe, but swell new success secrets.

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Talking Shop with Esquire

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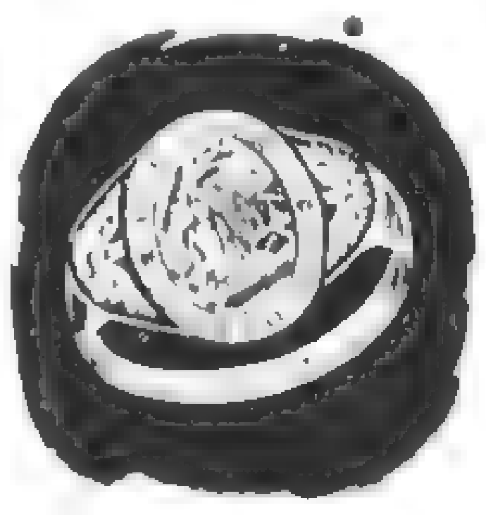


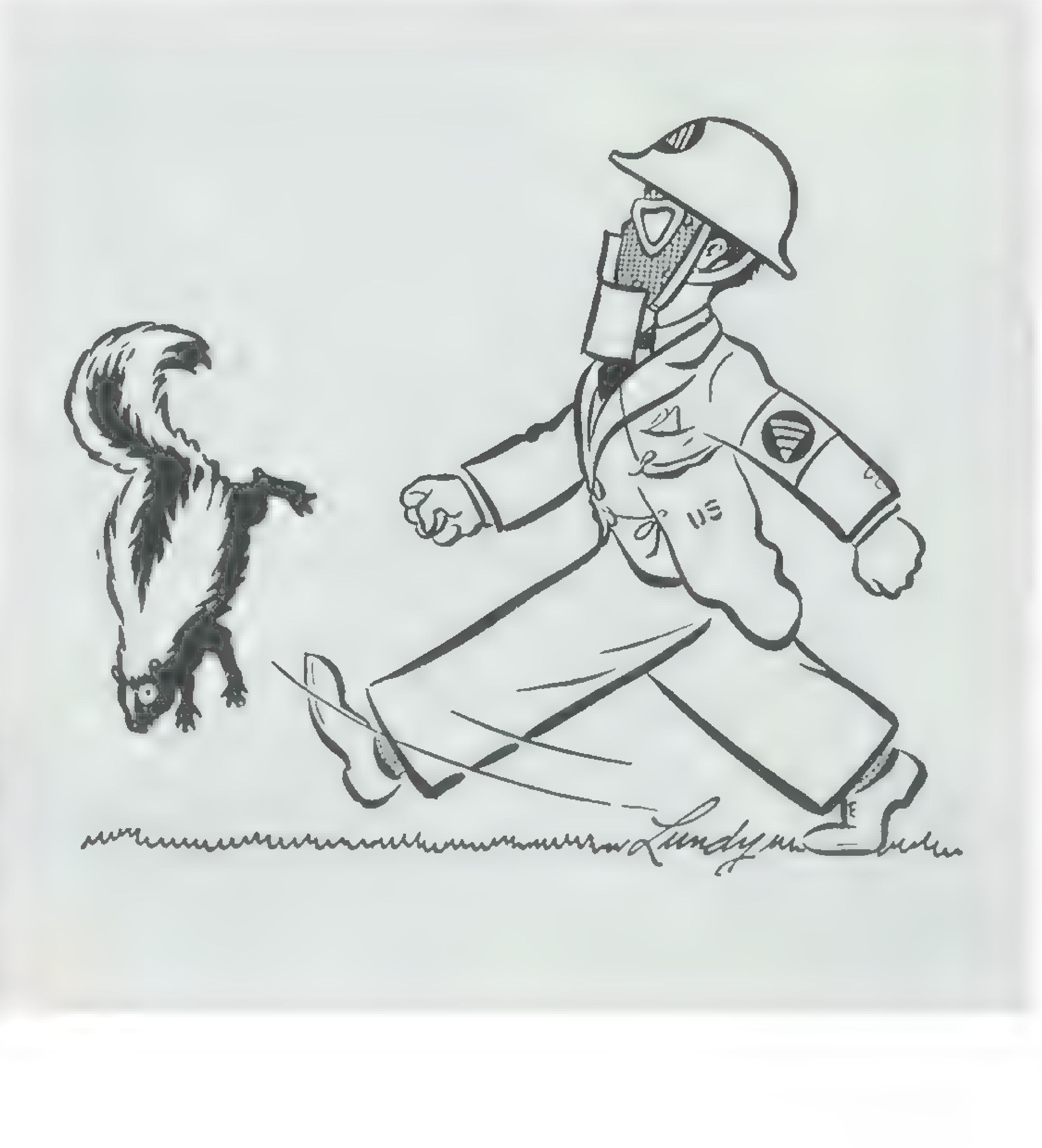
CUT A MEAN SLICE! Now that the Gov. has put an end to ready-sliced bread, the Great American Public is realizing that bread-slicing is practically a lost art. The answer lies in the home slicing machine which you clamp onto your kitchen table. The machine has a 6" carbon steel disc blade (stainproofed and tempered) which does a super job on bread, cheese, meat or what have you. It will obligingly cut your provender paper thin, or in thick, workmanlike hunks.

THE HIGHER THE FEWER. These days hosts "in the know" serve liquid refreshments in over-size containers. Highball glasses 8" high, each holding 22 ounces! You buy the glasses in sets of eight, every glass a different color of the rainbow. With these longies goes a "Long Tom" cocktail shaker, 13½" tall which doubles for a flower vase by removing the chrome shaker top. Other bigger and better things . . . big bear size coffee cups, 5" across and holding as much as three ordinary sized coffee cups.

WHAT'S YOURS? It's a smart touch to lay in a supply of patriotic red, white and blue paper cigarette holders emblazoned with army or navy insignia . . . the army done up in gold, the navy in blue. Holders have imported quill bits and look mighty decorative casually lying about when company comes.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



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GET MORE SHAVES PER BLADE

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Enthusiastic owners report phenomenal blade mileage. Any one of "Rancho's" 3 aids is worth many times its cost.

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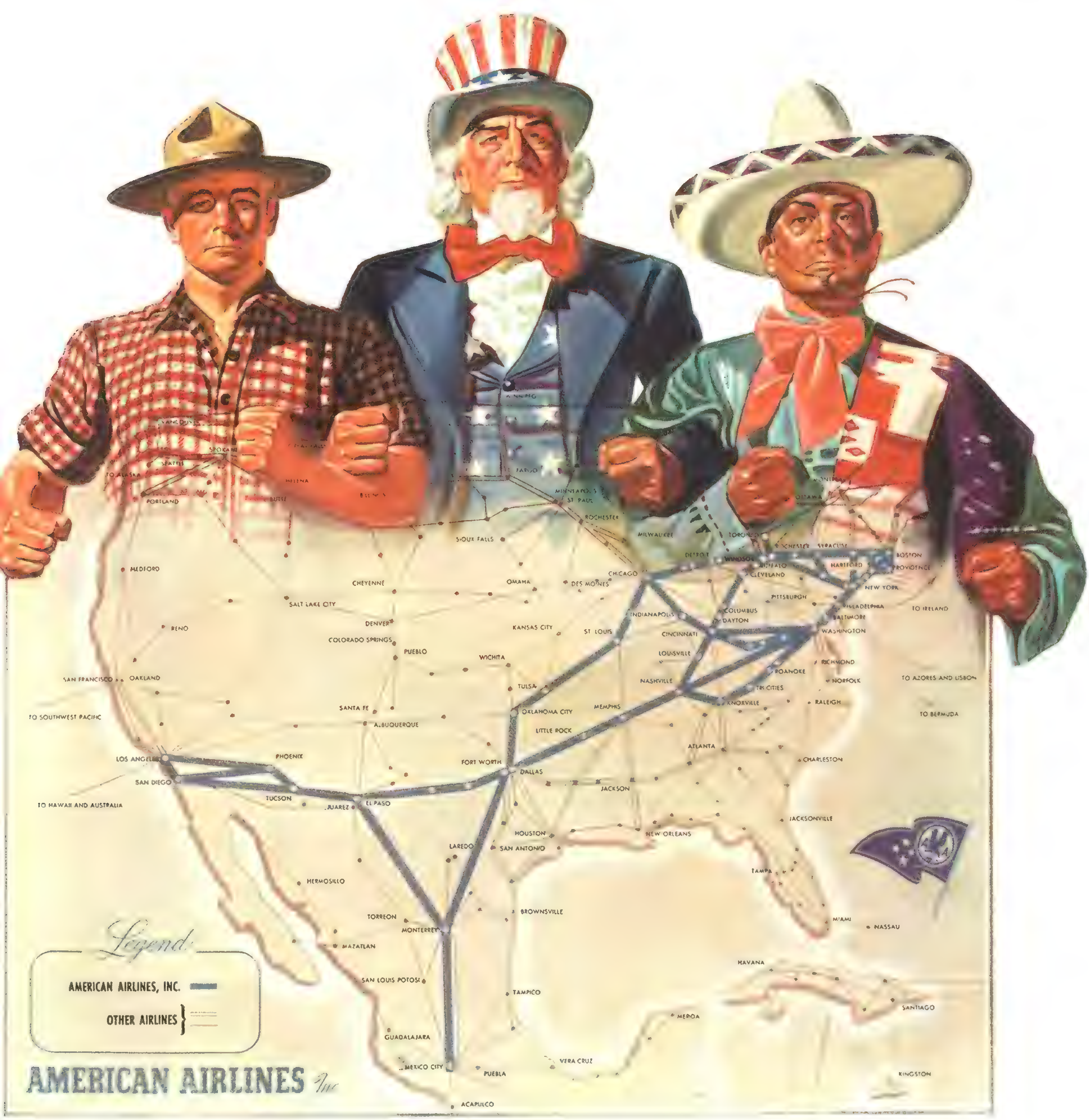
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The becoming colors of these Wembley Ties will tempt you to wear them often. And when you do—*then* you will know their *true* beauty. You will see how the imported fabric—Priestley's Nor-East *Non-Crush*—always ties easily and drapes smartly. It is this wrinkle-resistant cloth that makes your Wembley Ties a joy almost forever!

Wembley Ties

MADE OF PRIESTLEY'S NOR-EAST NON-CRUSH FABRIC *Priced One Dollar*

CRUSH IT!
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MADE OF Priestley's
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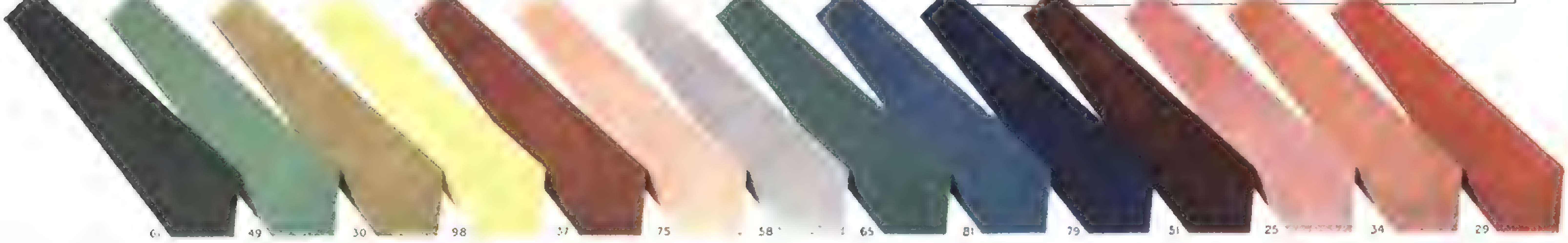
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All these Wembley Ties are numbered, so you can order by mail from your dealer. Or — see the full array at his store. • Copyright 1943, WEMBLEY, Inc., NEW ORLEANS

EDITORIAL: Announcing the arrival of ABCD (by WPB out of Necessity)

COMING: ABCD

Next month, copies of Esquire will begin to appear with part of their pages printed on a smooth finish paper stock of extremely light weight. This paper, which is of the weight used for Anthologies, Bibles, Concordances and Dictionaries, is actually more durable than that used for some of the sections of this present issue. (It is also measurably more expensive.) More and more copies will appear on this new ABCD paper as inventories of our present stocks are used up. As the year goes on, virtually all forms may be printed on the new light paper. We hope and believe that you will find these copies of Esquire easier to read and to handle. By this means we expect to be able to keep in step with WPB tonnage-curtailment orders, and at the same time try to meet the constantly increasing demand for copies for the armed forces, in camps at home and overseas.

INVENTION, Necessity's child, has been busy roundabout and all over Esquire, ever since New Year's Day, when the WPB curtailed the tonnage of magazine paper usage. Of course, to date only one cut, a ten per cent overall tonnage reduction, has been put into effect, but it is now generally felt that subsequent cuts are both imminent and inevitable.

Confronted with the choice of either cutting down the number of copies, or cutting down their weight, our decision was as easy to make as it was hard to accomplish. We wanted to keep on printing as many copies as possible, because there has been an acute Esquire-shortage on the newsstands for the past several months, plus a monthly-growing demand, and a monthly-mounting disappointment, over the supply of Esquire for the armed forces. (Copies of Esquire are sold to the troops overseas at wholesale prices, so any greed-motive is obviated.)

So we've been scouting ways and means to try to get more copies out of the same tonnage, or at least to try to get as many copies as possible out of less tonnage. And now we think, and hope, we've got the answer.

It couldn't be accomplished without change, of course, but on the whole we think the change is going to work out at least a shade to the good.

Some of the changes you won't notice at all, of course, such as production measures for the reduction of waste, and some you'll hardly notice, such as the change of type-layout from three columns to four throughout the body of the book, but some you'll spot from a block away. Most noticeable will be the change in weight. But that one, we really believe, will be a change for the better.

We ran off a number of experimental sections on various types of paper stocks, rather forlornly looking for an eat-cake-have-same magic formula, when we stumbled onto the notion of trying some ABCD.

We'd never heard of it, and for all we knew it might be a trade term for alphabet soup, but our vice-president in charge of monkeying around with unlikely projects put on a superior air and remarked that everybody knew what it was, that he'd had it in mind for a long time, had even had some tests run off on it last year, but that he had never supposed that we'd want to print Esquire on Bible stock.

"Bible? Then what do the A, C, and D stand for?"

"Anthologies, Concordances and Dictionaries—stuff like that—reference books."

So we figured it was worth trying—might even give the joint some delusions of dignity, after all these years.

So we tried it, and found it the answer to a publisher's prayer. It's not only lighter, but tougher, and the surface is hard and smooth.

You'll begin seeing some of it next month, and as much more of it as we can lay our hands on, from then on. We're that sure you'll like it.

ABCD didn't solve everything, though. It wasn't as simple as all that. We've still had to do a lot of sitting up nights, trying to figure out how to crowd more features into less space, in order to meet the next cut and even the one after that, with which rumor is already concerned.

The change in type-columns was one answer. Maybe we're just easily pleased, but we find the narrower columns more readable, and the difference in word-capacity is astonishing. The new pages average over 600 more words to the page than the old.

We're working on the margins now, too, and the next move is to snip something like a quarter of an inch off the top dimension of the pages. That's another difference so slight you'd hardly notice it, but it makes for a tidy total of tonnage, over a year.

As we found occasion to remark on this page away back in January '42, when we were first concerned with this subject: "It isn't the paper you use——it's what you put on it that counts, as Brahms once told an untalented amateur composer of music, many years ago." So unless the WPB should begin restricting Varga's curves and Hurrell's angles, we imagine it will take a lot more than we've heard so far to wipe off Esky's standing broad grin.

The one thing we can't promise you for the duration is a bigger Esquire. But we feel pretty confident that we can nevertheless promise you a better one. Watch and see.

Meanwhile, the chances are at least even that you may not get an ABCD-papered copy for the next couple of months, because present inventories have to be used. But if you do, we hope you like it as much as we think you will.

And if you shouldn't, just remember that it's all that makes it possible to let the armed forces get somewhere near the quantity of copies that they want and need.

After all, those fellows have to put up with quite a few changes from the way things used to be.

Painting the Town with Esquire

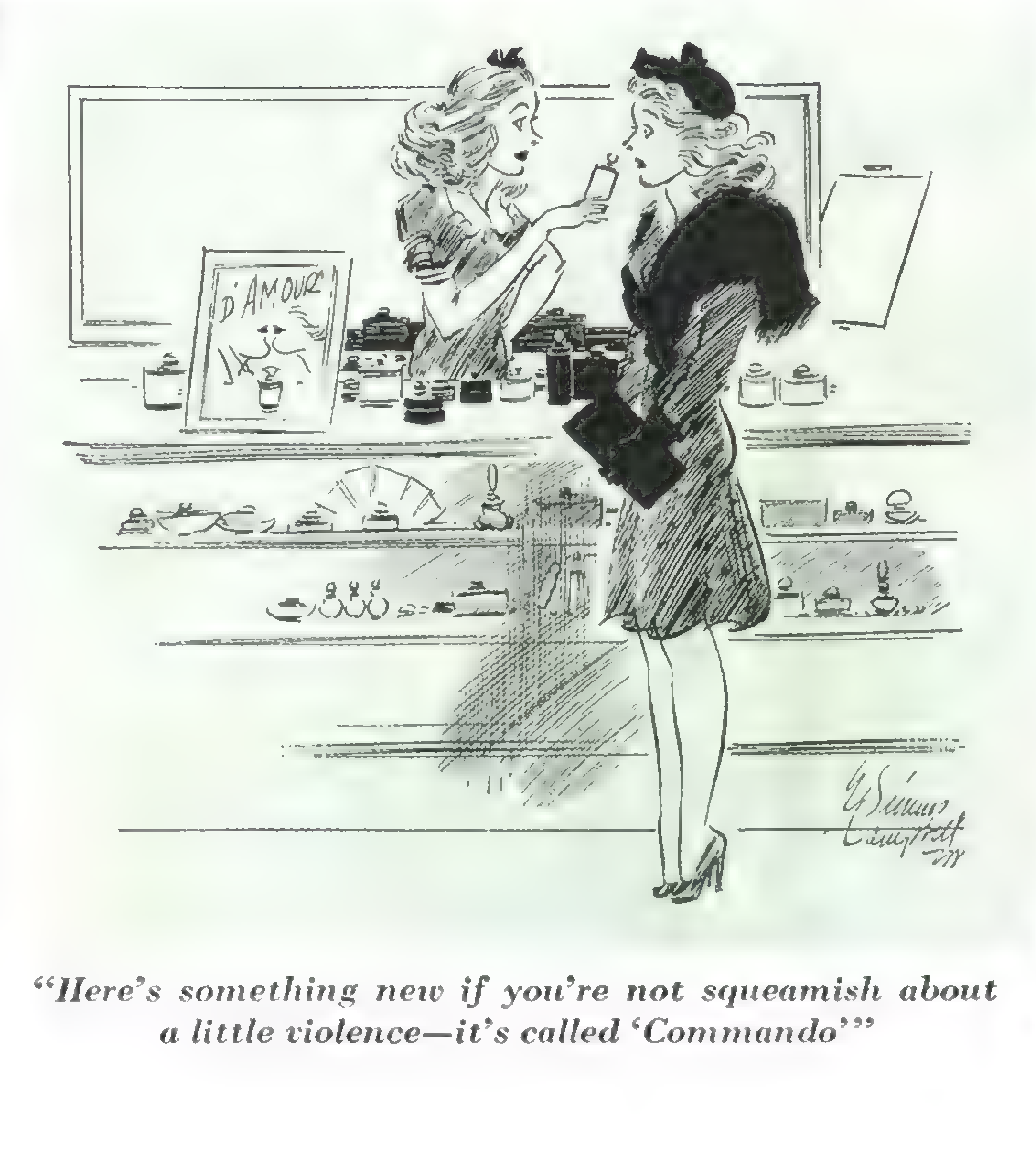
SOCIAL stiff-neckism, which rebuffed strangers at some of the East side spots, has noticeably suppled up. With anybody in uniform outranking anybody in mufti, the order of the evening is "At ease" everywhere.

PRACTICALLY unavoidable has been the statistics-shattering success of the Waldorf-Astoria's Wedgwood Room, with wonder pianist Carmen Cavallaro and his orchestra (erstwhile of the Rainbow Room but now thorough Waldorfians), matching music to your mood, and Tito Guizar lifting voice and guitar in song ovations, and the frantic-antical Hartmans, stepchildren of Terpsichore, more howlous than ever. Yet René Black, surveying this crowded scene of unity and enthusiasm, feigns innocent surprise. Sly fellow, he and popularity understand each other perfectly.

"IF YOU DON'T like it, I'll eat it myself," say the blackboards in Sections A, B, C, and D of the "Grandstand" (upstairs) at Al Schacht's restaurant, 137 East 52nd. Indeed, this Clown Prince of Baseball confesses openly that when it comes to food he's not clowning, and you'll concur when you go to bat on one of his steaks or lobsters in the snug, many-souvenired setting he has devised for his hospitality. With the exception of French fried potatoes and French fried onions, his kitchen confines its activities to broiling, boiling, and baking. No ruses, no disguises. When Al's attention is called to the fact that the baseball diamond laid out in the center of his green carpet "field" has a home-plate pointing to the pitcher instead of to the catcher, he says, "I wouldn't know about that"—he having spent a mere 34 years in professional baseball, entertaining some 65 million people with his feats and fooleries. Now he has the onerous task of trying to accommodate more fans than he's got tables for.

THE BANQUETTED braes of that Hazel Scott-land known as Café Society Uptown resound to the rhythms of Teddy Wilson and associates, highest scorers in ESQUIRE'S All-American Band selection by Robert Goffin, who rated drummer Sidney Catlett the all-time tops at traps. Floor talent includes the Golden Gate Quartet and the mystic-paced Kraft Sisters (non-sepian, with Hindu hair-do.)

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Avenue, New York. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.



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Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

you're always right about the weather... in a Rainfair storm coat!

yes, rain or shine you're *right* in a Rainfair storm coat. You'll wear it everywhere! For every Rainfair is as smart as a good-looking "fair weather topcoat"... yet *showerproofed* to give real wet weather protection. Try on the new Rainfair storm coats at your favorite store. They're expertly cut in exclusive Rainfair models and tailored to perfection in Rainfair's own tailoring shop. Whichever Rainfair you select will make you shine in any weather.

This year military needs are our first responsibility. Rainfair dealers, however, are supplied with smart-looking, new civilian models now. But we suggest you see these new Rainfair Storm Coats soon.

RAINFAIR storm coats

smart as a topcoat
. . . and ready for rain!

right: Grafton . . . 11.50 the always correct Balmacaan style many well-dressed men prefer. Made of top-quality Piedmont gabardine showerproofed by Cravenette. Sleeve and deep yoke lining of rayon. Three style-right colors: fawn, light olive, taupe.

center: Ziprain . . . 13.75 an authentic English-style Rainfair made of fine Piedmont gabardine showerproofed by the famous Cravenette process. "Topcoat details" include railroad stitching on bottom and cuffs, slash pockets, raglan or set-in sleeves, button fly front. Full rayon lining. Bleached bone or light olive. Also available in Element Cloth (showerproofed by DuPont Zelan) at 12.50.

left: Tackle Twill . . . 16.75 made from weather-and-wear-defying Skinner's Tackle Twill* used for many military garments such as paratrooper uniforms, etc. An all-purpose style with slash pockets and raglan sleeves. Eggshell or tan. Showerproofed by the "long life" Cravenette process for extra water repellency.

free: write today for your copy of illustrated booklet of the 1943 Rainfair Storm Coats that make you shine in any weather...address: Rainfair, Racine, Wisconsin.

Chicago Rubber Clothing Company, Racine, Wisconsin.

*REG. U S. PAT. OFF.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

John Burton Tigrett

John Burton Tigrett is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the U. S. N. R., assigned to the Naval Air Transport Service. Before joining the Navy he worked for the Gulf, Mobile and Ohio Railroad in the capacity of Executive Assistant. This job took him into a number of forms of transport, and he says: "What some of the leaders in the related industries think lies ahead, together with a few ideas of my own, you'll find in *Transportation Tomorrow*. I have spent most of my life in Jackson, Tennessee, except for an occasional excursion as a seaman, Florida land broker and investment banker."

•

When Robert Hooey was thirteen he started to hang around baseball parks and has been there ever since, except during the days of World War I. During that time he was a sailor for Uncle Sam but he still followed sports, even when in Rome, Italy and when stationed at a U. S. Sub Chaser Base in Corfu, Greece and on an Austrian battleship after the Jugoslavs had it turned over to the U. S. at Splato, Dalmatia. He has been writing sports for *The Ohio State Journal* for nineteen years and was appointed sports editor in 1929. He has seen many fellow townsmen in Columbus, including Chic Harley, Billy Southworth, Eddie Rickenbacker, Bobby Quinn, Hank Gowdy, Joe F. Carr, Larry MacPhail and last but not least, Tommy Hamilton, become national athletic leaders.

Robert Hooey

•

Louis Paul is assembling his Sergeant Smoot stories in a volume to be issued by Crown Publishers in New York.

•

Joe From hails from Mishawaka, Indiana. By the time he finished high school he was a veteran reporter, having held fulltime and frequently overlapping jobs on the *Mishawaka Enterprise*, the *South Bend Tribune*, the *South Bend News-Times* and the *Chicago Herald and Examiner*. He says: "My youthful brashness won me my biggest break when I walked into the *Chicago Tribune* newsroom to announce that the Tribune's domestic coverage should be reorganized. My proposal was vetoed, but my daring invasion attracted the amused interest of an editor who started me on my big town newspaper career at sixteen. From a Chicago community newspaper I graduated to to the United Press, then a spell at publicity, followed by free-lancing in Washington and New York. Finally, I entered radio through the back door as ghost writer for a nationally known news commentator. After ghosting for half a dozen commentators, I became chief of the Associated Press radio bureau in Chicago. Finally I got a job as assistant editor of The Air Edition of the *Chicago Sun* which at last enabled me to broadcast myself what I wrote. That's what I'm doing now, but I expect to leave any day for ambulance service overseas. I'm not quite certain where I'll be stationed after my arrival at Cairo, but am applying for duty with a front line unit."

Joe From

•

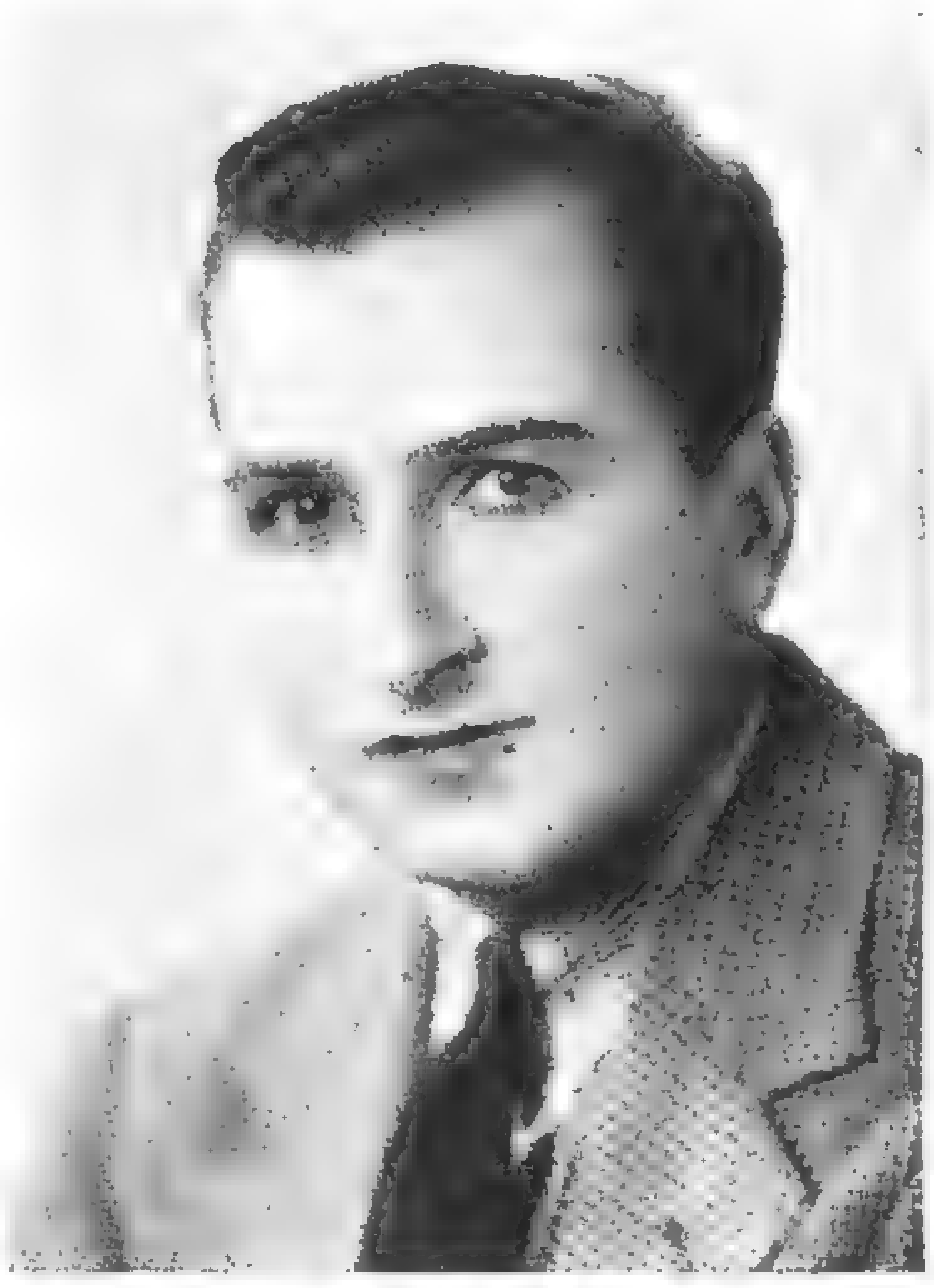
William Byron Mowery writes: "Born at the turn of this giddy century, I was branded after the silver-tongued orator, but later adopted the name of a colonial ancestor who was hanged for the crime of free-thinking. At the age of eleven I left home and hoboed around for several years. Then the educational yen took hold: I went through Illinois to an M.A.; was on the faculty there and at Texas. After getting canned for thinking too freely, I sailed through pulp writing into the slicks. Opera: a dozen novels, a ream of shorts, a few pictures, a number of scientific articles. Novels translated widely, heaven knows why. Up ahead I hope there will be fiction and plays with less accent on popular wishes and more on the heart's desire."

•

J. F. Hutton was graduated from the University of California in 1936. Having studied economics, he immediately plunged into business for himself, but says the business failed impressively. When the dust cleared he was holding the handles of a hand truck in a beer warehouse. At present he's in the Palo Alto office of the Pacific Tel. & Tel. Company. He sold his first story to a newspaper syndicate in 1938. He says: "My wife, who rode the bumps with me, keeps my study dusted and our two little girls out of the way. They peek through the windows as though I were some strange, muttering beast in his cage. They think it has something to do with 'fussy people.' They are right."

•

When he sent in *New Guinea Gambados*, Philip Harkins wrote: "A good deal of this material came from Sergeant Norman Fraser of the RAAF who passed through New York on his way to England. He's only twenty-five now and he was just a kid on recruiting patrol in the New Guinea jungle when he got a native arrow in his tough, tanned leg which left a deep scar. Like most Aussies, Fraser went to New Guinea for gold. At this writing his gold mine is owned by the Japs but who the hell wants a gold mine these days? Fraser's mother and sister were evacuated from New Guinea by plane like the Chinese in the article. When Fraser stopped off in New York he wore his tropical uniform, shorts, pith helmet, arrow wound and all. One warm night, still dressed for a jungle scrap, Fraser crossed the sacred threshold of a famous night club, into the room filled with white dinner jackets, evening gowns, and beautifully tailored uniforms. Out went Fraser on his sunburnt ear. He fought back but like the garrison at Rabaul he was hopelessly outnumbered. Yelling, "You bloody snobs," he marched off to a more democratic pub. Suddenly out dashed an immaculate Englishman who had recognized the Australian flyer. "Fraser, Fraser!" he called, and his high, thin cultured voice was agonizingly apologetic. Fraser stopped, turned and was persuaded to re-enter the club, where the proprietor begged forgiveness and popped a jeroboam of champagne."



Philip Harkins

•

Edmund Gilligan, author of *The Court of Lost Ladies*, is known to our readers for his stories of Gaffer Doonan, adventuresome hunter in the Catskills. He has written several novels, including *Boundary Against Night*, *One Lives To Tell the Tale*, *White Sails Crowding*, which became a radio program, and recently, *The Gaunt Woman*. During the last world war he served as a Quartermaster on a submarine chaser on patrol in the Atlantic. Afterward he attended Harvard University; then he worked as a newspaperman in Boston and New York

•

Mark Cox, who wrote *The World Series of Basketball*, knows this sport as both player and official and has written feature articles for the Official Basketball Guide. For three years he was director of The University of Missouri's sports news service and is now a member of the *Chicago Tribune* sports staff. ⋕

Mark Cox

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BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD SCHENLEY
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED FOR
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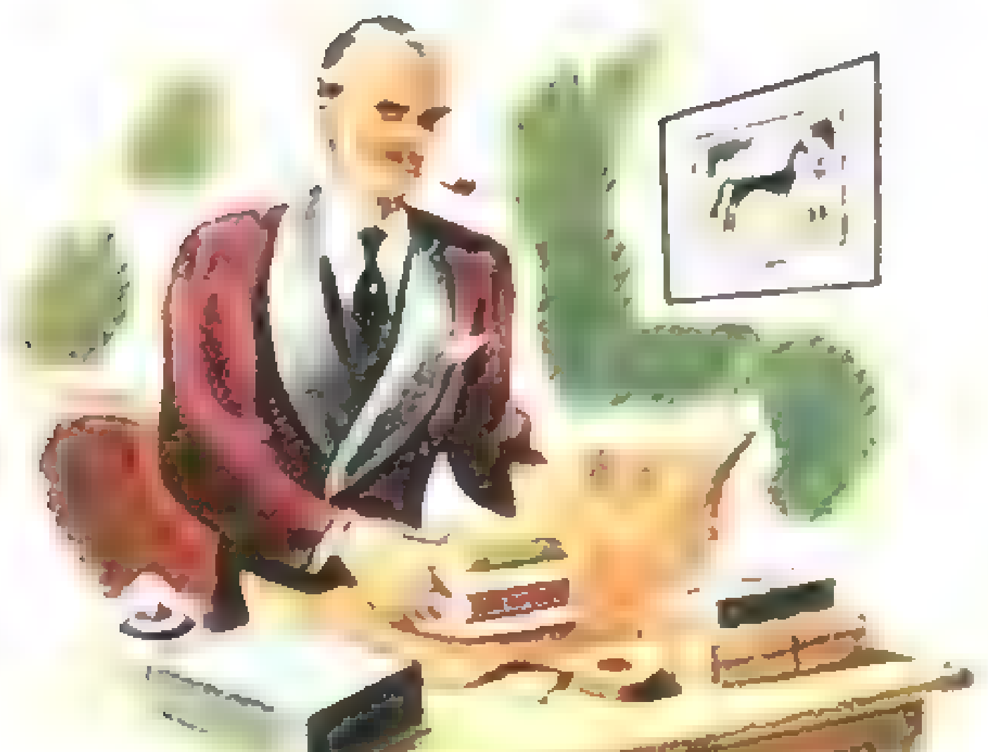
What *Every Woman* wants to know about a Man...



that he realizes that wars
are not won by money alone,
but by *men*—and sends
books, games, magazines for relaxation!...
that he knows how important
relaxation is on the home front too—
and makes the night doubly thrilling
by remembering to send *her* flowers!

that he shows the same thoughtfulness
in his choice of a whiskey,
preferring one so mild, so fine
it adds pleasure to his leisure . . .
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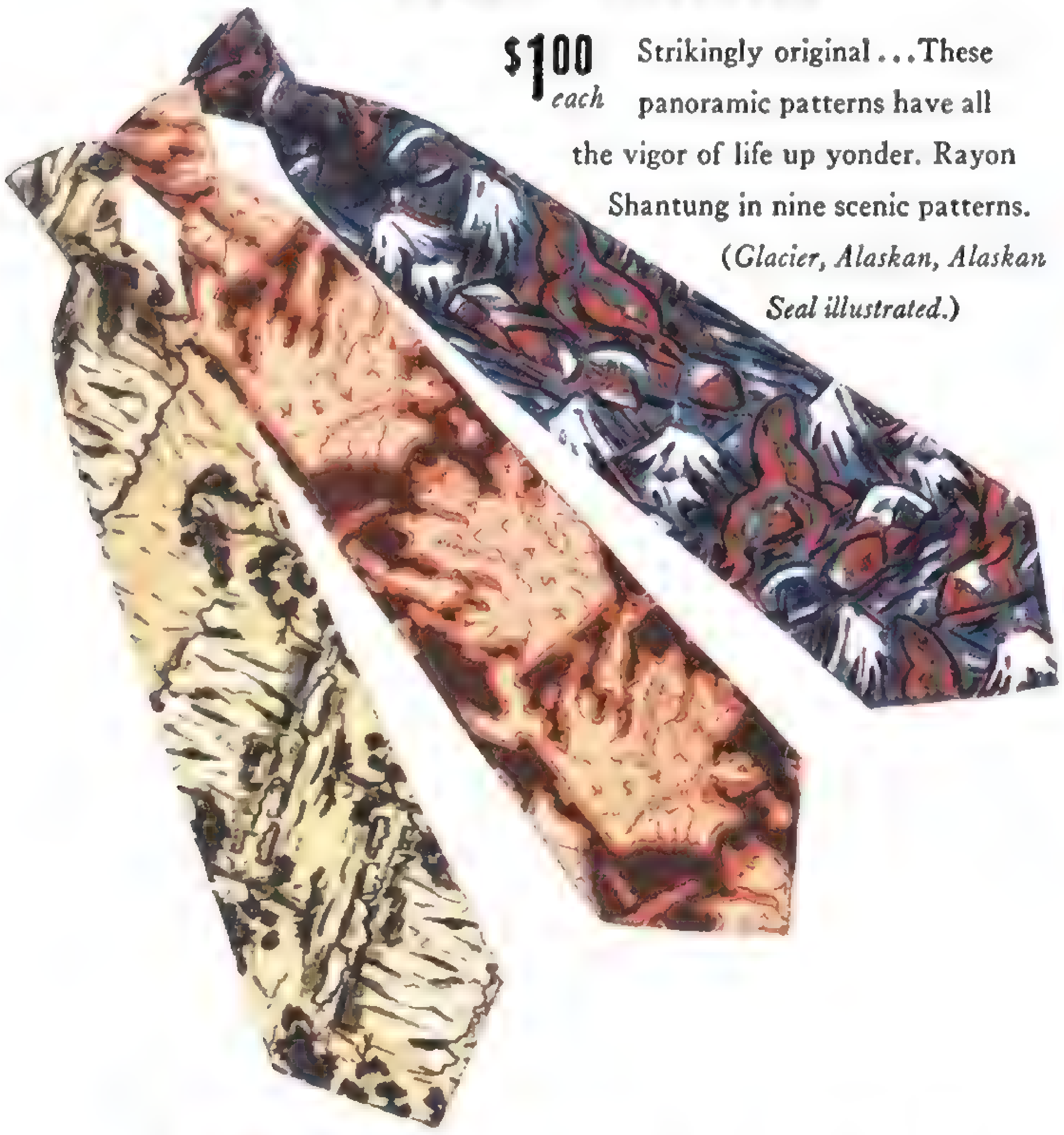
by always serving Old Schenley,
America's Mildest Bottled-In-Bond!

Straight Bourbon Whiskey — 100 Proof — This Whiskey is 6 Years Old . . . Copyright 1943, Stagg-Finch Distillers Corporation, New York City.

[TUNE IN! SCHENLEY'S "CRESTA BLANCA WINE CARNIVAL" WITH MORTON GOULD'S ORCHESTRA. REFER TO YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER EACH WEEK FOR TIME AND STATION]

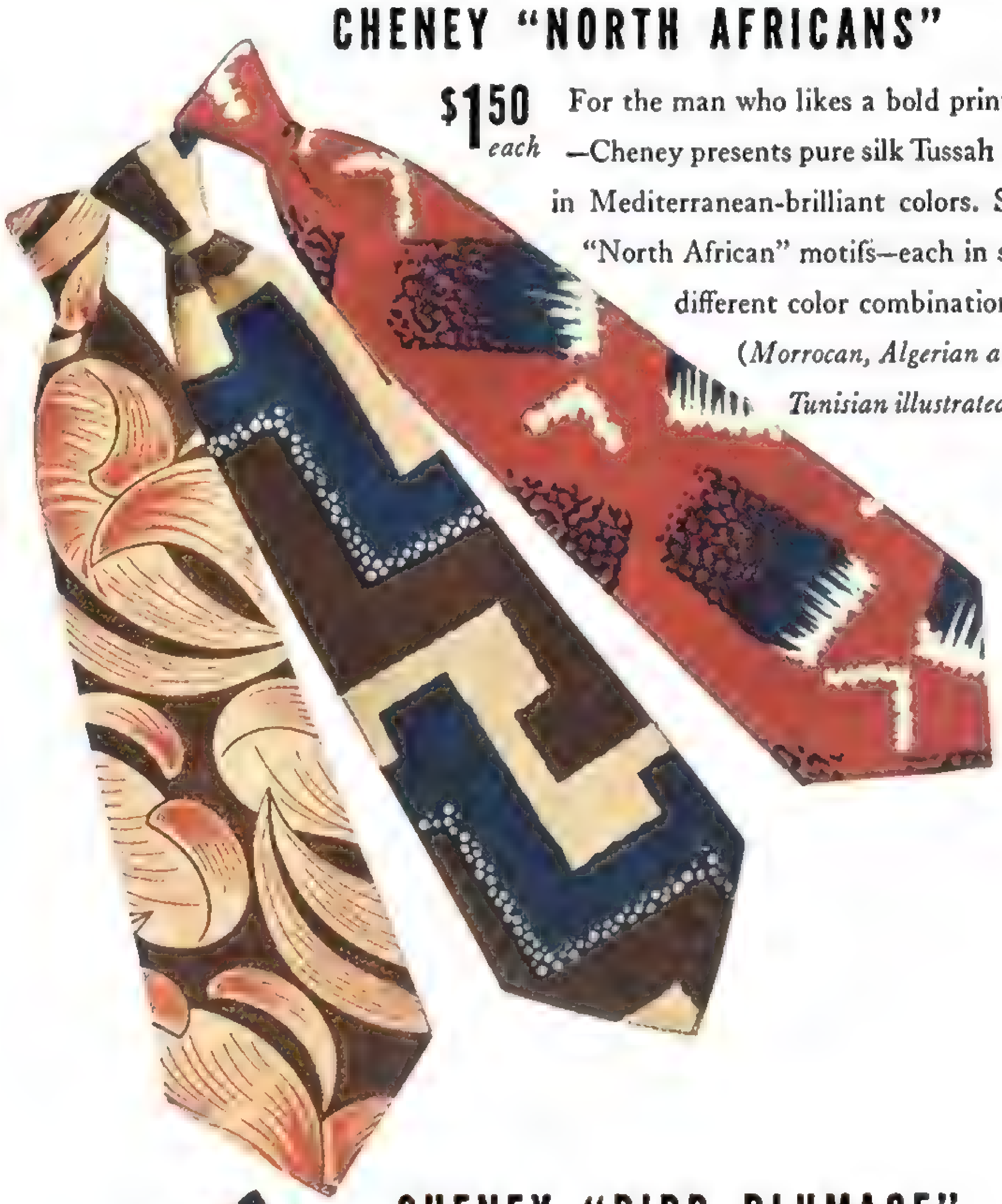
It's Spring again!

CHENEY "ALASKANS"



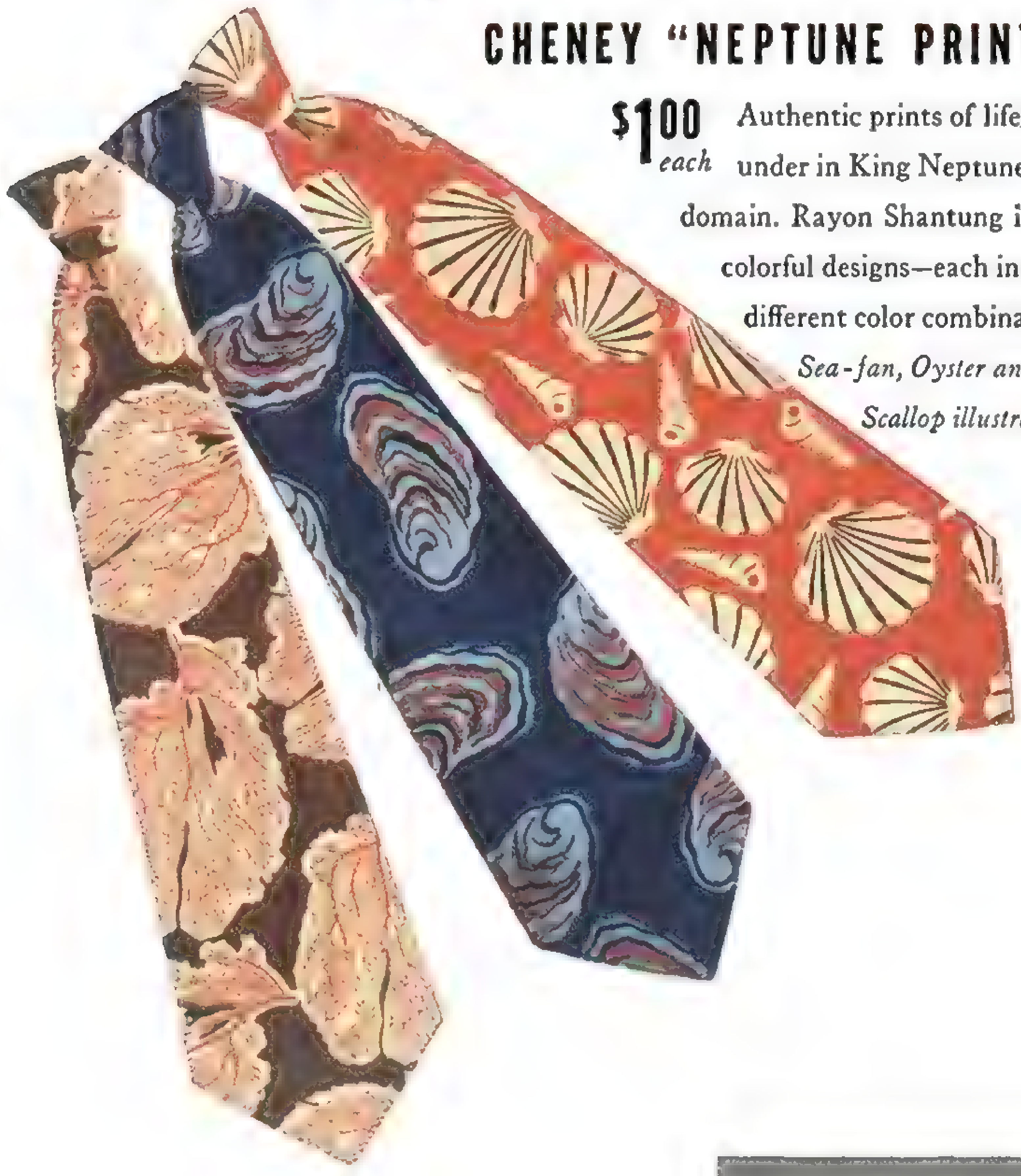
$1.00 each Strikingly original . . . These panoramic patterns have all the vigor of life up yonder. Rayon Shantung in nine scenic patterns. *(Glacier, Alaskan, Alaskan Seal illustrated.)*

CHENEY "NORTH AFRICANS"



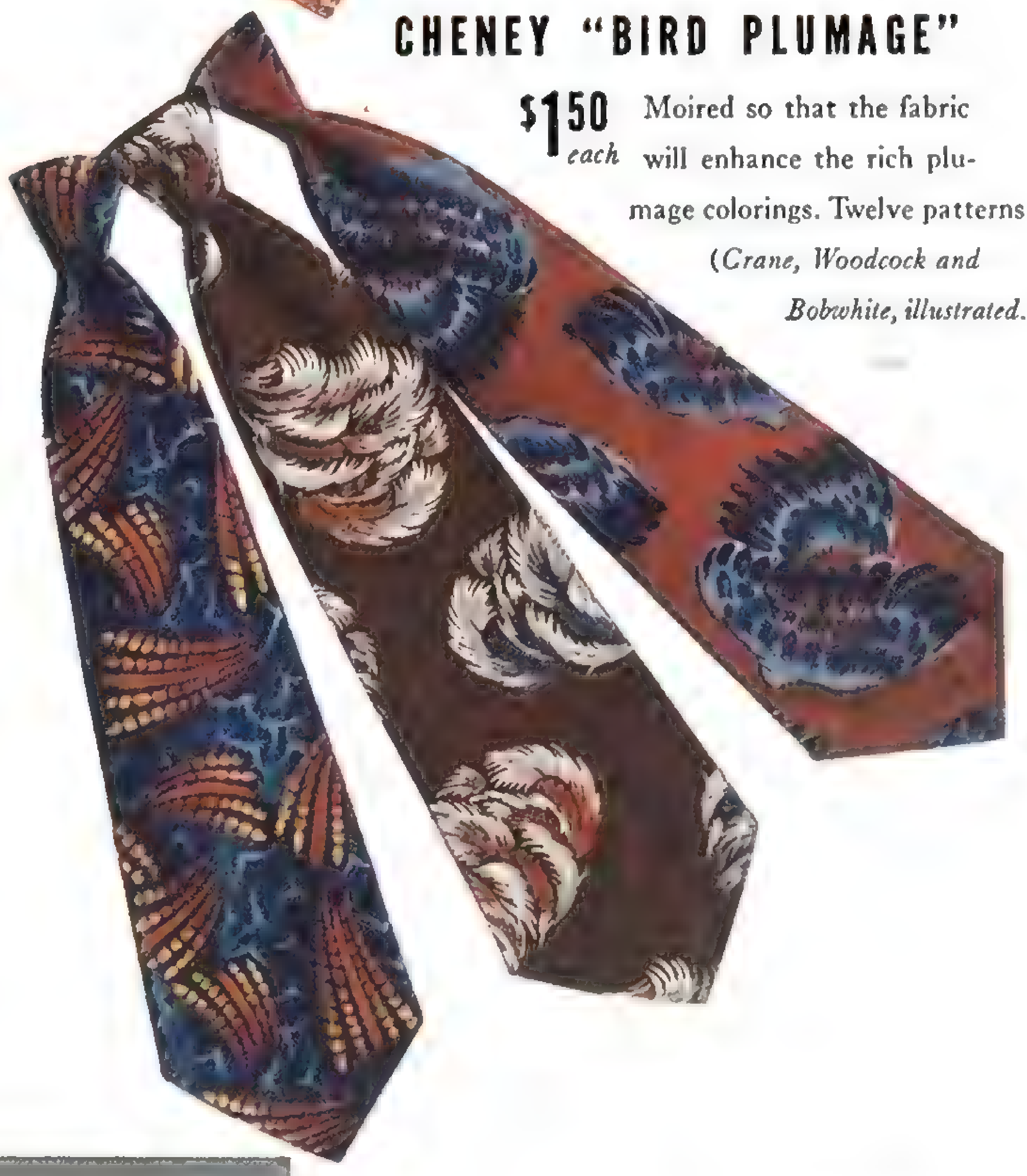
$1.50 each For the man who likes a bold print—Cheney presents pure silk Tussah in Mediterranean-brilliant colors. Six "North African" motifs—each in six different color combinations. *(Morrocan, Algerian and Tunisian illustrated.)*

CHENEY "NEPTUNE PRINTS"



$1.00 each Authentic prints of life down under in King Neptune's domain. Rayon Shantung in six colorful designs—each in six different color combinations. *Sea-fan, Oyster and Scallop illustrated.)*

CHENEY "BIRD PLUMAGE"



$1.50 each Moired so that the fabric will enhance the rich plumage colorings. Twelve patterns. *(Crane, Woodcock and Bobwhite, illustrated.)*

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"I'm going to shock you!"

"Because I'm going to hit right from the shoulder, starting now.

"Out there, our boys are fighting, and they're falling. Not one or two at a time, picked off by a nice clean bullet. But fifty at a time in the roaring, flaming hell of a shell burst.

"Out there, they aren't walking around in clean white uniforms on neat decks. They're running and slipping around on the bloody heaving flanks of a carrier foundering in a sea of oil with her guts torn out.

"They're not lying in cool, immaculate hospital beds with pretty nurses to hold their hands. They're flat on their backs on cold steel taking a smoke and waiting for a doctor to get through with the *seriously* wounded.

"Out there, they're fighting and they're falling but they're winning! And get this straight—they're not complaining. But I want you to know what they're up against. I want you to know they look to you to give them in *your* way the same full measure of help and devotion they get unasked from their own shipmates.

"And you *can* help them—by giving generously to the Red Cross.

"If you had seen the faces of men pulled naked from the sea as they received kit bags and cigarettes handed out on the spot by Red Cross Field Directors—you'd know what I mean!"

* * *

On every front the Red Cross presses forward. Each day, the need increases for your support.

Your Chapter is raising its Second War Fund in March. Give more this year—give double if you can.

THE RECORD SINCE PEARL HARBOR

For the Armed Forces—More than one million and a half service men have received, through the Field Staff, practical help in personal problems. The Red Cross is with them in training and at the front. For morale and recreation, over one hundred Red Cross Clubs have been established for overseas troops. There are more than five thousand workers in the field.

Civilian Relief—About sixty million dollars in war relief has been administered in every allied country. Food, clothing, medicinal supplies have gone to Great Britain, Russia, China, Africa, for Polish and Greek refugees, and many others.

Thousands of packages to prisoners of war have been safely delivered through cooperation with the International Red Cross in Switzerland.

The Home Front—Training our people to meet the needs of war. Millions of First Aid Courses. Hundreds of thousands trained in Home Nursing and Nutrition Courses. Thousands enlisted as Nurses' Aides and in Motor and Canteen and Staff Assistant Corps.

More than one million and a half blood donations through Red Cross collection centers and the distribution of the life saving Plasma wherever needed.

Chapter Production rooms from coast-to-coast providing surgical dressings for the wounded, kit bags for the fighters and tons of clothing for relief.

The Red Cross record in this war is one that we Americans may well be proud of—and support.

Your Dollars help make possible the

AMERICAN ✚ RED CROSS

This space contributed by the Publisher

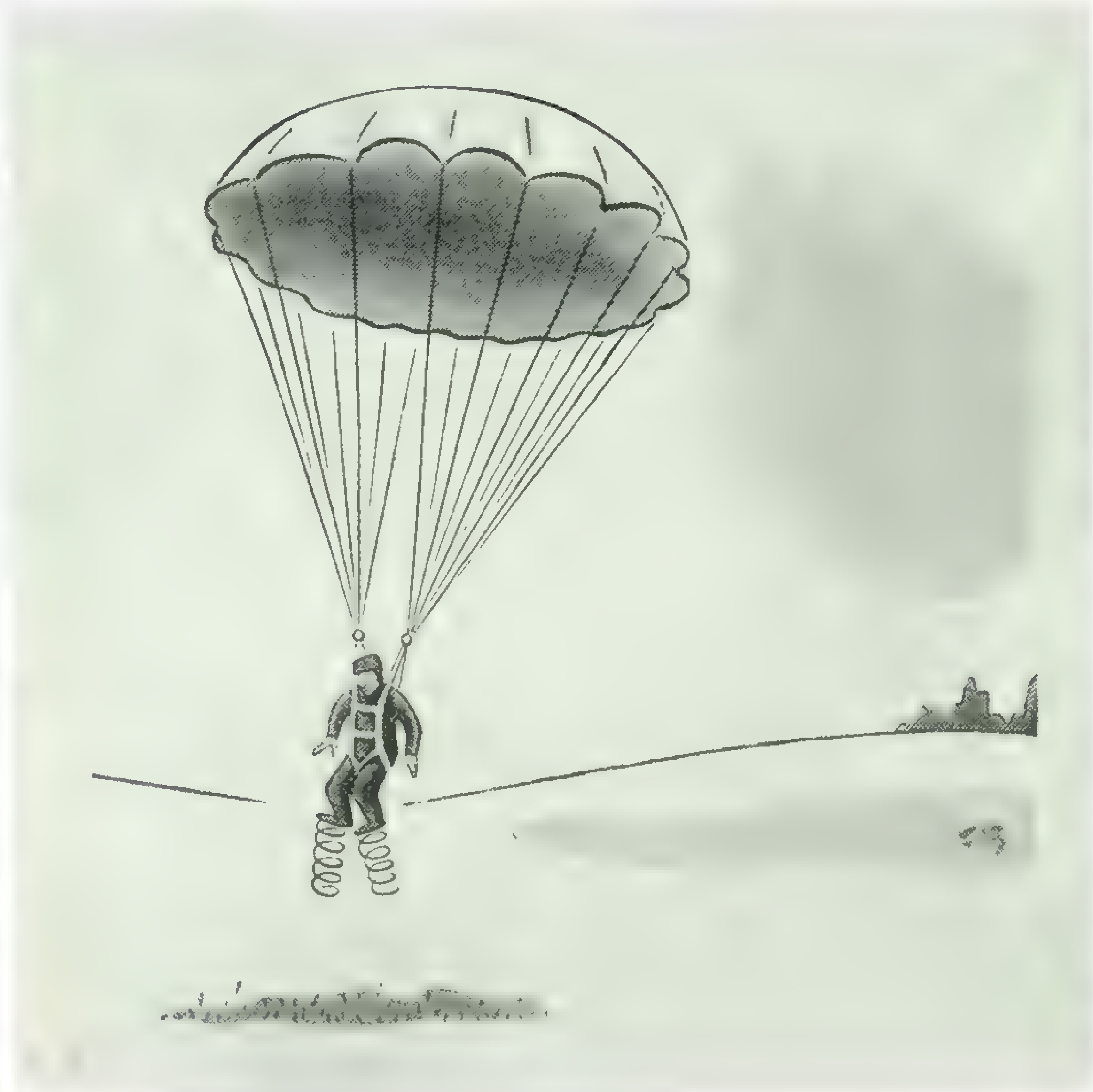
Painting the Town with Esquire

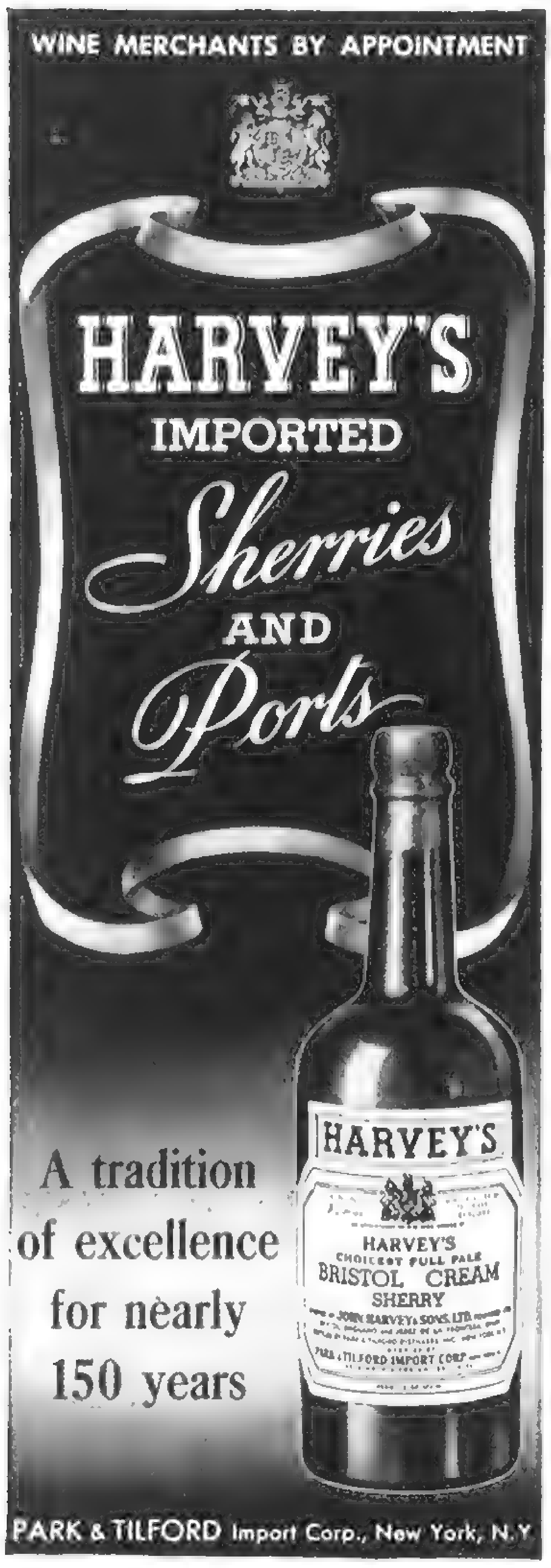
DOES a rooster swim? But absolutely! says the chef of La Vie Parisienne, 3 East 52nd, as he casseroles *Coq au Vin* (simmered in red wine and brandy). Only, it's the consumer who does the crowing—his gustatory elation heightened by the fragrant refreshingness of a chilled bottle of California rosé wine, which is lighter in character as well as in color than claret but carries plenty of message. Tavel in Southern France used to produce excellent wine of this type in the days when Arthur Lesser, host of La Vie Parisienne, was operating select spots in Paris. Now he and the Old World arts of civilization are thriving on our side of the Atlantic, but La Vie Parisienne, with its atmosphere which might have come straight from the pages of Elliott Paul's "The Last Time I Saw Paris," is featuring at midnight an unmistakably American product: Libby Holman.

TEA RATIONING hasn't crimped the boom in tea dancing. Apparently they are drinking something else—that maroon-hued apéritiffin classic, Dubonnet . . . John Perona is comforting his El Morocco flock with assurances that the Food Administration isn't planning to decree zebra-less days . . . Tables at the Penguin (244 East 51st) are never jostlingly close together, or girthy, mirthy host Dave Cowles wouldn't be able to visit around . . . If your favorite equestrienne can't get to Pinehurst this year, you can enter her in the hobby-horse races at the Village Barn, 52 West 8th . . . Really it surprised us, but it shouldn't have, the way our omelet with creamed oysters at Frank Case's Hotel Algonquin purred out loud with enthusiasm at meeting a glass of Engels & Krudwig Ohio Chablis 1937 . . . Crab meat Norfolk and country sausage have a lot of big business deals pulled over them by luncheon huddlers at Massoletti's Tower Restaurant, 70 Pine Street . . . They reached a long way back for it, but the oxtail ragout at Cavanagh's is sublime.

THE SMALLISH but chipper Encore (9 East 40th) of partners Gabriel and Lawrence has established itself in the warm regard of no slight few. Besides commendable food, there is now beguileful song repertory of cosmopolitan sepians Rollin Smith and Carol Boyd who are at home in 11 languages.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Avenue, New York. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.





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The Montmartre of New York
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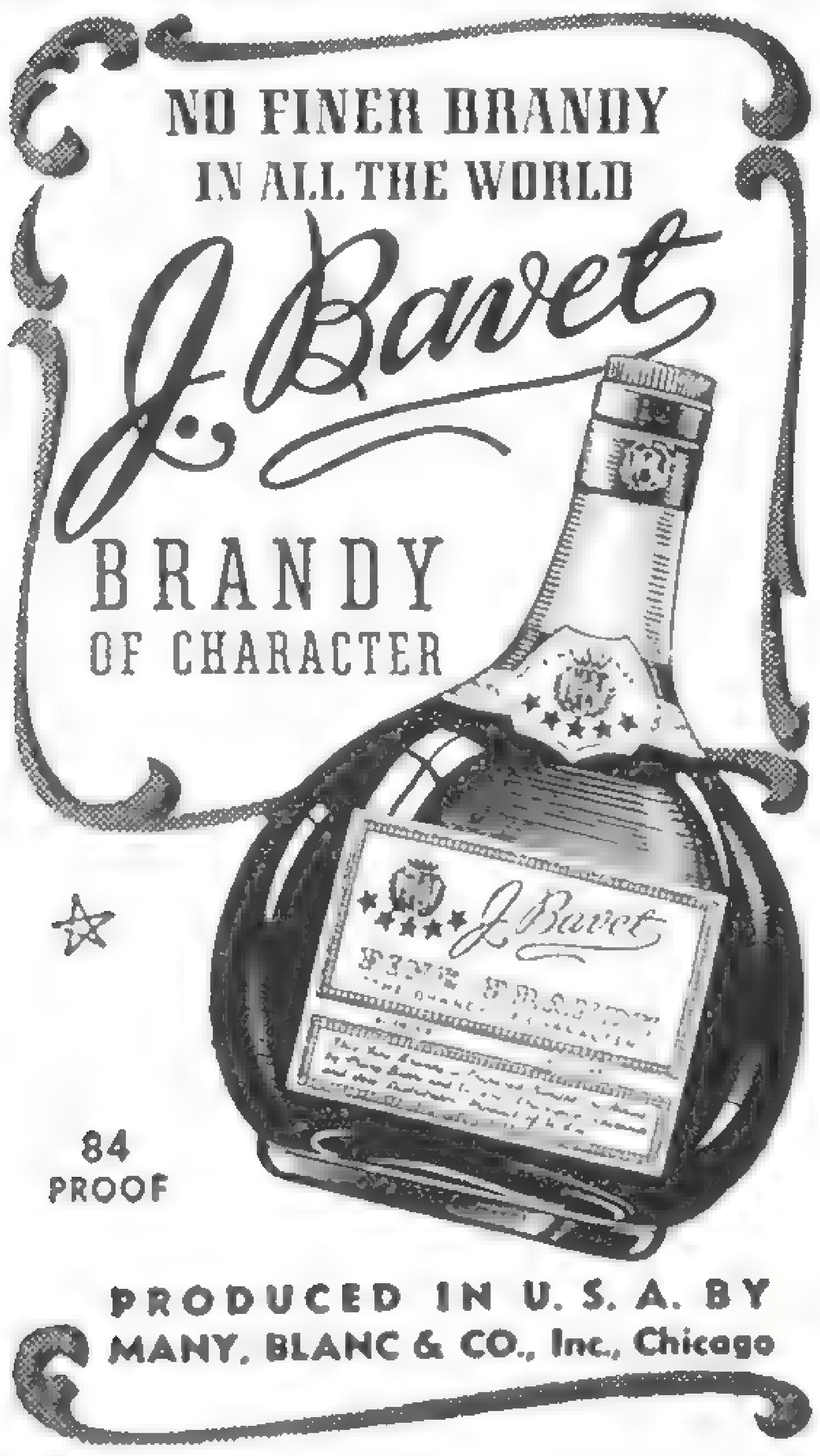

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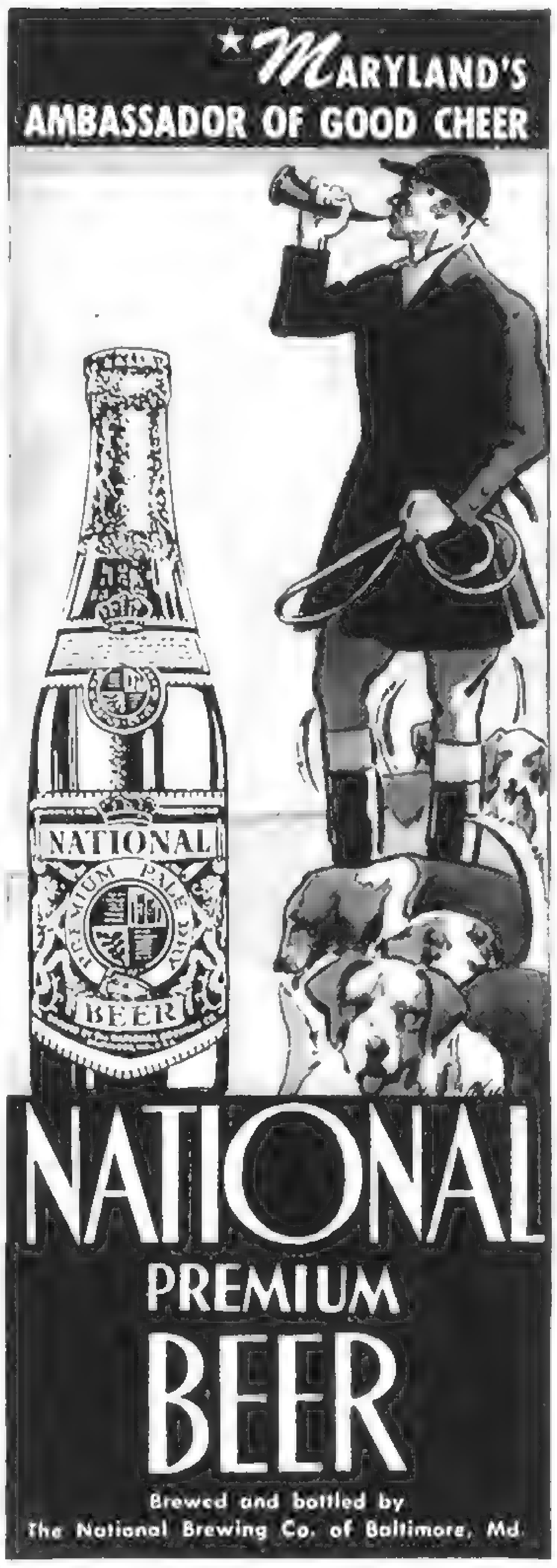

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AMBASSADOR OF GOOD CHEER
NATIONAL
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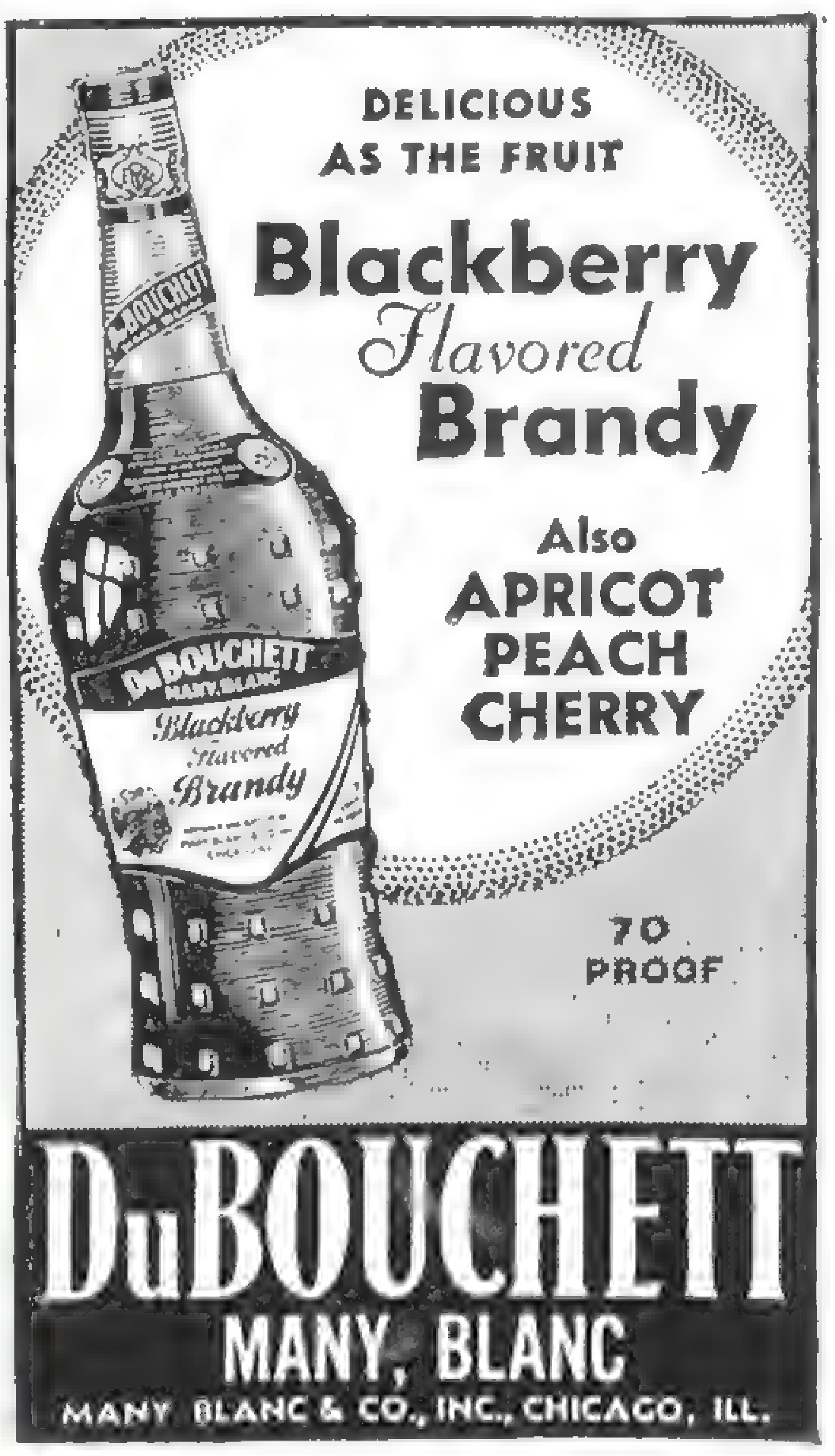
Brewed and bottled by
The National Brewing Co. of Baltimore, Md.

Greetings
HELP
CRIPPLED CHILDREN



DELICIOUS
AS THE FRUIT
Blackberry
Flavored
Brandy
Also
APRICOT
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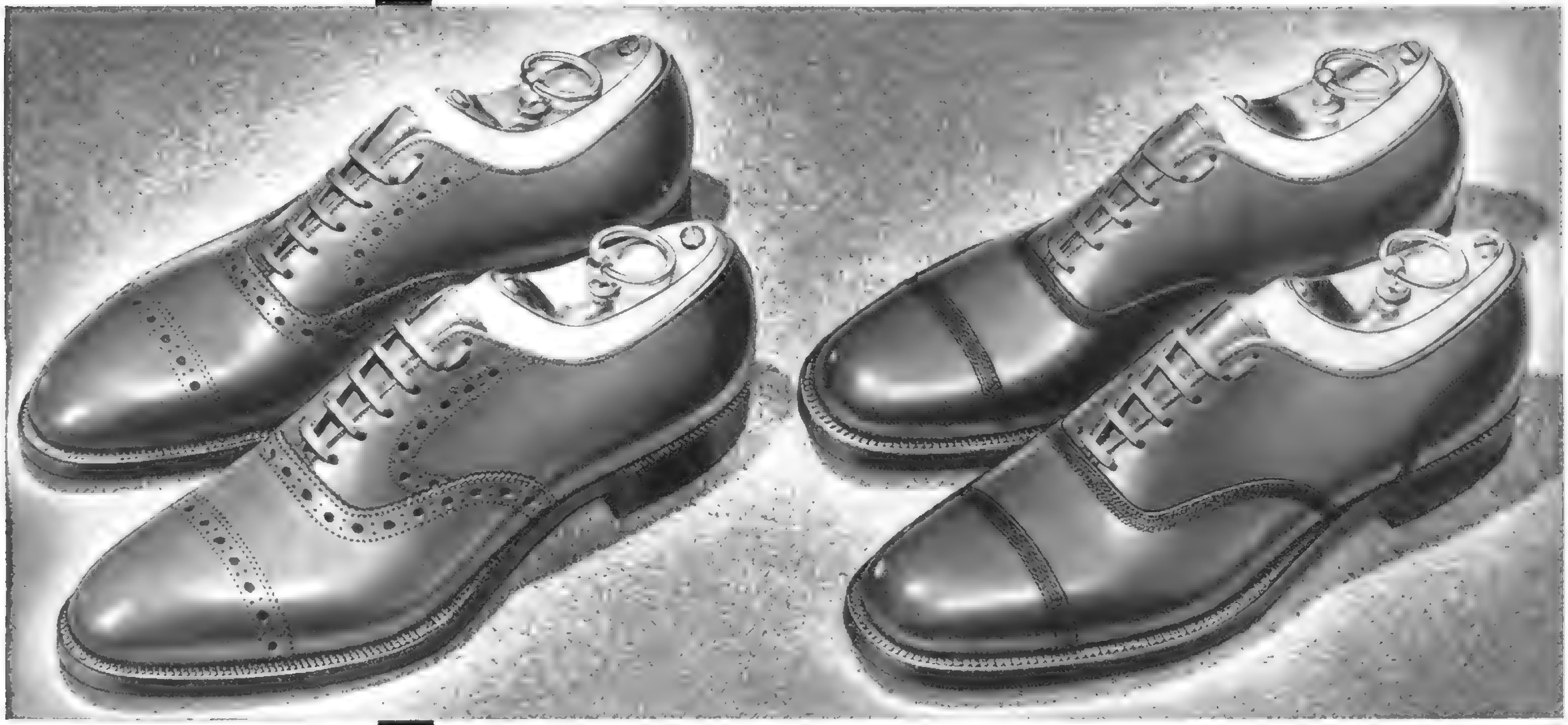
MANY BLANC & CO., INC., CHICAGO, ILL.

Five Dollars WILL BUY A WEALTH OF WALKING PLEASURE WHEN YOU *STEP INTO A FORTUNE!*



● In these days, when every man is walking more—and saving more—it's good to know you can buy a fine pair of Fortunes for as little as five dollars. And you get the plus value, too, of Fortune's authentic styling, fine leathers and expert workmanship! Take, for example, the smart styles, illustrated above, from Fortune's "Townstreet" Series. In classic straight tip patterns, authentic in every detail, they're designed especially for town and business wear. You will find these styles favored by millions of American men from Maine to California. When you get ready for your next pair of shoes, step into a Fortune . . . for a wealth of walking pleasure!

From Fortune's "Townstreet" Series — Style No. 6100 on the left and 6109 on the right. See these and other styles for town and business wear at your Fortune dealer's.

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LORDS
Imported Dry Gin

PARK & TILFORD
IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N.Y.
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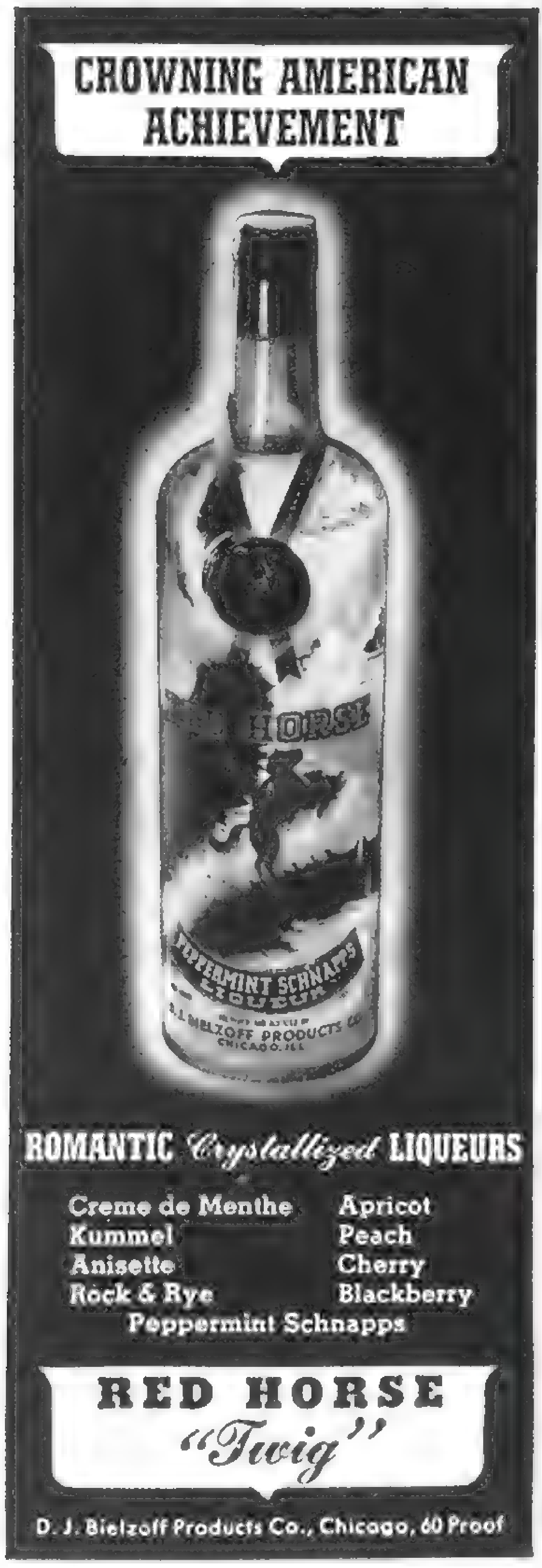
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RED HORSE
"Twig"

D. J. Bielzoff Products Co., Chicago, 60 Proof

Painting the Town with Esquire

BACK IN 1908 when antipasto, broccoli, and spumoni were new words in the American vocabulary, a favorite place for getting acquainted with them, under the auspices of a bottle of California red wine, was spotless kitchened Enrico & Paglieri's, 64 West 11th. Here garret poets from Greenwich Village scooped the minestrone tureen to the last bean, and painter folk speared succulent scallopini. Nowhere would you encounter more unanimous conviction that life was wonderful. It hasn't been Enrico & Paglieri's fault if some of those blithe hopes have taken a licking since then; the better world set up at this address still goes on serenely, tasty as ever. The very mien of headwaiter Dino is a cure for despondency.

NICE GOING o'nights at the Raleigh Room (Dean Cornwell muraled jewel-boite) of the Hotel Warwick where Ron Perry and his crew dispense ankle directives. Dance floor is circular, but meals, under Carlo's sagacious supervision, are square as you please (with Uncle Sam looking over your shoulder) . . . Downtown items that slide down easy: Chicken Pot à la Miller and Old Fashioned Kidney Stew at 3-storied Miller's, 114 Fulton Street, one of New York's long flourishers . . . Kept plenty warm by Hal McIntyre, the bandstand —podium to you—in the Century Room of the Hotel Commodore is about to be taken over by regular tenant Vaughn Monroe whose national renown this room built. The Commodorables continue on beauty duty, with other floor appearers mingled in . . . Star of the commotional picture at the Hotel Pennsylvania's Café Rouge is Jimmy Dorsey.

REPORTS that Brazil is located beyond the Caribbean turn out to be greatly exaggerated. Intimely enough you'll find it at Semon's, 216 East 58th—a cheery epicurean little haunt which has been gladdening a special coterie for four years. Semon himself, whose talent for friendship is terrific, interprets the drinks and dishes, which are wonders, not weirdies. If you've never sampled a Batida (Brazilian version of the Daiquiri), or Galinha Marajoara (sliced boiled chicken on a rice specialty cooked with coconut milk), or turkey Brazilian style, tonight is the time and this is the place.

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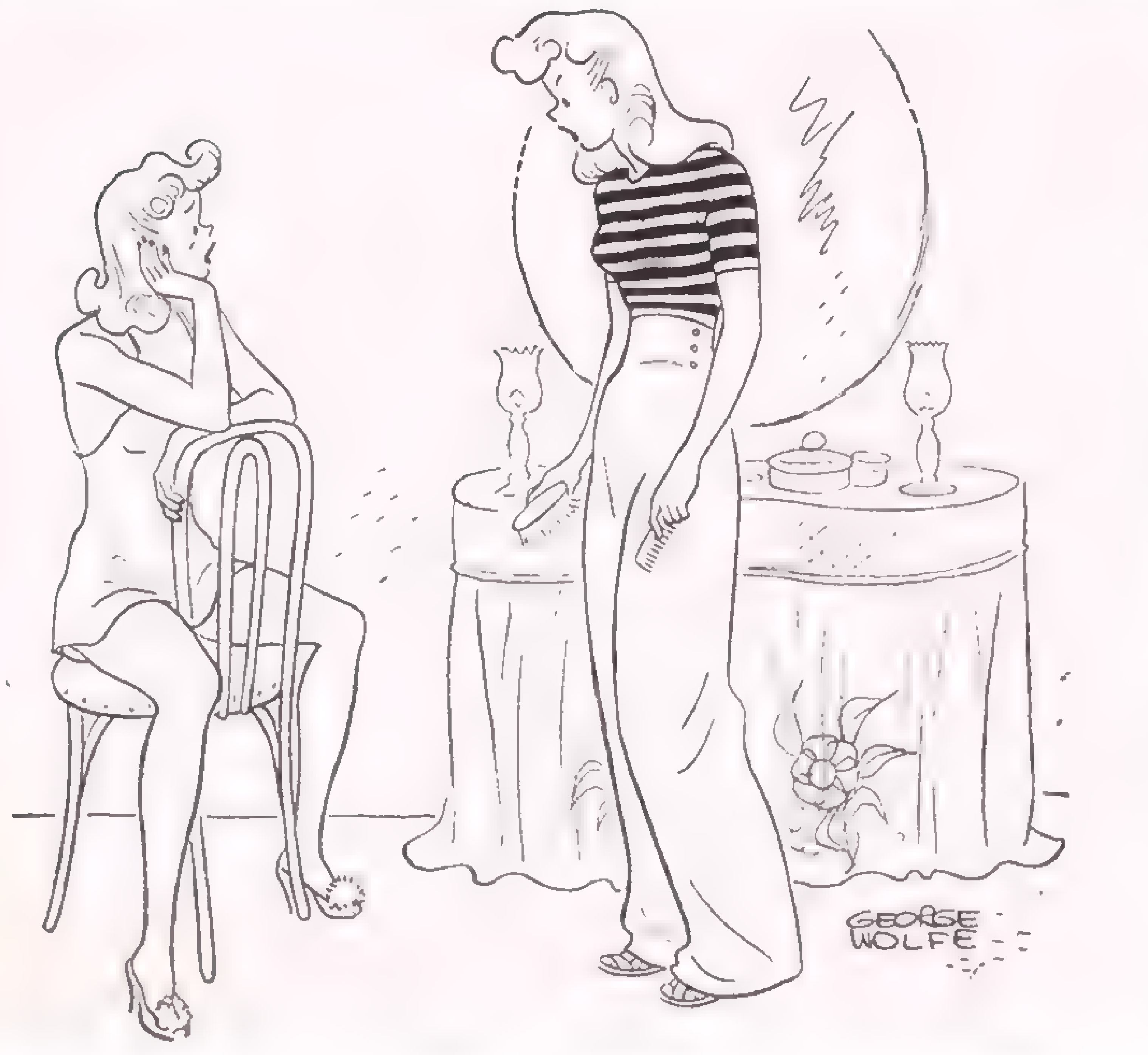

"I know I'm losing him—last night he only said goodnight twice!"

AUTHENTIC
Argyle Plaids

Plaids so Scotch, so well matched, you'd swear these sweaters were imported! 100% worsted wool; warm, comfortably light—for sport, leisure, work. Background colors: light gray, brown, green, powder blue, natural. 38 to 44. Whopping value $5.95
Sleeveless, $3.95
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TO SERVE
YOUR COUNTRY

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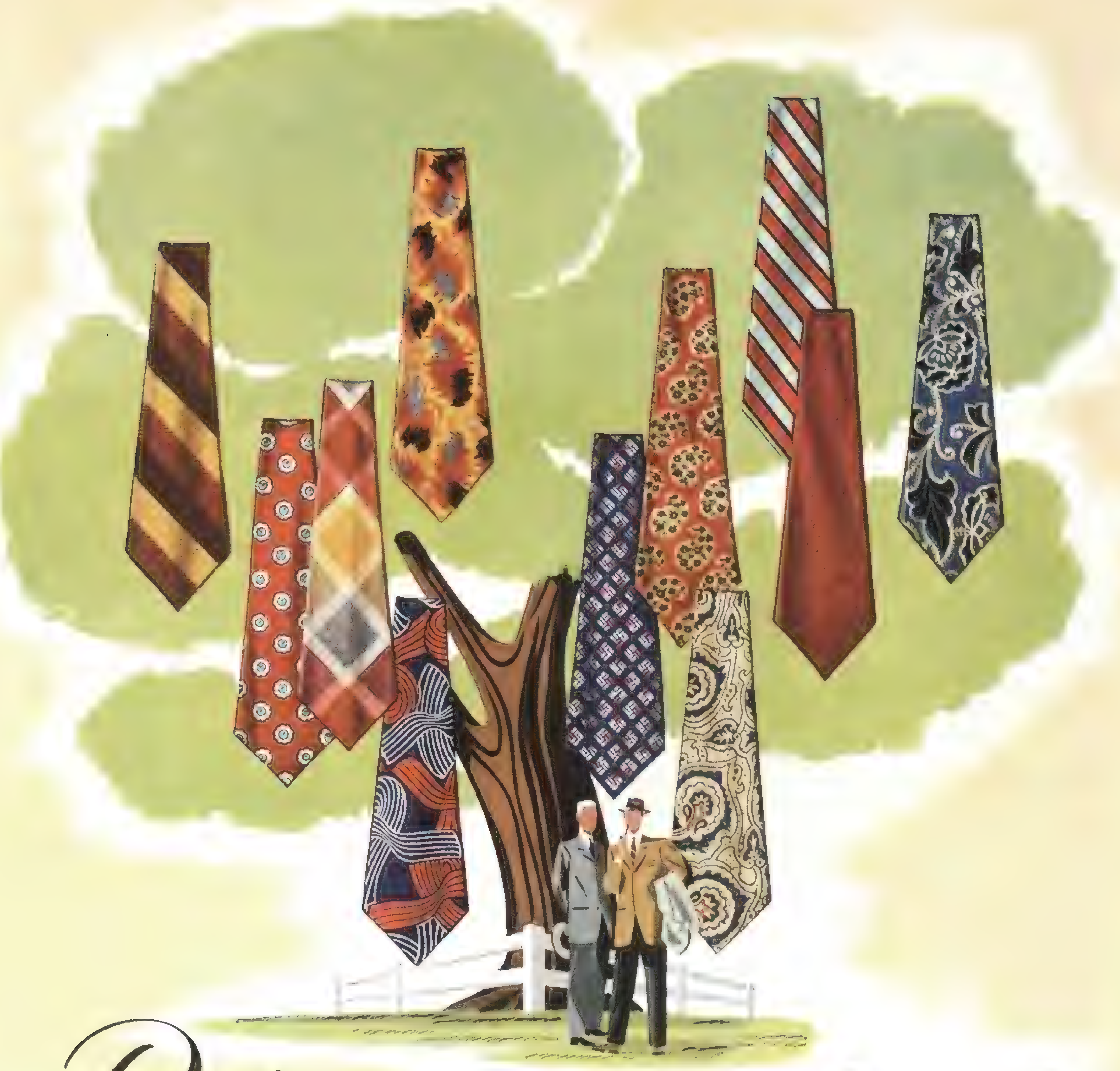
Fund
of the
AMERICAN
RED CROSS

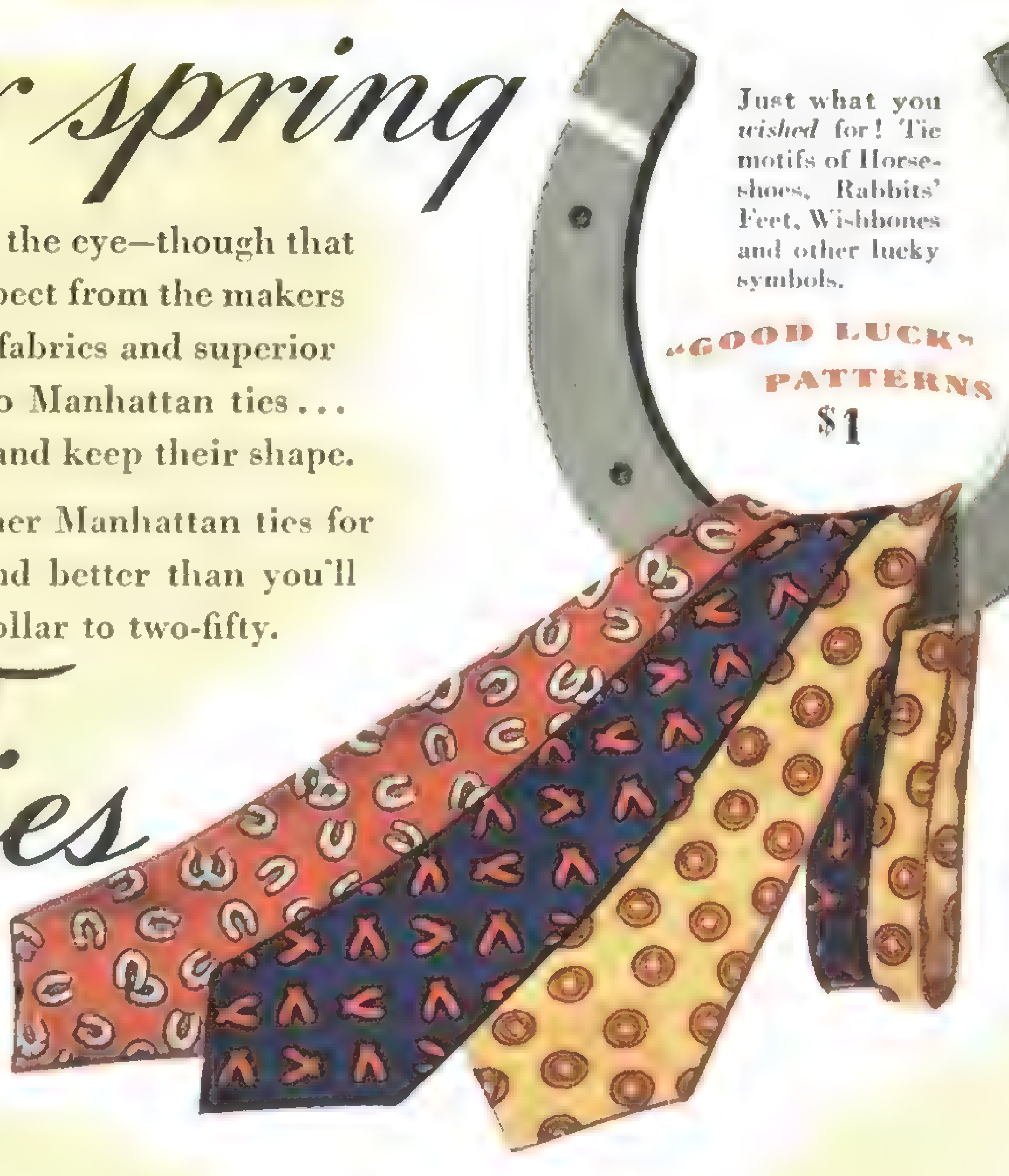
THROUGH YOUR
LOCAL CHAPTER



Pick a tie for spring

There's more to a Manhattan tie than meets the eye—though that is plenty! There's all the quality you have a right to expect from the makers of America's finest shirts. Finer fabrics and superior construction give enduring beauty to Manhattan ties . . . they're shaped right and keep their shape.

Ask to see these and other Manhattan ties for Spring—they're smarter and better than you'll usually see. One dollar to two-fifty.



Just what you *wished* for! Tie motifs of Horseshoes, Rabbits' Feet, Wishbones and other lucky symbols.

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Manhattan Ties

BY THE MAKERS OF MANHATTAN SHIRTS

For the most delicious Martini in the world, make one with the gin that for nearly a century has been the world's favorite

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the International
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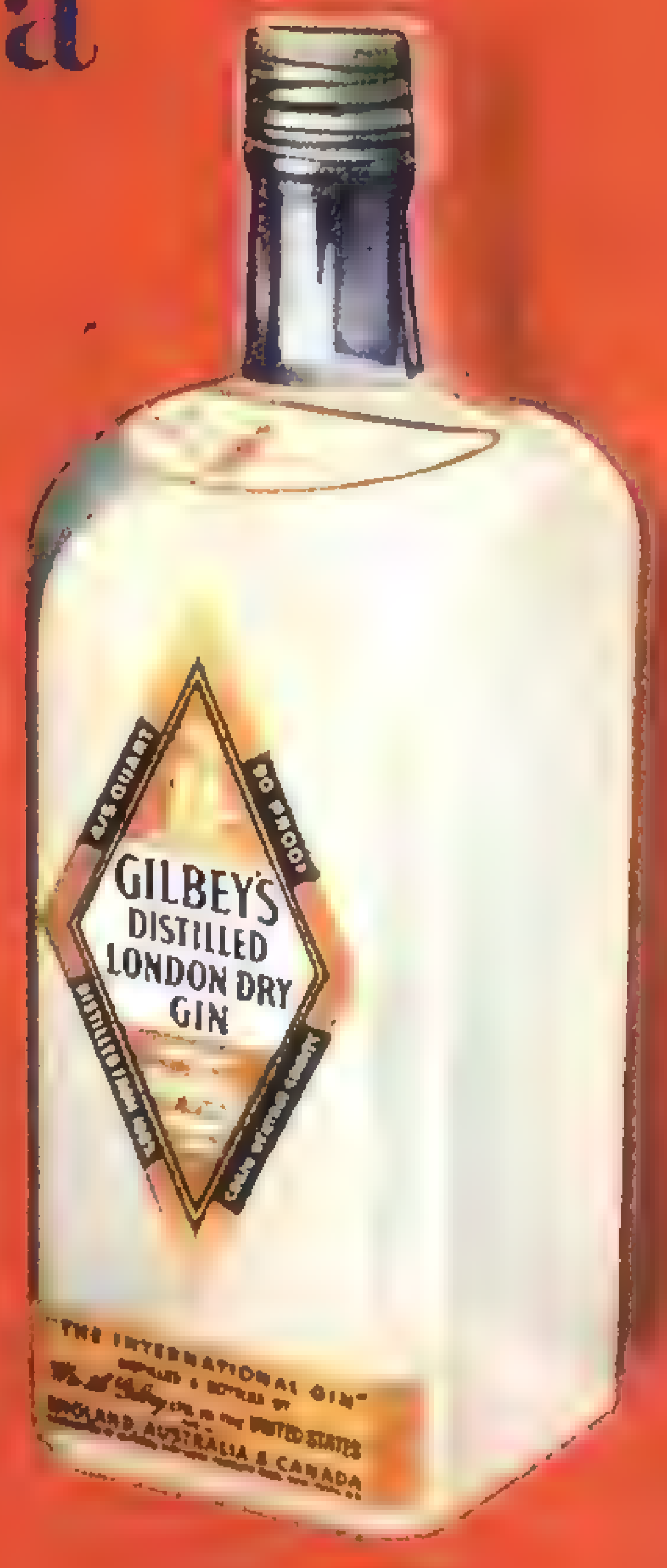
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DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
GIN
THE "INTERNATIONAL GIN"
ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA & CANADA

THE *"INTERNATIONAL GIN"* DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES—AS WELL AS IN . . ENGLAND . . AUSTRALIA . . CANADA

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York—90 Proof—Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits—Copyright 1943

Time and Detroit Did It

Our auto industry has answered the Axis with Yankee enterprise, beating its top year in production seventy-five per cent

by ROBERT W. MARKS

•ARTICLE•

NO ONE who has visited Detroit this year has any doubt about the outcome of this war. For on the assembly lines of the auto industry and its affiliates is the greatest daily mass aggregate of war instruments that has ever been seen in the whole civilized world—and its affiliates.

Running, sliding, tumbling, slipping, rumbling, riding, by the the tens, hundreds, thousands, and millions are the tanks, guns, gun carriers, bombers, engines, and plane sub-assemblies which make speedy conquest as certain as the spring. Each week the aggregate grows more awesome, striding over the Axis production peaks in seven-league steps.

In every sense of the phrase, the motor industry has done precisely what these columns predicted exactly one year and one month ago: it has put "Victory on a Conveyor Belt."

Esquire argued then—as is shown now—that although orders came and chromium went, Oahu Sunday had welded the auto industry's know-how to the national emergency; that the experience and resourcefulness of the industry made it possible for us to produce more than any nation in the world, and to produce this more, faster, better, and longer.

The armament program was catalogued; predictions were cast on the basis of past experience.

Then came the verbal rains. The cold-water-throwers of the country threw up their hands as well as cold water. "Nonsense," they croaked. "Detroit is still running on 'the business-as-usual' Big Time. It is more concerned with fighting the Administration than fighting the war."

Well, this is neither an apology for the industry nor a brief for our 1942 report. Following are the facts for the past year. Salt and pepper to suit your political taste.

Unfortunately, too many of the most dramatic facts in this all-out conversion, production, and research effort have to be withheld because of censorship. We can't talk here of the new Boche's-eye splitting guns, the new planes, the new engines, the metallurgical improvements in guns and shells which multiply their range and penetrating effects; we can't talk of rockets, amphibians, and superpalooka gadgets in process. But we can talk about certain over-all figures; you can do your own reading between the lines.

Here are the bare, round facts: In spite of all the mechanical, technical, and architectural difficulties of conversion from auto production to war production, the industry is now turning out twenty million dollars' worth of war goods *each day*. This adds up to seven billions of dollars' worth of equipment a year. Translated into cars, this would be equivalent to an eight million car year. The best year the industry ever had in peace times was under 5,500,000 units.

Statistics make dull reading. But in this case they prove an almost staggering point: that *in one year of war, the industry has leaped seventy-five per cent ahead of its peak peacetime production.*

The industry combined its resources, its specific skills, its equipment. For the first time in the history of the industry, co-operation outspelled corporation, problems were pooled, internecine feuds temporarily shelved.

Altruism in industry is to be taken with a grain of salt. Altruism is the last refuge of a corporation. Nevertheless, even in terms of "enlightened self interest" the over-all picture is brilliant.

The Chrysler-operated Tank Arsenal was the first unit to get under way, turning out the M-3 medium tanks, otherwise known as the "General Grants." According to Maj. Gen. Levin H. Campbell, U.S. Army Chief of Ordnance, the M-3s were the best tanks to see action on the Libyan desert. "They were good enough to stop Rommel," the Army argued. It wasn't the Nazi 88 gun that beat the British in Libya, the Army holds, but Alexander's failure to use them in mass formations.

When tank production orders were issued to Ford and General Motors Fisher Bodies Division, engineers from these rival companies visited the Chrysler arsenal some 250 times, took over Chrysler's experience whole-hog, and went into immediate production on the M-4s, the "General Grants."

New high-speed welding procedures were worked out by these companies, and passed back to Chrysler. And within a short space, Chrysler changed models, converting production from the M-3s to the all-welded M-4s *without stoppage of output for a single day*—a feat never before accomplished in auto manufacture.

Guns, including the Bofors, Oerlikons, and 90 mm. anti-aircraft units, have been simplified and improved by the industry, and are now being turned out in mass quantities at Hudson's naval arsenal, and by General Motors units in Detroit, Pontiac, Flint, Saginaw, and Lansing. The Oerlikon gun, which squirts shells from the muzzle like water from a firehose, took 190 man hours to manufacture a year ago. It is turned out today, in fifty-five.

"Briggs Built Belly Turrets," is an alliterative slogan that might be stenciled on the death-hurling bubbles of the big bombers. The Graham Paige Motors Corp. is turning out amphibian troop and gun carriers. Ford is cranking out amphibian jeeps—in this group of multi-media motor transports. Ford has not yet thrown the big switch to start thunder in the Willow Run plant. But big things in the way of pre-packaged Consolidated bombers are held there, to be momentarily in the offing.

The General Motors Allison Division, it is said, has all the wrinkles out of its new 2,000 h.p. liquid-cooled engine. Rumor has it that this super-Allison will soon be in production, giving our new fighters one of the most efficient powerplants in the whole field of air combat. Many of the companies, meanwhile, are continuing the subcontracting of parts or whole assemblies of Curtiss-Wright and Pratt and Whitney air-cooled engines; and Packard is continuing with its output of marine motors for PT boats and Rolls Royce engines for Curtiss Warhawks and other fighter planes.

One of the most interesting of the new weapons developed under the Ordnance Tank-Automotive Center in Detroit is the TD—"Tank Destroyer," a marriage of the M-3 tank chassis and the 105 mm. howitzer to provide a mobile weapon with tremendous firepower. Known as the M-7 it was widely heralded as the "secret weapon" responsible for routing Rommel's forces in North Africa.

The Center is an example of Ordnance faith in Detroit; it was set up there with complete authority over the design, development, engineering, manufacture, supply and maintenance of all tank, combat and motor transport vehicles. In the heart of the automotive industry, it saves thousands of miles in travel and eliminates congestion and lost time in over-burdened Washington.

* * *

TheDetroit mind commutes between the laboratory and the assembly line. The genius behind it is dynamic, aggressive, experimental, single-tracked. It is prepared to build Jacob's Ladder, prepared to build it of plastics or stainless steel, and prepared to build it tomorrow, provided it can be assured of an adequate supply of materials, the necessary guarantee for research and tooling up, and an unobstructed green light.

Fortunately for all of us, and to the future consternation of the Axis, those were exactly the things it did get—in 1942. For the first time in a generation, perhaps the first time in its life, the industry could function without either the inhibitions of cost, or question of consumer taste. Money—at least on the surface—has lost its value. "Go ahead," is the order of the day, "turn out the best product you can in the shortest possible

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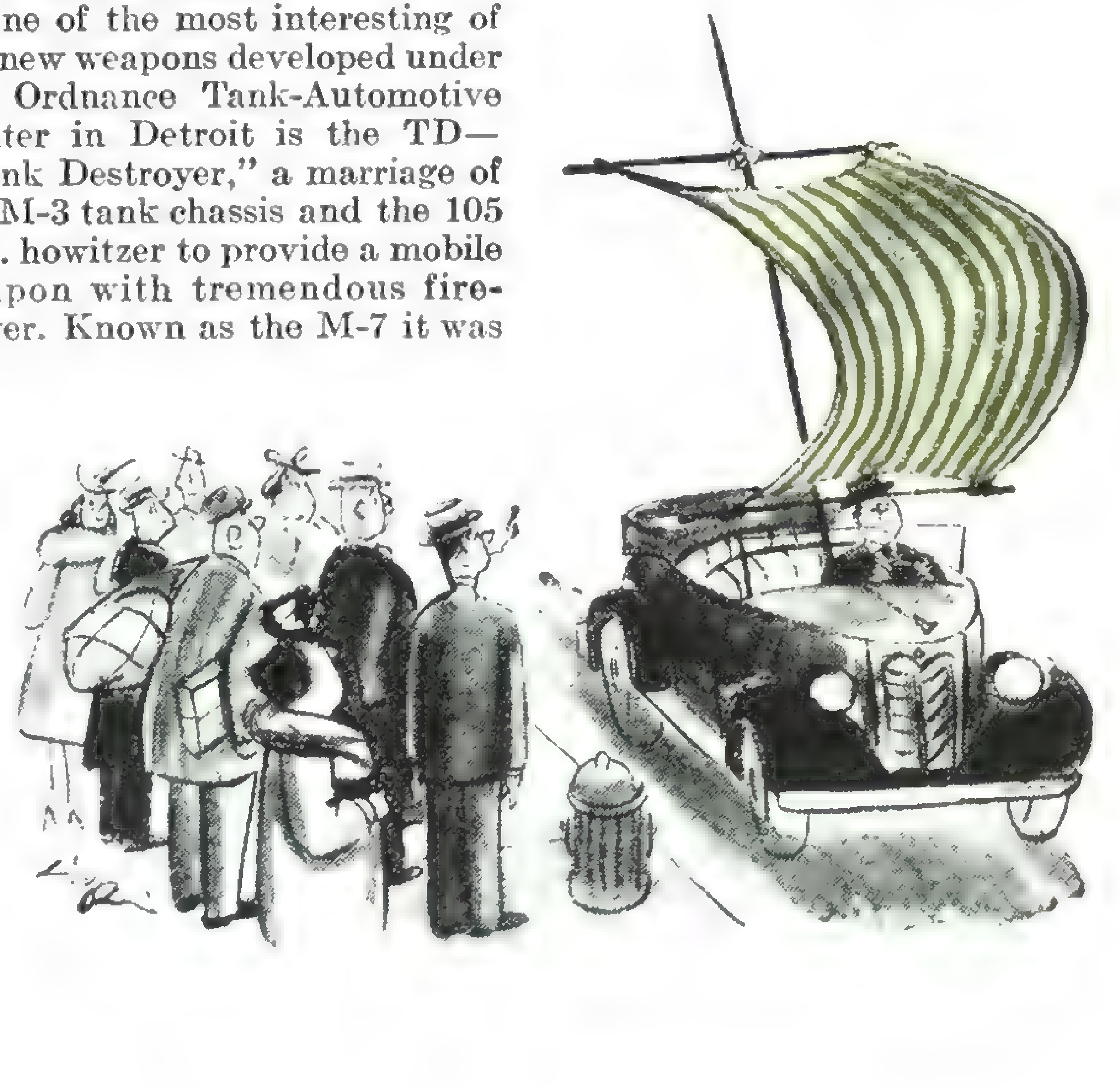


New Guinea Gambados

Invasion by the evil little men from Japan is just another chapter in the fantastic story of this strange land

by PHILIP HARKINS

▪ARTICLE▪

When American soldiers landed on the island of New Guinea, they were marching ashore on a land as wild as the stories that have sprung from its mountains and chasms, airdromes and goldfields. The latest dramatic episode in the fantastic history of this unpredictable country began at Rabaul in the last days of January, 1942.

Rabaul, on the island of New Britain fifty-odd miles east of the mainland, used to be the capital of the Australian mandate. In 1941 it was given up for Lae (pronounced Lay—ee). At the time the reason announced for this shift was ominous rumbling from the craters that hang over Rabaul, volcanoes sardonically called the "Mothers and Daughters." The real reason was that the Australian military had written the island off as indefensible. In any case the former explanation was entirely credible for as recently as 1937, the volcano Matupi erupted and poured an avalanche of red hot ash and pumice on Rabaul.

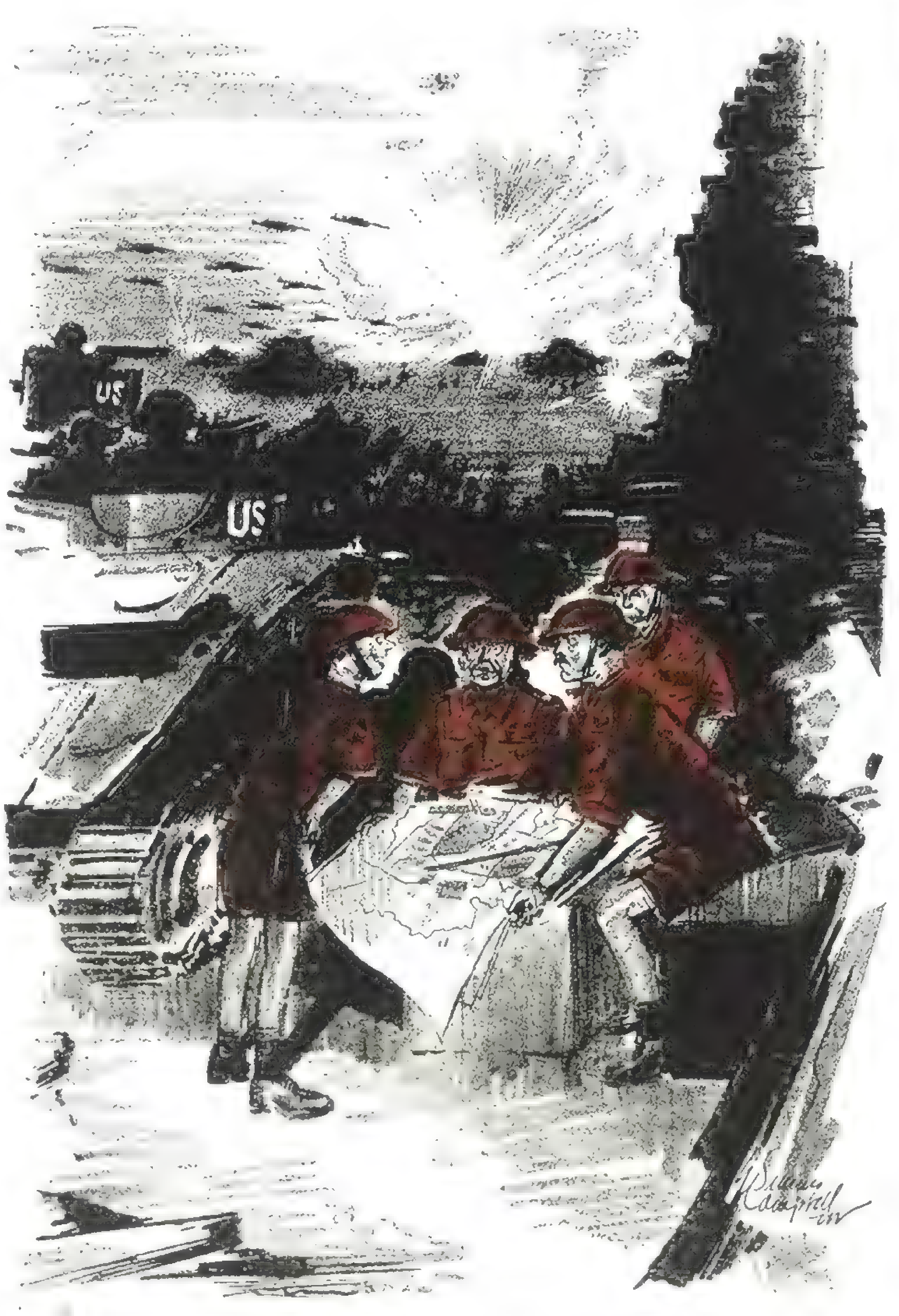
There were 1400 men in the Australian garrison at Rabaul. They were expendable and they knew it. Their job was to hold off the Japanese invasion force while the Aussies on New Guinea prepared stronger defenses.

On the hot, sticky morning of January 10th an Australian plane on reconnaissance sighted the invasion fleet. When the pilot landed with his grim news, jaw muscles tightened as each Aussie looked to his rifle. Some, using tree stumps for tables, wrote letters to wives and sweethearts which they entrusted to the plane's pilot thinking that it would take wings to escape from this jungle outpost. But the Japs gave the little garrison another day of grace, taking shelter that night in the lee of Watom Island, north of New Britain. The next day however, was Der Tag. Hell poured down from above not from the "Mothers and Daughters" but the Sons of Nippon. In a fierce onslaught sixty Jap bombers and twenty Zeros pounded Rabaul. The Aussies sent up their air arm whose flimsy muscles consisted of five Wirraways. The Wirraway, an Australian plane, is all right in its place but its place is in the minor leagues. It was murder. The Zeros screamed into the Wirraways and when the machine guns had stopped chattering two Zeros and the entire Australian air arm were charred heaps on the volcanic slopes. The wings that were to carry the last letters home, were broken. The Aussie ack-ack did better, bringing down five Zeros but any further resistance in the air ended with the splintering of the Wirraways. The Jap planes executed a triumphant roll and banked back to Watom Island. The Aussie army doctors got busy with splints and scalpels.

The next day the reconnaissance planes came over to see how much damage had been done. Evidently not enough from the Japs' point of view; more softening up was in order. On January 12, 110 planes appeared over Rabaul, light bombers, heavy bombers, dive bombers and fighters. Praed Point, an Australian six-inch gun fort, was attacked by wave after wave of dive bombers. For one solid hour the Aussies stuck to their guns in a hell of bursting bombs, dust, smoke and flames fringed by machine gun bullets. Hundreds of tons of explosives were dropped on the battery but the Aussies didn't quit until their guns and searchlights were blown out of the ground.

While the Jap dive bombers were ruining Praed Point, Jap fighters tried to land on the Rabaul airdrome but as they roared in over the runway the Aussies pushed the plungers on demolition charges and the whining Zeros skyrocketed into the air, staggered and fell apart, bits of wing and fuselage scattering over the field.

But the end had come—or nearly the end. The Jap dive bombers had taken a heavy toll of the antiaircraft guns. The Aussies fell back off the flat unprotected shore to take up positions on the volcanic slopes of Mt. Vulcan. This entire man-made eruption was fought under the shadow and menace of Nature's volcanoes.



"May I make a suggestion?"

The Aussies knew what was coming. It was the suspense that irritated them. As the sun disappeared and heavy, damp darkness fell over the island, they glanced at their wrist watches every few seconds and talked to each other in undertones. Their dead were buried but around them lay their wounded, some quiet with amazing self-discipline, others groaning from unbearable pain.

At the pregnant hour of midnight the men of the garrison heard the heavy drone of enemy planes. Hearts started to hammer; weary eyes widened as suddenly great parachute flares dropped from the dark skies lighting up the scene as if for a theatrical performance, throwing a weird half light on the fantastic countryside, volcanic slopes, tropical undergrowth, the grotesque shapes of wrecked artillery and planes.

But no bombs fell. The silence continued. The suspense grew. The waiting Aussies knew they were finished, knew that out on that black water beneath them lay an invasion force ten times their number. Their only wish was that the fight would start quickly.

It started finally at 2:30 a.m. Up from the black waters below Mt. Vulcan came the toneless babble of Jap voices, the eerie flash of lights. There was the sound of boat keels grating on the shingle and the sudden, glaring light of green flares, a signal to anchored ships that the landing had been effected.

The invading Japs looked like evil gnomes. Their arms and legs were painted black; they wore black undershirts (singlets) and black shorts. Their confidence in their air raid damage was supreme; there was little attempt at either stealth or silence. A Jap bugler stood on the darkened beach and raised his bugle to his mouth. He sent four clear notes into the still night air and then the crack of an Australian rifle silenced him forever. Red spurts of flame came from the volcanic slopes. The Aussie rifle fire was deadly. There were screams and shouts from the beach and a sudden, splashing noise as the leading landing barge retreated, pushed off in hasty confusion. In a few minutes the beach below was deserted except for the black Jap dead left behind.

But they landed elsewhere. They scrambled up precipitous goat tracks to positions near the lip of the Vulcan crater. In the first light of dawn a Jap soldier was sighted on the peak, wigwagging to ships offshore. He made an excellent target. Down he went under a sniper's rifle bullet. Another Jap took his place and he was brought down by the Aussie sniper. There was no more signalling.

Dawn broke and the Aussies on the slopes of Mt. Vulcan felt their stomachs turn over at the sight beneath them: twenty-three Jap warships, transports and minesweepers were anchored on the smooth, blue waters of Blanche Bay!

There was little time for mournful meditation. The Japs immediately attacked in force using thousands of troops under cover of warships and a force of about 100 dive bombers and fighters. Landing barges, each carrying 50 to 100 men were caught in fierce mortar fire from the Aussie positions. The mortar fire was terribly effective. Scores of Japs were soon struggling and screaming in the water. But the Japs came on. Barge after barge moved in and onto the beach bumping over the bodies of the fallen dead.

"Sometimes the noise of the Jap soldiers almost drowned the roar of our own fire," said an Aussie survivor. "They were squealing like pigs. Hundreds of them had been killed as they tried to get across the wire we had strung up on the beach, and their bodies hung there in grotesque positions. It was not long before the Japs realized the value of their dead. They gathered scores of bodies and threw them across the wire. Then they clambered over these dead-men-planks and came at us."

Along the beach on a front of about 200 yards the Jap dead were stacked six feet high. Hundreds of the wiry little men had been killed and so far the Aussie casualties were slight.

But the Japs came on, beyond the beach on up the slopes of Mt. Vulcan. Here for awhile the Aussies held in a savage fight as groups of big lean men attacked with cold fury and cold steel. But by noon their commander saw that further resistance was useless. He ordered his men to retreat into the protecting scrub. In a few hours fighting the Aussies had inflicted 2,000 casualties and had themselves lost about 300 men, killed, wounded and captured.

The Australians retreated into the jungle, a tangled, rain-soaked wilderness. For weeks the men struggled through an almost ceaseless tropical downpour. In all that time no man ever had dry clothing or dry feet. Rivers thick with crocodiles had to be swum or forded. Men, staggering almost at the point of exhaustion, were forced to wade through a slimy morass of clinging black mud. Not one of the Aussies had a mosquito net in a jungle infested by malaria-carrying mosquitoes.

For days the ration to all men was one army biscuit and *one-twelfth* of a tin of bully beef. This epicurean feast was mashed together and cooked in the soldiers' tin helmets. On this meager meal every Aussie had to build up sufficient energy to keep going when every aching muscle told him he could no longer keep his feet. Precipices had to be scaled with ropes fashioned from wild creepers and lianas. Weary, feverish men had to cross yawning chasms on swaying bridges made of vines. Sometimes friendly natives improved the slim, drab diet with gifts of coconuts and kow kow (sweet potatoes). Sometimes a native village—a cluster of grass huts—offered shelter. Into crude beds still warm from the bodies of primitive people suffering from horrible elephantiasis, tumbled the exhausted Australians.

For weeks little bands of men suffering from malaria, dengue (black fever) and dysentery, struggled through the wild jungle toward the south coast town of Gasmata where allied planes and boats picked them up and transported them across the water to the mainland of New Guinea. The miracle of it was that almost 1,000 men out of that little garrison that caused the Jap invasion fleet to veer off from the mainland for a precious three weeks delay, almost 1,000 reached the mainland or Australia itself. Another lurid chapter had been added to the history of New Guinea. More were soon to come.

* * *

Death whistled in the skies over Lae and Salamaua, next stops on the Jap timetable. Here, the civilians, old men, women and children, were helpless. On one side lay death in the jungle; on the other torture and possibly death under the Japs. Evacuation was urgent. But there were no roads, New Guinea having been developed by planes hopping from one airfield in the jungle to another. There was only one means of escape, by slow, unarmed, unarmored planes.

The air over New Guinea was thick with Jap planes but the air evacuation began and continued for two weeks creating some of the most fantastic stories of the war, for instance:

One scalding morning with the sun burning down on the flaring scarlet of hibiscus trees, the jungle finery, green, gold and purple, an Australian pilot named Collins was returning to Lae for another batch of civilians. With him was a chap called Kevin Parer whose brother Ray flew in 1920 from England to Australia in a second-hand plane. As Collins and Parer landed on the Lae airdrome a swarm of Jap fighters swooped down, machine guns blazing. Parer was instantly killed and the plane destroyed. Collins ran like hell for what was left of the hangars and there was lucky enough to find the old *Faith in Australia*, a sister ship to the *Southern Cross* in which Kingsford-Smith made the first flight across the Pacific. This old plane had been the property of one of the New Guinea companies and had been replaced by a newer model. It was a three-engined monoplane, eleven years old. Collins had time for little more than a cursory check of the engines. While willing hands stripped the seats from the old airliner, Collins poured gas into her tanks. The three propellers turned over, hesitated, then roared into action. At the urgent invitation of Collins, 35 évacués climbed in and huddled together on the floor. Collins wasted no time opening old *Faith's* throttle wide and roaring down a narrow strip of airfield between bomb craters to soar away to the South. Over the jungle, over the Owen Stanley mountains flew the eleven-year-old plane that had been standing for years gathering dust in the Lae airdrome. Beneath its weary wings stretched miles of impenetrable wilderness, deep crevasses, jagged peaks. The plane did not falter—on that trip or on the endless others it was to make. Over 7,000 miles it flew, death below and death above. To the end, when it finally made the long trip from Port Moresby over the Coral Sea to Australia, it lived gloriously up to its name.

Other planes and other pilots accomplished miracles. A flier by the name of Wilde did his work in a Gipsy Moth which he "confiscated" as it stood abandoned on a bombed airdrome. Wilde had only thirty-six flying hours to his credit but he flew that Moth as coolly and skilfully as a veteran. Normally the Moth could carry two men, pilot and passenger, but Wilde was able to cram eleven passengers into his little plane.

It was a muggy Sunday morning. Torrents of rain poured down intermittently as if someone above were switching a shower on and off. When the rain stopped, clouds of steam would rise from the baked earth, the sun would drive through—hot, fierce, and then the Japs would come down with their bombs and machine guns.

Wilde was ready to roll his little Moth out of the brush where it lay hidden. His passengers, eleven Chinese women and children, were huddled nearby awaiting the signal to scramble aboard. Wilde gave them a fleeting glance—the children were cute, curious, the mothers frightened but game. Only one or two of the kids were crying, their little fists stuck in their slanted eyes. The Aussie pilot was watching another plane full of évacués taxi down the field when a Jap fighter whined down out of the clouds, out of the red

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"Sure you got more than Sergeant York, but they're smaller"

Variation in B Flat

It was an unequal contest between the students: Korlokovitch's imagination vs. Bendefski with his superb violin

by JOE ABRAMS

• FICTION •

NEVER trust a musician! They are irresponsible, egotistic, illogical and insulting specimens with whom it is impossible to discuss business. Take the case of Anatole Korlokovitch, for instance. He was the worst of the lot.

"Korlokovitch," I said, "I will offer you three thousand dollars if you will sign a statement to the effect that the Channing violin is your favorite musical instrument. Your signature will be used for advertising purposes."

Korlokovitch looked down his nose in order to study the length of the ash on his cheroot. "Mr. Channing," he said in his politest tones, "I have two reasons for refusing your offer. The first is that I should be signing my name to a lie. The second, because I do not like you."

I had to chew furiously on my cigar to prevent my speaking words which could not possibly have helped my cause. "As for the first reason," I pointed out logically, "three thousand dollars should prove an ample salve for your conscience. The second reason is irrelevant."

"You have no interest in music," he continued levelly, "only a tremendous interest in the profits to be derived from it. You manufacture violins on an assembly line, producing a decidedly inferior instrument. You are fat and unsightly, and I do not like you."

I forced a smile to my lips. "I am glad to see you have a sense of humor, Korlokovitch. However, I am a busy man, so if you will sign these contracts . . ."

He rose and walked toward the grand piano which had been furnished him by the hotel management. "Furthermore," he said, seating himself on the bench, "I should have had a great deal more respect for you if you had become angry, if you had called me a boor and stalked out of the room. Very possibly I should have called you back. I like and enjoy a man with spirit."

"I am not an artist or a psychologist," I said. "I am a business man."

"Exactly," said Korlokovitch. "But you are not a *good* business man. Your imagination has become atrophied."

"I fail to see how my lack of imagination enters into this discussion. Certainly you, as a violinist, are not required to possess an unusual amount of it."

He did not answer me for a moment. Instead he touched the keys of the piano questioningly as if trying to remember an old tune.

I pressed my point home. "I admit you are widely acclaimed," I granted him. "Any man who can command five thousand dollars for a concert is undoubtedly a genius. But nevertheless, your job is merely to play music that has already been written. The notes are there, and you play them just as I would read the stock market reports. I fail to see how the quality of imagination enters your profession more than mine."

I sat back proudly. My argument, I felt, had been most unassailable. I had nailed him down with his own word.

He continued to touch the keys with his long probing fingers. "Imagination," began Korlokovitch thoughtfully "is a great virtue. With it I have become a personage to whom you offer three thousand dollars, merely for a signature. Without it I should probably be an insignificant teacher of music in a remote Russian village."

His fingers struck down on the keys of the piano bringing forth a dissonant chord. He shuddered delicately and recoiled from the piano as though in pain. "I shall tell you," he said simply, "the part my imagination played in bringing me to my present position."

* * *

When I was a student at the St. Petersburg Conservatory of Music, Fabien Potaskin, my revered teacher, declared that some day I should become a renowned violinist, greater even than Chirikoff, the Czar's own favorite.

I recall how Potaskin called me into his study after classes were over. His bearded face seemed tired, and his long sensitive nose quivered agitatedly. We used to marvel at Potaskin's nose. We used to say that he did not listen to music with his ears, but rather smelled it with those two searching, sensitive nostrils. Perhaps it was the way his nose turned, trembled and shook as though it had a mobility all its own. Let the hapless student inadvertently strike a false note on his instrument and the nose would pounce down upon the misbegotten sound with a contempt mixed with fury. The nose would snarl and twist as if its owner had taken too great a pinch of snuff.

"The devil has put a cat in your fiddle," he would cry. The student waited until the nose had become tranquil before he resumed his playing.

But Fabien Potaskin would call me into his study when all the others had gone. "I have had a trying day," he would say. "Play for me, Anatole, and let us see if your fingers can make music."

He would close his eyes and lean back in his chair while I played. For a moment or two his nose would dart inquisitively, critically, then rest supinely on his face. Then he would remain motionless in his chair until I had finished. His eyes would close slowly and his nose would relax as though in benediction.

"You must learn to make a better tone," he would say at last. "A violin is not a block of sandpaper."

"A violin is no better than it should be," I would answer. "I am very poor and I cannot afford a good instrument."

I think I may say in all modesty that Potaskin saved me for the end of the day for the same reason that a hungry man eats his sweets when the heavier courses are done. One afternoon, when I had drawn my bow over the last note, Potaskin remained hunched in his chair. I searched his nostrils apprehensively. "Was it so bad?" I asked.

He shook his head with annoyance. "It was not good," he said.

I said nothing, but waited for him to explain how I had failed. He rose from his chair, and his nose trembled angrily. "It is disgraceful," he said.

"I shall do better tomorrow," I said, bowing my head in shame.

"Tchah!" His nose snarled disdainfully. "You will never do better, Korlokovitch. And do you know why?"

"Perhaps I have no ability," I said sadly. "Perhaps my fingers are thumbs."

"Your fingers are ten gifts of the gods," said Potaskin bitterly. "But I shall tell you why you will never be a successful violinist. It is because you are poor!"

"I have heard it said," I ventured hesitantly, "that genius knows no rank or titles. If I may use the word in connection with myself."

"It is a lie," said Potaskin. "Genius depends on influence and wealth as well as on imagination and skill. I have never seen so apt a student as you, and yet the pitiable screechings you bring forth from your fiddle are torture to my ears."

I shrugged my shoulders abjectly before the teacher's anger. "What can I do?"

"What can you do?" Potaskin threw his head up as though beseeching the heavens for help. "What can you do? Go to the finest markets and buy a violin that will do justice to your talents. Buy an instrument that will give forth golden tones. It is sacrilege that your hands should dirty themselves on that . . . that match box."

"Such a violin would cost thousands of rubles," I said quietly, "and I am very poor."

He sighed and his huge body relaxed into weariness. "That is it," he said. "That is the reason

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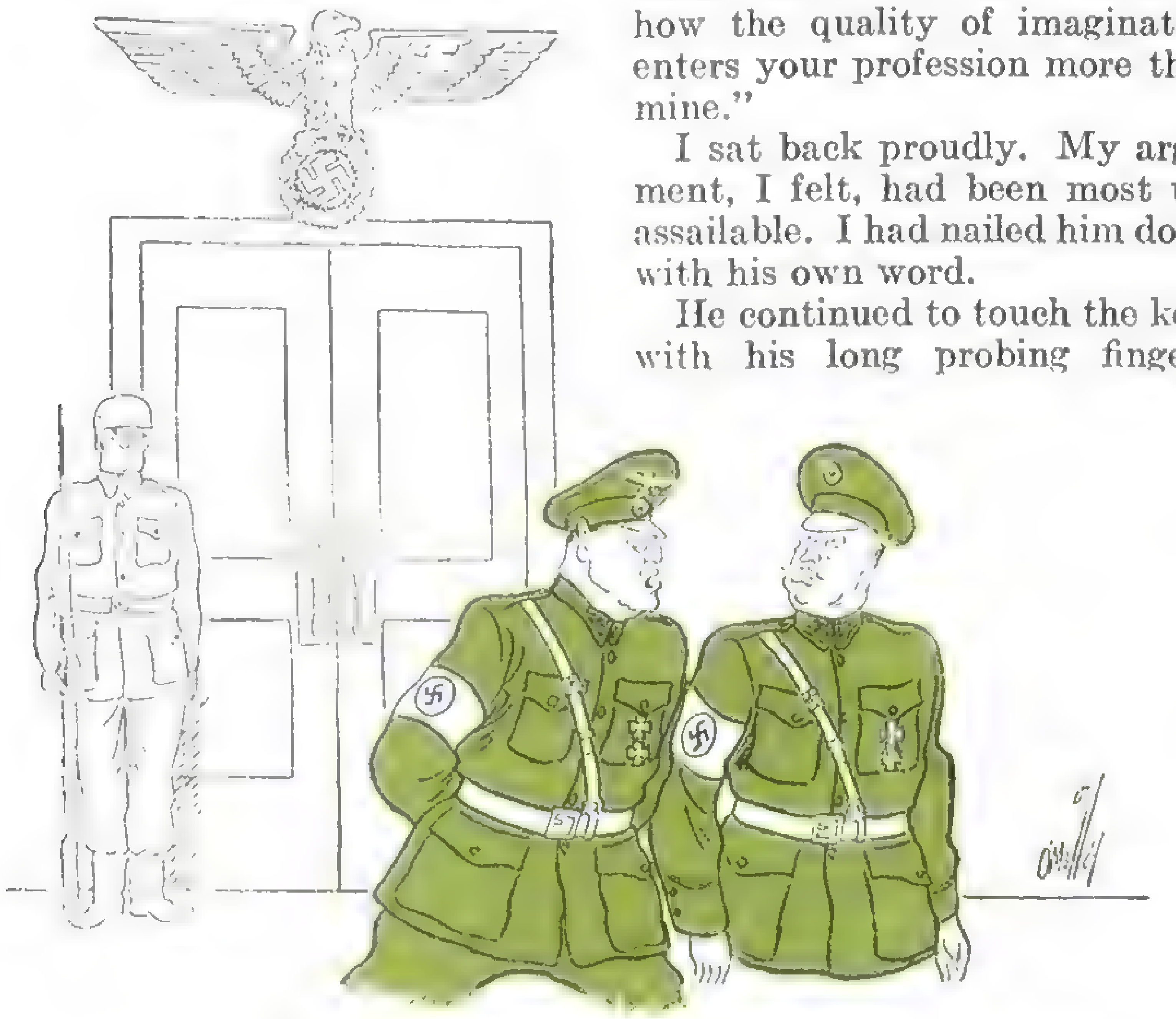
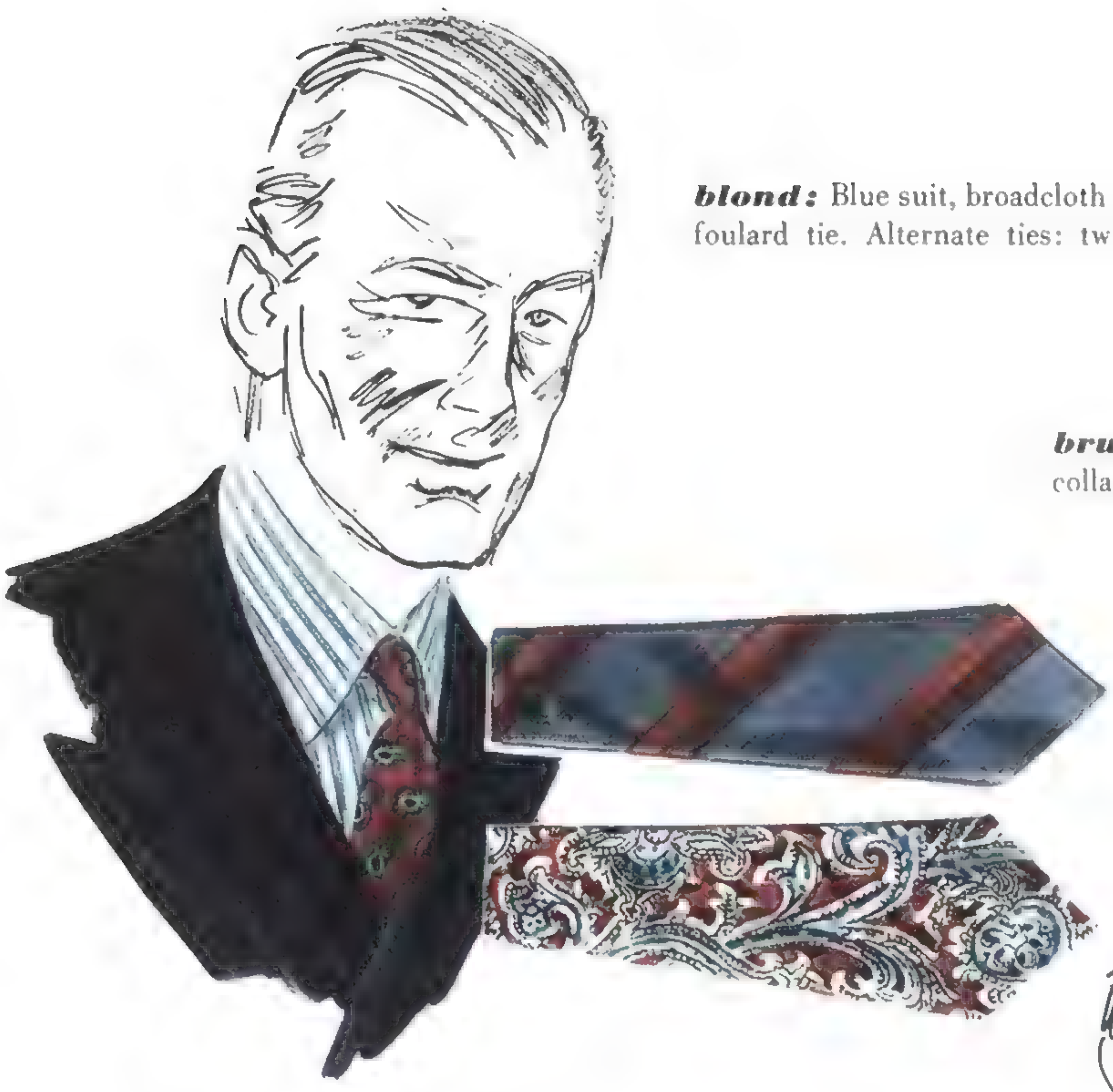
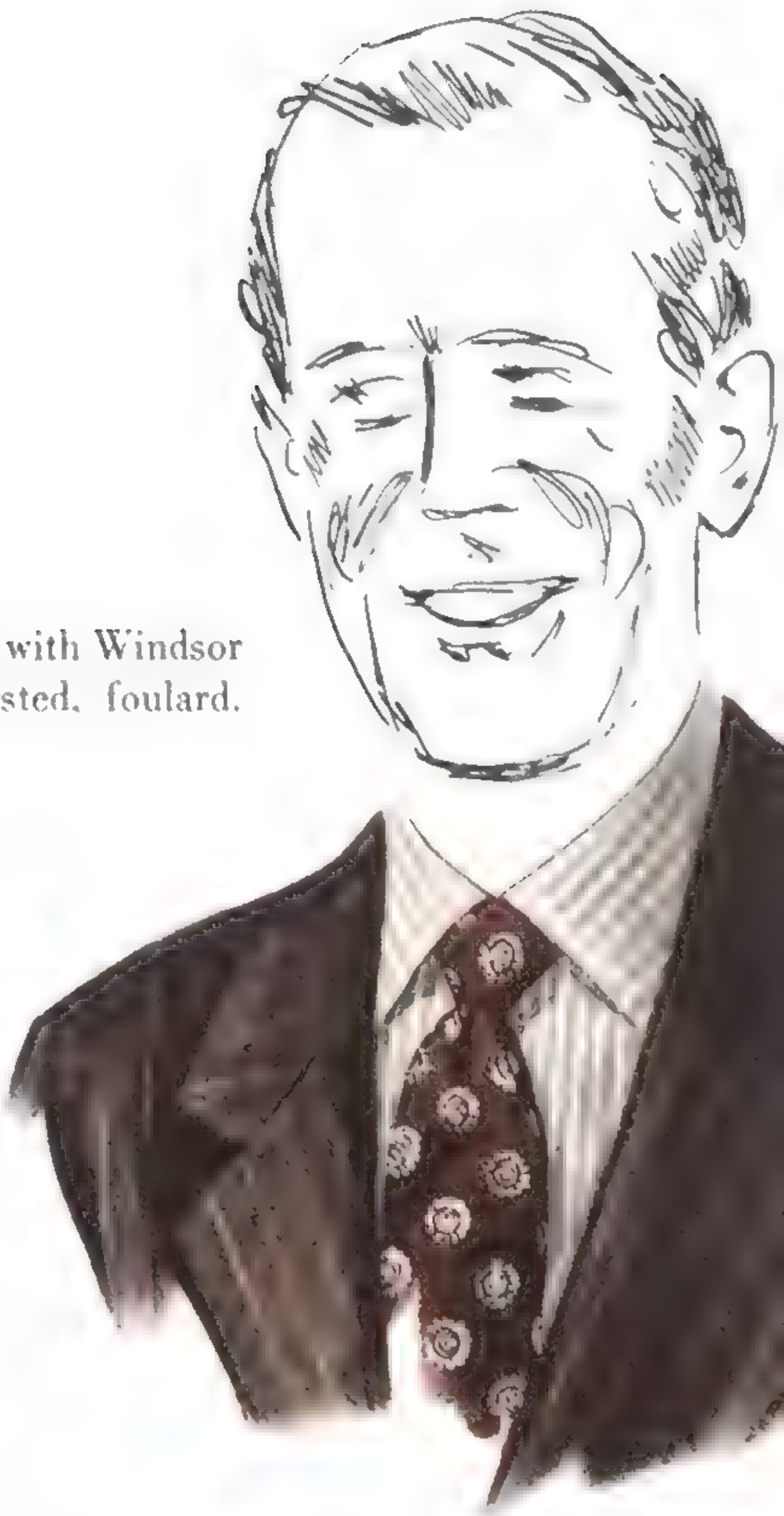


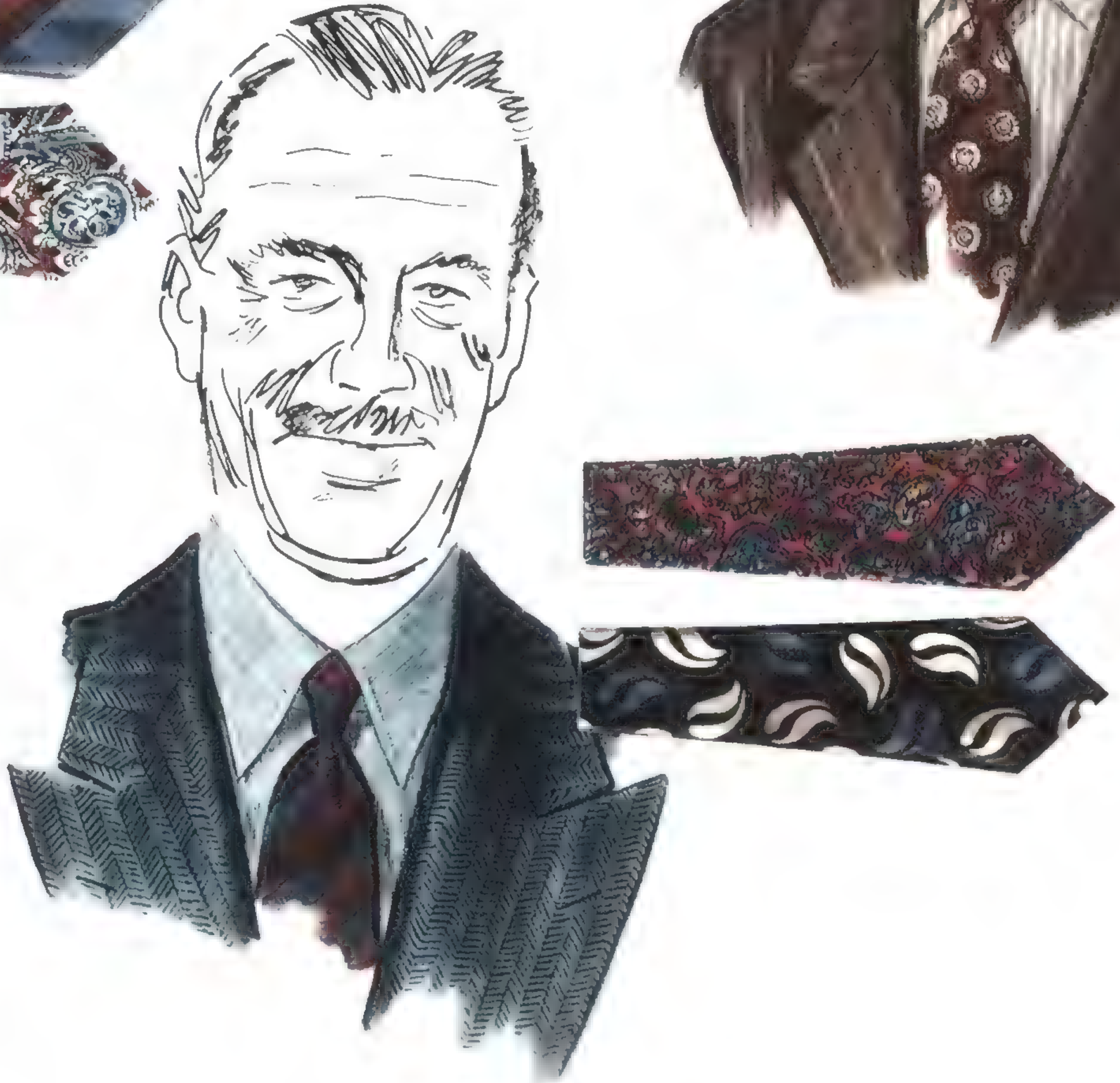
"The Fuehrer has had another convulsion and Gen. von Steitcheitch has died of it!"



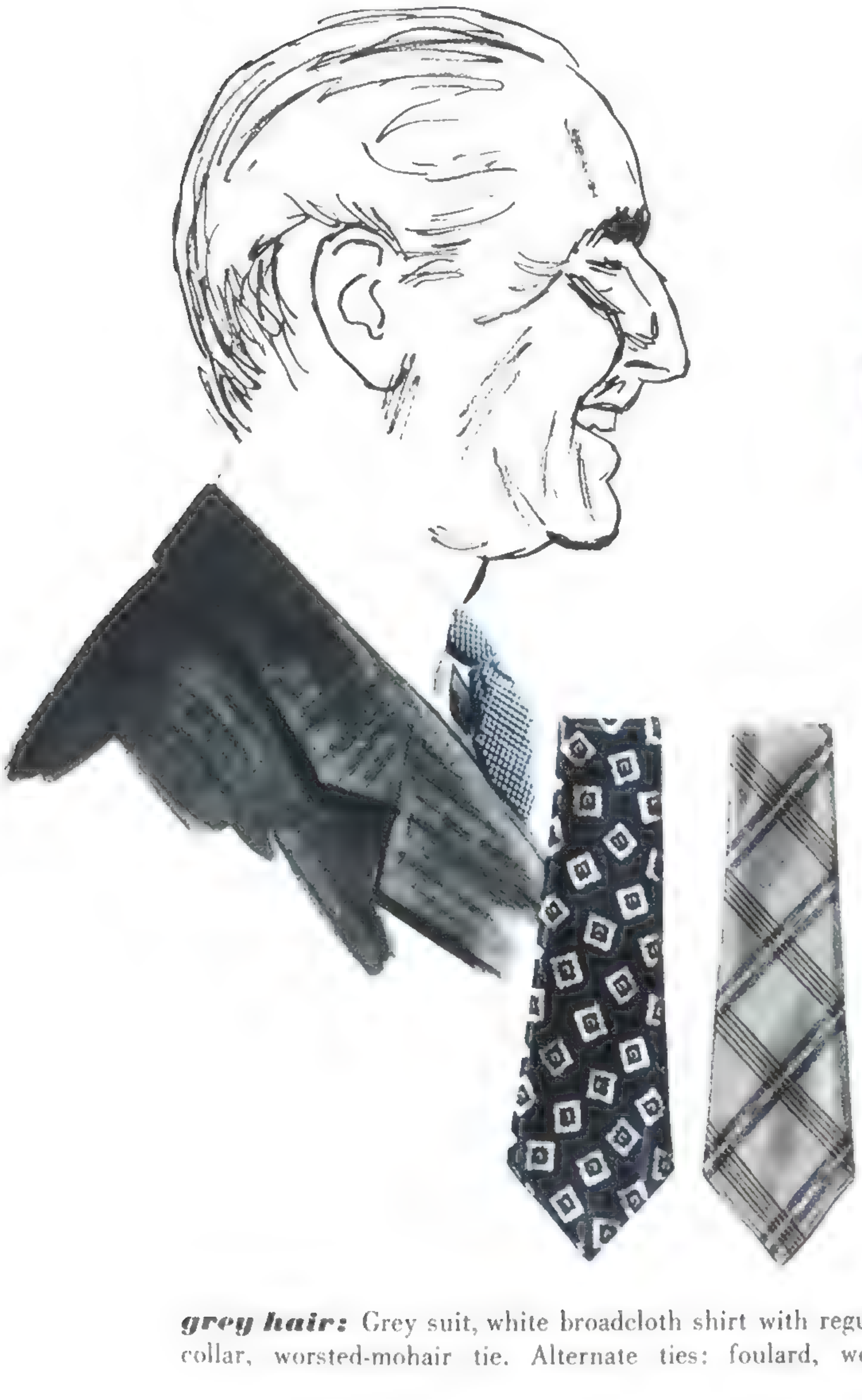
blond: Blue suit, broadcloth shirt with regular collar, foulard tie. Alternate ties: twill, wide shape foulard.



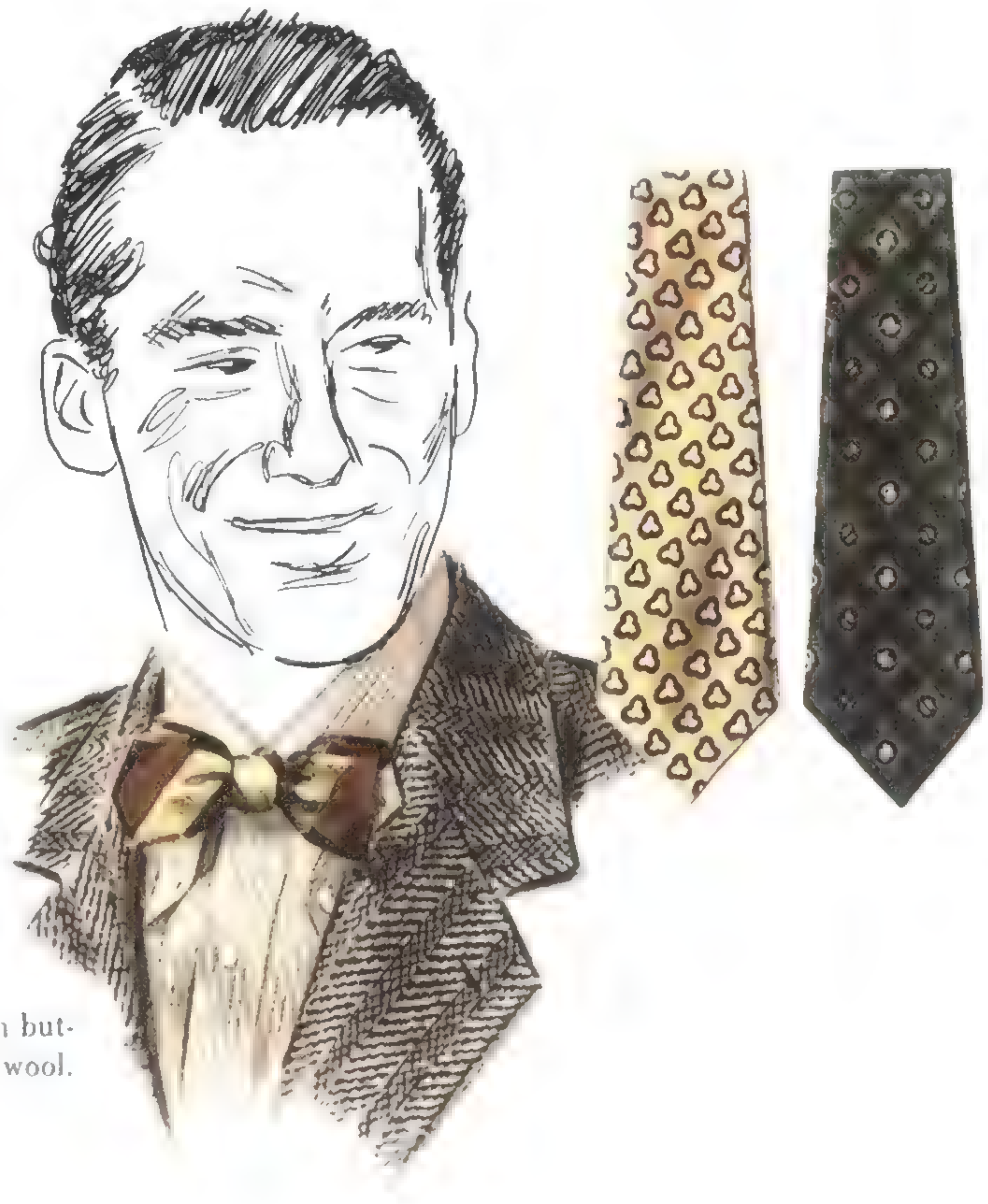
brunet: Greyish brown suit, broadcloth shirt with Windsor collar, foulard tie. Alternate ties: mohair-worsted, foulard.



brunet: Greyish blue worsted suit, broadcloth shirt with regular collar, twill tie. Alternate ties: foulards.

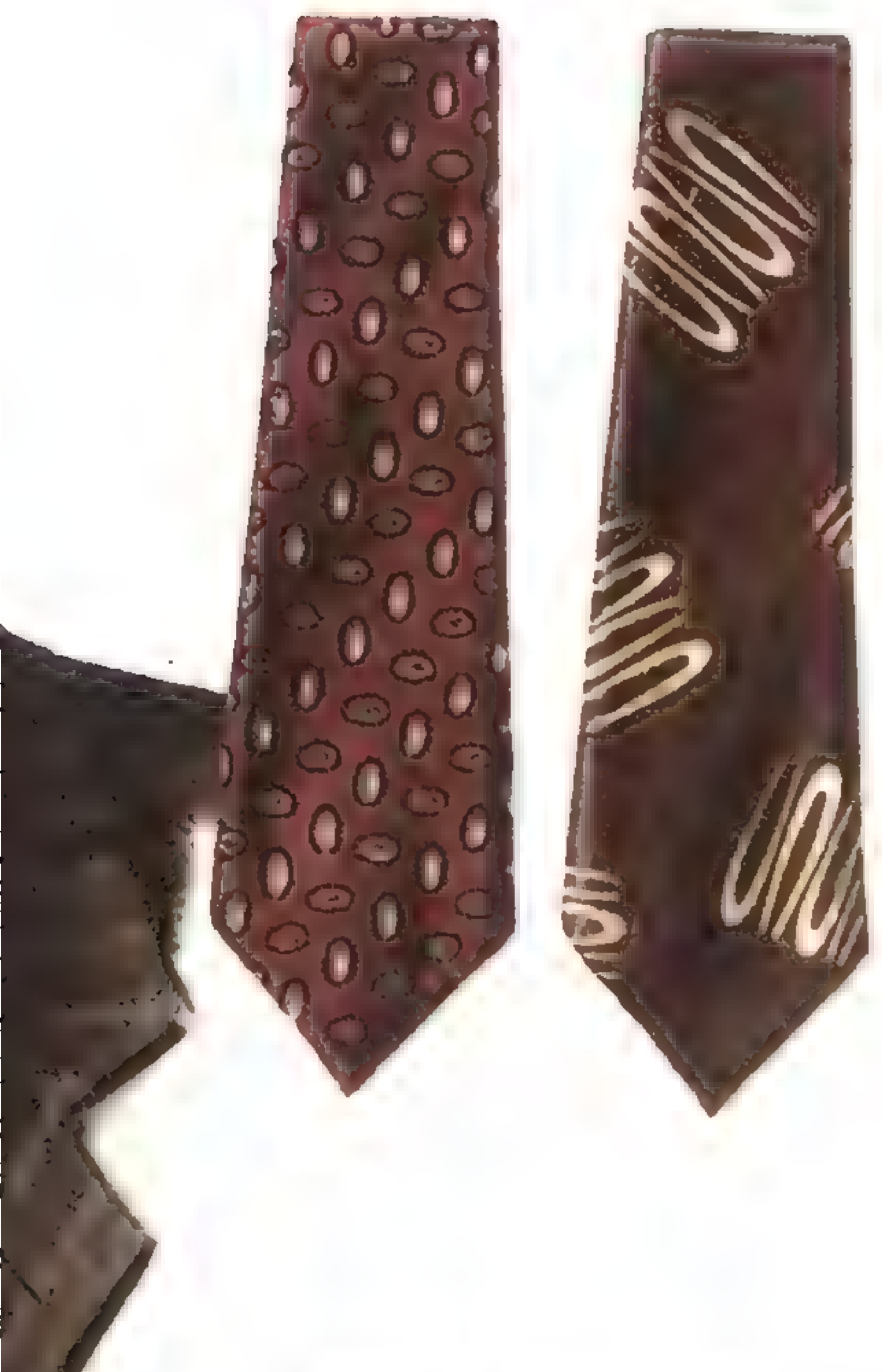


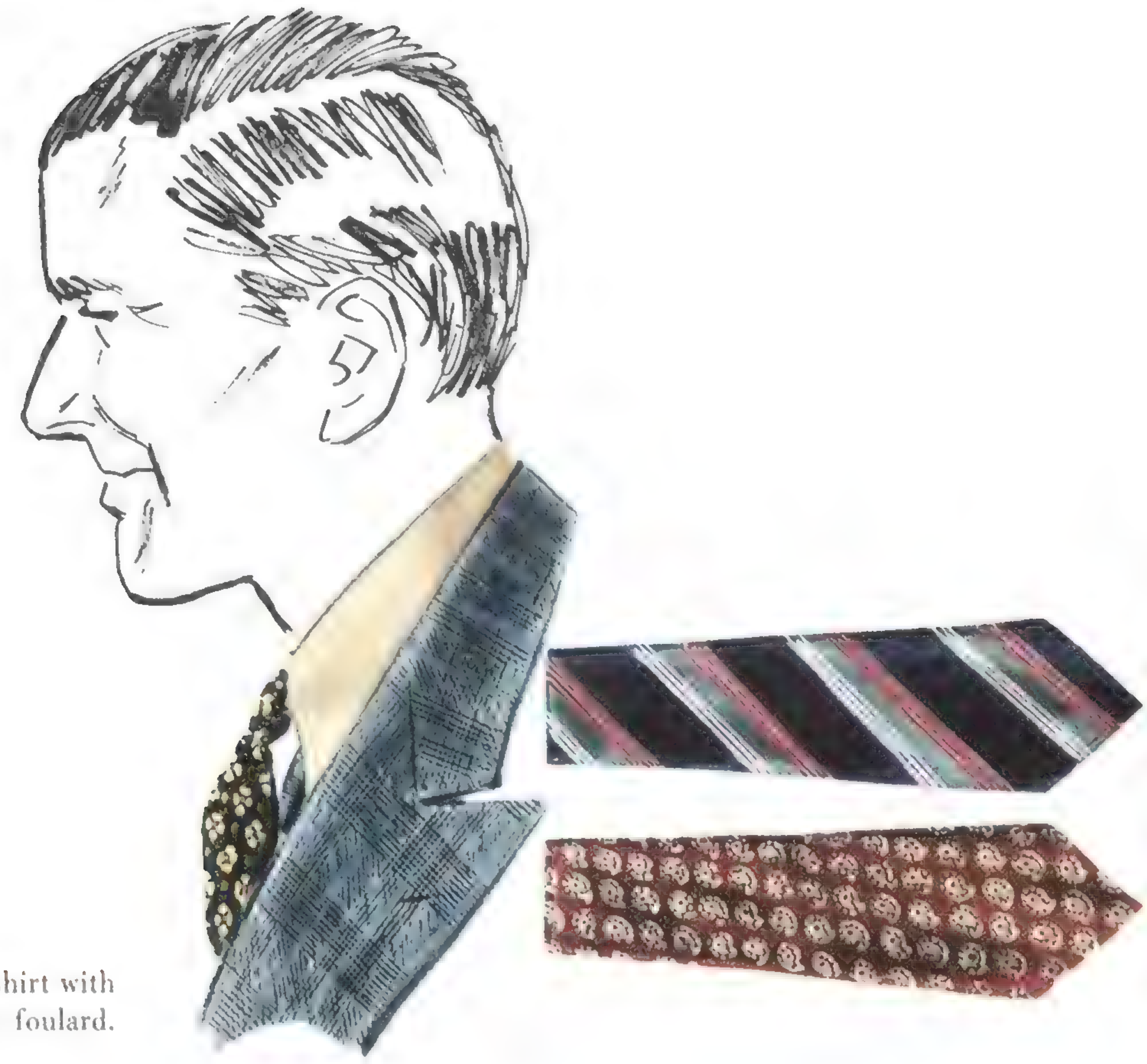
grey hair: Grey suit, white broadcloth shirt with regular collar, worsted-mohair tie. Alternate ties: foulard, wool.



red hair: Brown tweed suit, striped oxford shirt with button-down collar, repp bow tie. Alternate ties: foulard, wool.

DS BY GOODMAN
RABLES BY HERRICK

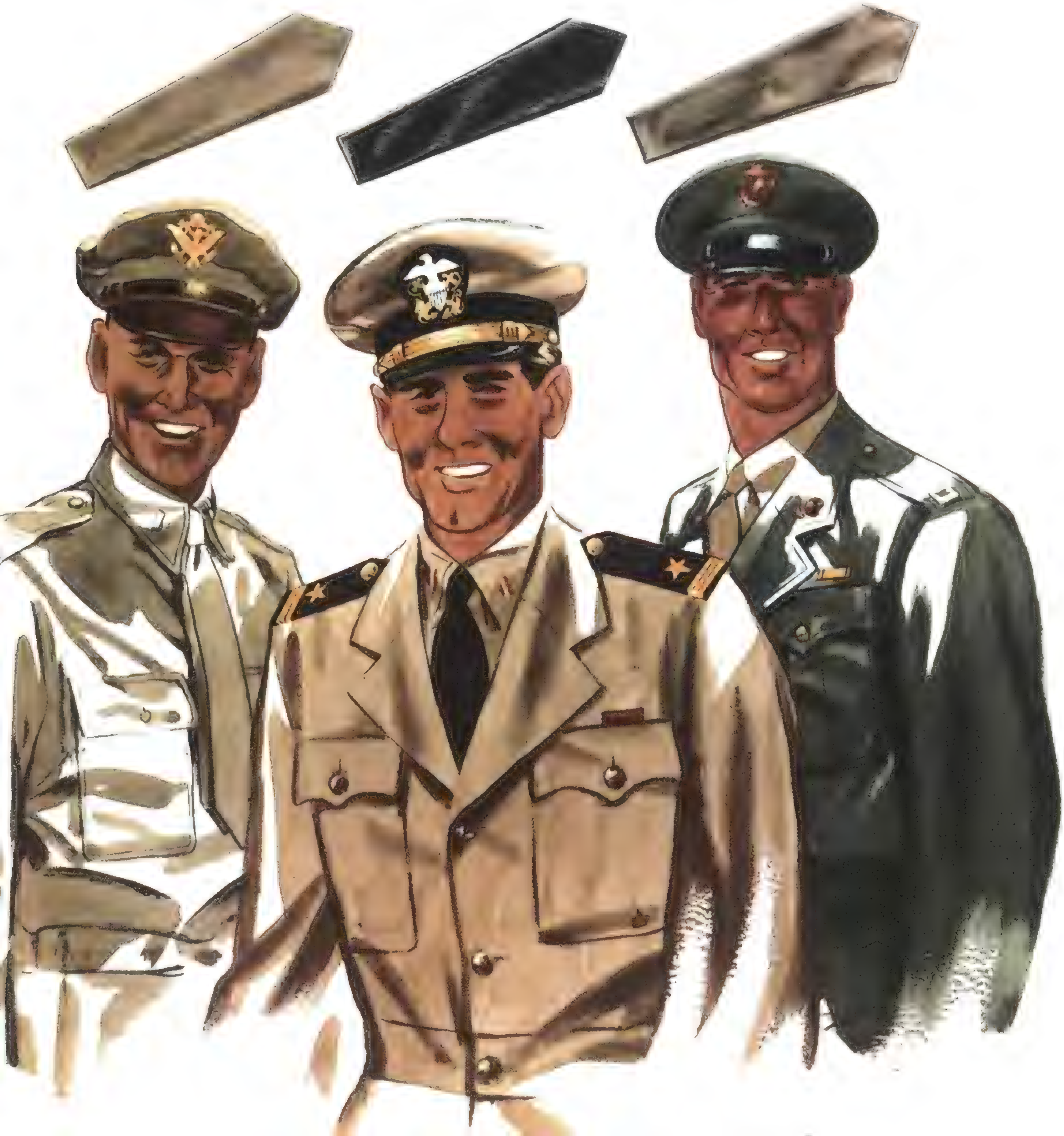




black hair: Grey suit, ivory colored broadcloth shirt with long-point collar, foulard tie. Alternate ties: wool, foulard.

Esquire's Color Guide

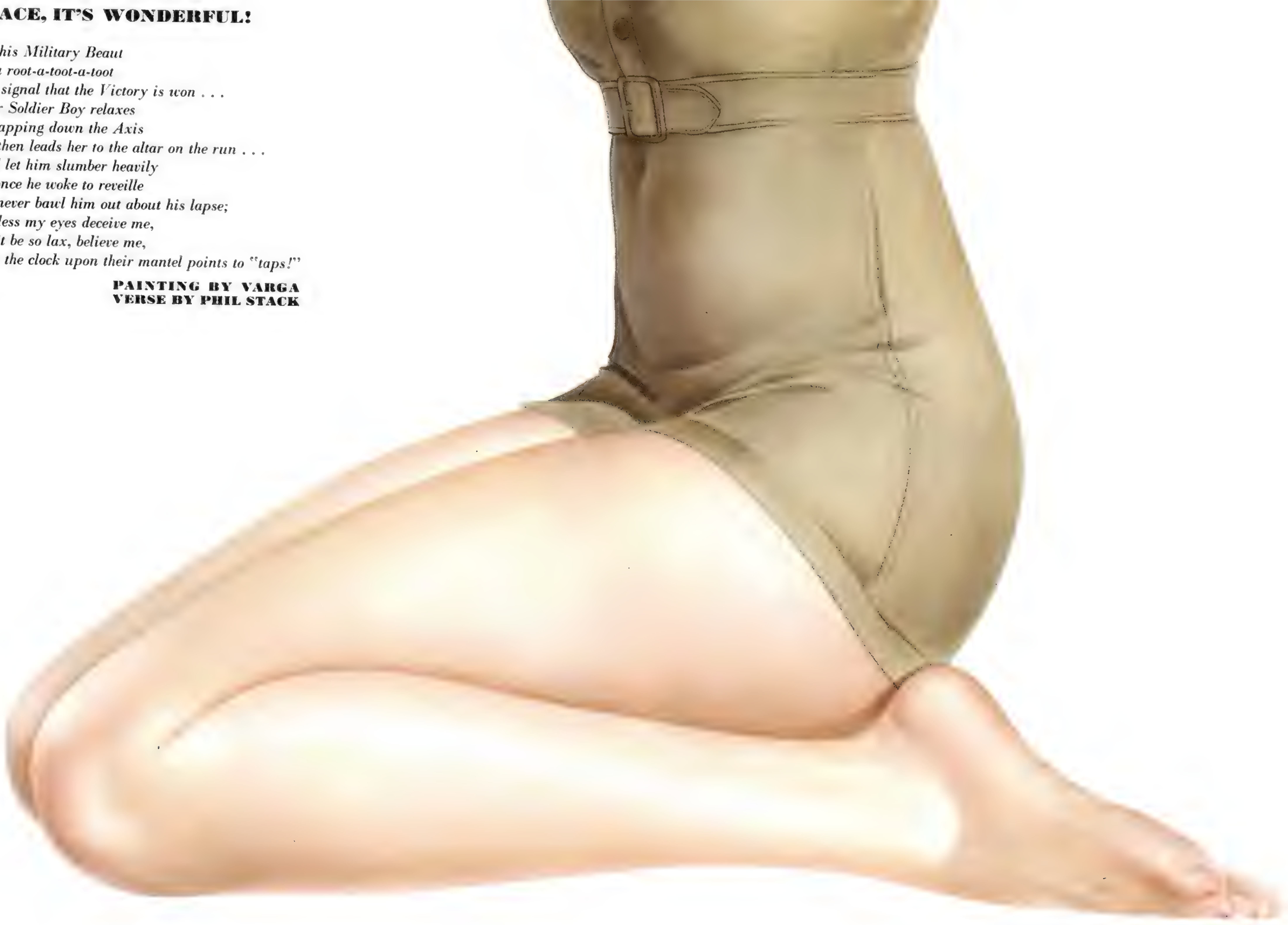
Appropriate colors of neckties and shirts are illustrated with suits to complement different types of men.

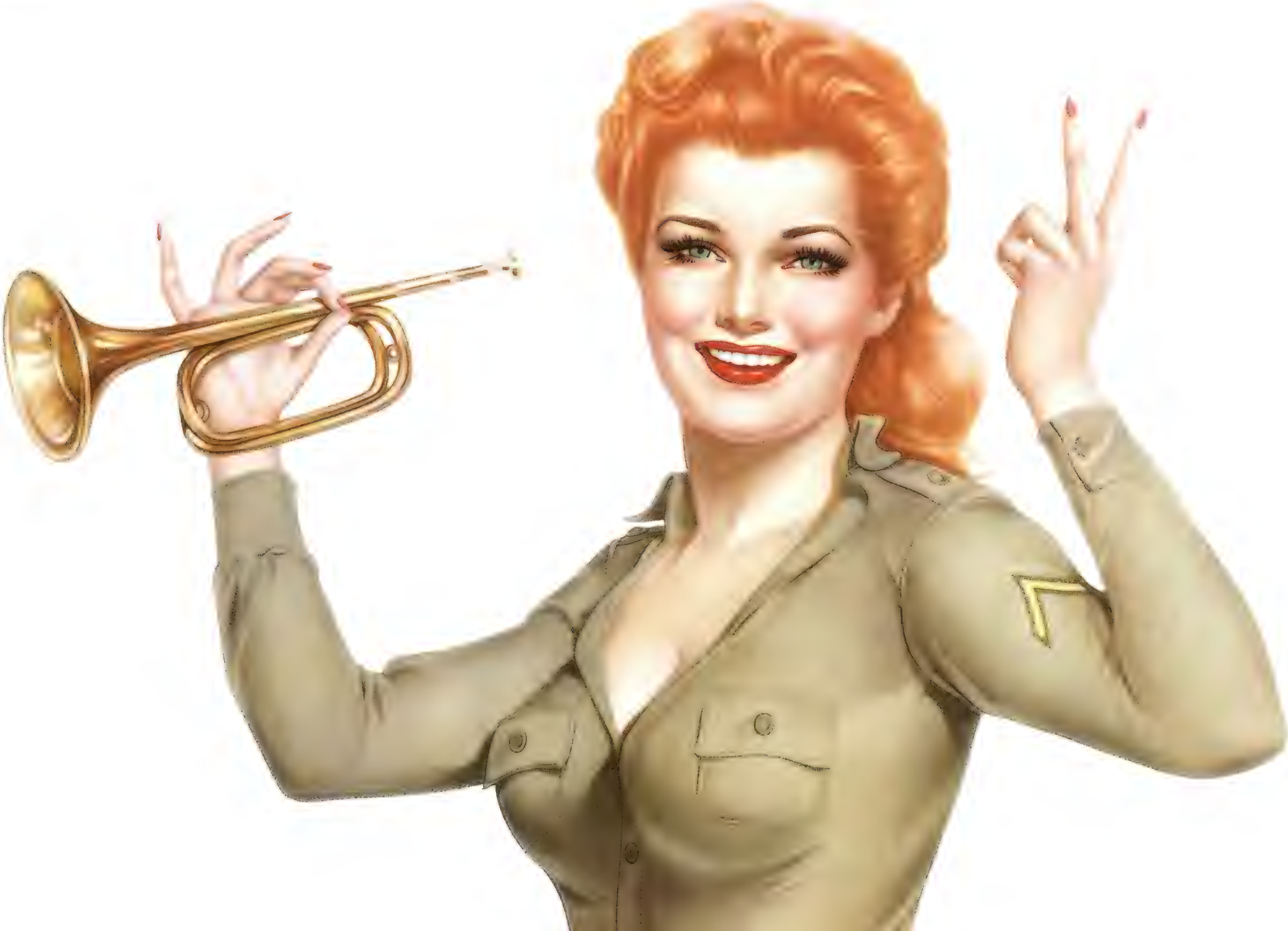


PEACE, IT'S WONDERFUL!

When this Military Beaut
Blows a root-a-toot-a-toot
As a signal that the Victory is won . . .
And her Soldier Boy relaxes
After slapping down the Axis
And then leads her to the altar on the run . . .
She will let him slumber heavily
Where once he woke to reveille
And never bawl him out about his lapse;
But, unless my eyes deceive me,
He won't be so lax, believe me,
When the clock upon their mantel points to "taps!"

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK





Confirmation in Wartime

His father was away with the Army but his grandfather said if he sang well his voice would carry across the sea

by PETER J. PACKER

• FICTION •

Aunt Fanny puts her pudgy hands on her hips and begins shaking her head. Straight away immediately, I know she is on the opposite side of the fence. She stares at my mother with trouble in her eyes, and says:

"What kind of Confirmation can it be when the boy's father is not present to be available for the ceremony?"

I give her one look which is a killer, but it don't faze her none. She stands there like she owns Queensboro Bridge or Radio City at least, and fancies herself somebody on account she uses big words to my mother to frighten her or something.

But my mother is not frightened. She is not even appearing to pay much attention to Aunt Fanny which is the way my mother acts when she has got a situation well in hand like the Marines.

"Okay Fanny," my mother says with plenty heavy sarcasm. "So I will send a letter to the President he should charter a special plane to bring my husband from the war in order his boy should have Confirmation ceremony with his father available for same."

Gosh—I never did know Mom could use six-bit words like that. It is what you call fighting fire with fire, and it sure turns Aunt Fanny into a cinder.

My mother says: "The boy will be confirmed on the proper date like it was always our intentions, and instead of his father, he will have his grandfather. And what's so wrong about that?"

So I don't wait to hear any more and I go out on the street where football is the order of the day, and I take up my position as quarterback without further ado.

"You and you," I say to Sammy and Joe, "are invited to my Confirmation party, but you don't have to go spreading it around like it is a wienie roast."

Joe says: "You can't have no Confirmation without your old man is present . . ."

"Who says I can't?" I tell him right back. "My mom fixed it with the Chief Rabbi on account my Pop is in the fighting service. I can have it with my Grandpa, which is even better on account Grandpa is plenty orthodox and very religious . . ."

But even as I say it, I am wishing a miracle should happen, and the war should be over and my Pa be there beside me in there pitching, on the appointed day. It is not much of a game that afternoon as I am not in the mood for listening to Ziggy and his wacky signals. So we lose 21 to nothing. So what does it matter? So What? . . .

After supper I go visit my grandfather who is a whizz with dominoes. What a player he is! He plays me three games and I am licked fair and square though I can lick him easy most times, but what's the use putting him in a bad mood.

I tell him what my mother said, and my grandfather smiles and pulls his whiskers, first on one cheek, then on the other, until they're spread out like a fantail. He's a great guy, my grandpa. I like him plenty.

"In three weeks you will be a man," he says. "You will be thirteen years old, and you will be a man like all men. Your father will be honored throughout the community . . ."

"He is already honored in the community, Grandpa," I tell him. "He is a Corporal in Uncle Sam's army overseas, and his APO number is 146. And you know what APO means, grandpa?"

My grandfather shakes his head.

I grin up at him. "It means America Pays Off . . ."

"The Lord protect him and send him back safely," my grandfather says. Then he takes out his big red handkerchief and blows his nose.

* * *

Every day I study my piece and memorize my portion of the Law in Leviticus . . . I sing like my grandfather tells me to sing. He pats me on the head.

"Your voice is sweet like watermelon when the sugar is crusted, and it is clear like the water which flows from the high mountains. When the congregation hears you, they will sit up and they will listen, and I will be beside you, and across the ocean, across the bloody rivers, your father will hear you and his heart will sing with joy in his son who is to be a man . . ."

Friday afternoon, I go with my mother to Litvak's Emporium and I try on my new suit. It fits me like a glove, and I button it over double breasted, and put my hands in the pockets of the pants, and I strut up and down in front of the mirror, and I can see myself three ways, and boy, do I need a haircut, but bad!

My mother searches in her purse and finds fifty cents which is for my haircut, and ten cents for a high class shoeshine on account she hasn't enough money for a pair of new shoes . . .

I go to the barbershop, and Joe is there.

He says: "I am not coming to your party on account I been invited to a better one. Sol Glass, the jeweler's son, is also being confirmed same time you are, so Sammy is not coming neither. You better look out for some other guys instead of us . . ."

Quick like a flash I say: "Come or don't come. See if I care. The only thing is, I didn't know Sol was a better pal to you than I was . . ."

The barber pokes me in the shoulder. "Stop talking and tuck your head in," he says. "You got so much hair it's growing down your back . . ."

So I lower my head, and I sit there and I don't say another word. Just on account Sol's father sells diamonds and rings and clocks and watches, he is a better guy than I am. It don't make sense . . .

That night I go to bed, and I dream I am in the Temple uptown, and it is plenty crowded with people. Someone calls my name. I step out on the aisle on a red carpet and I am wearing a beautiful cowboy suit like Gene Autry when he gets married in the movies, and as I walk up the aisle my spurs jingle, jangle, jingle. When I arrive on the Bema where the Scroll of the Law is open on the desk, I am happy to find that my father is there with two medals, a snazzy Marine uniform and General MacArthur. I take off my belt and my gun, and clap my hands. A slave appears. To my surprise it is none other than Sol, the jeweler's son, and he is wearing my old sweater and slacks, the ones I wear when I am cleaning the furnace. I just can't understand how come Sol should be wearing my clothes . . .

Suddenly I wake up, and my mother is standing over me.

"There is hot water in the tub," she says. "Wash yourself good and use plenty of soap. And do not brush your teeth. Nothing must pass your lips. You will brush your teeth, and you will eat and drink when it is over. Today you are a man, and you must fast like all men fast when they pray to their God . . ."

All at once she is crying, and I don't know what to do.

"Mom," I say. "How can I get up out of bed, if you are standing in my bedroom?"

"I saw you in your nakedness from the moment you were born," she says. "Do not be ashamed before your mother. Your mother will never give you cause to be ashamed . . ."

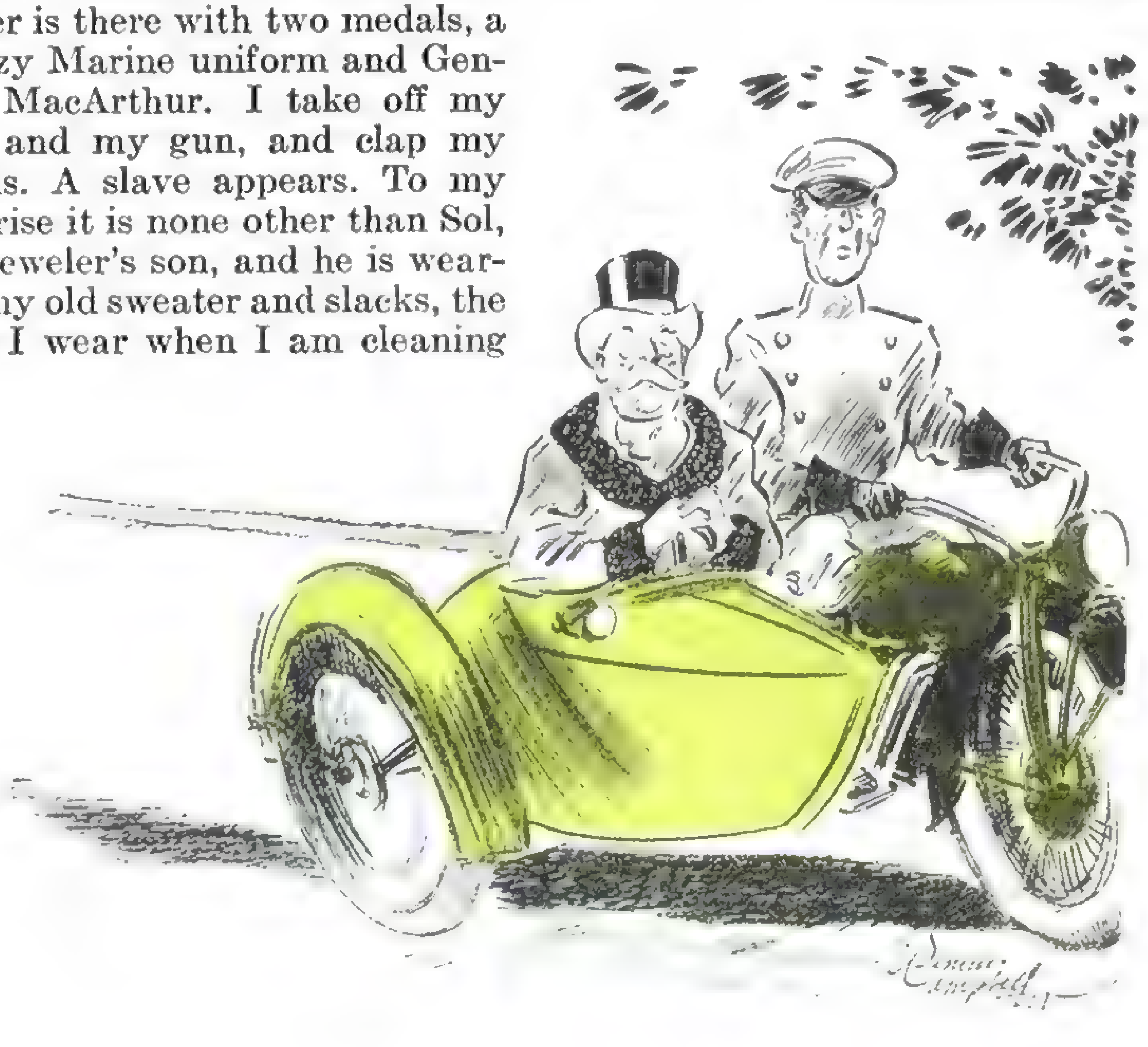
I get up out of bed, and I start for the bathroom.

Sadly my mother says: "Your father should be here. Today of all days, he should be here . . ."

"He will hear me when I sing," I tell her. "Grandpa says Pop will hear me across the ocean and across the bloody rivers. That's what he said—just like that."

In the bathroom, the clean underwear is ready for me, and the clean shirt, and the new socks to go with my suit. I comb my hair and I part it on the right the way Pop parts his hair, and I brush it and brush it until it shines in the steamy light of the

Continued on page 149



China's Magnetic Warfare

In Changsha the successful strategy of outnumbered Chinese troops against the outwitted Japs first hit the headlines

by JOE FROM

• ARTICLE •

"THE fighting fools who need the tools."

That might be offered as a capsule description of the unbeatable Chinese army of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, with, however, a single qualification: The Chinese are hardly fools when it comes to fighting. As a matter of fact, in five years of war against a better prepared, better equipped Japanese army, they have proved themselves to be as smart (and unfoolish, if you will) a fighting contingent as was ever lauded in the annals of modern warfare.

They have never had enough guns in those five years of bitter combat. Tanks and planes—until recently—were almost unknown to the Chinese, except as deadly weapons used in the merciless slaughter by the enemy. But what the Chinese have lacked in weapons, they have more than compensated for in wits—and just plain guts.

Perhaps you could readily appreciate the fight China has waged these five fateful years, if you would for a moment picture her as a boxer. She has been tragically mismatched against a stronger, better equipped adversary. She has been battered and scarred and mutilated. But never downed, because she has outboxed her opponent. She has ducked every time Japan lunged forward for a knockout punch. She has rolled with every blow; drawn the enemy off guard; and then dealt him a blow that every time has made him recoil with pain and surprise.

To Chinese strategists, this strategy of superior-wits-versus-superior-weapons is known aptly as "magnetic warfare." Not at all a recent development in the art of making war (it was conceived 2,000 years ago appropriately enough by a Chinese warrior), the strategy of "magnetic warfare" requires a keen understanding of the enemy's every weakness and of his strength, something Chinese army leaders possess abundantly as a consequence of their centuries-old intelligence system. So famous are the Chinese for their "grapevine" devices, that American newspapers and news agencies even now station men at Chungking in anticipation of a Japanese attack on Russia, because news-wise editors know that the most accurate and complete reports would not come from the secretive Soviets or from the lying Japanese, but rather from "informed Chinese spokesmen" and tipsters at Chungking.

The formula of "magnetic warfare" as practiced by the Chinese is relatively simple: "suck" the enemy forward; offer enough resistance to deceive, delay and weaken the enemy; force him to stretch his communications over vulnerable distances; and then close in from all sides, cut the enemy's supply lines and finally overwhelm his isolated garrisons. Success depends on fore-knowledge of the enemy's strength and plans; hence the infinite importance of China's "grapevine." Success, too, no less depends on perfect precision and co-ordination—attack at the exact moment that the enemy is most vulnerable.

Few of us, as we read the three- or four-line news items of Chinese attacks on the Japanese at Kinhwa in Chekiang province, saw in these assaults the culmination of a carefully plotted and well defined master strategy. Instead, to most of us, to whom China is a dark and mysterious country of unpronounceable names, these attacks represented only the thrashing of a tortured and wounded beast.

Most of us did not even know where Kinhwa is or what its loss meant to China—and now to us as allies of the Chinese. We were unable to perceive what the defense of Kinhwa could possibly have meant to the defense of Keokuk or Kansas City.

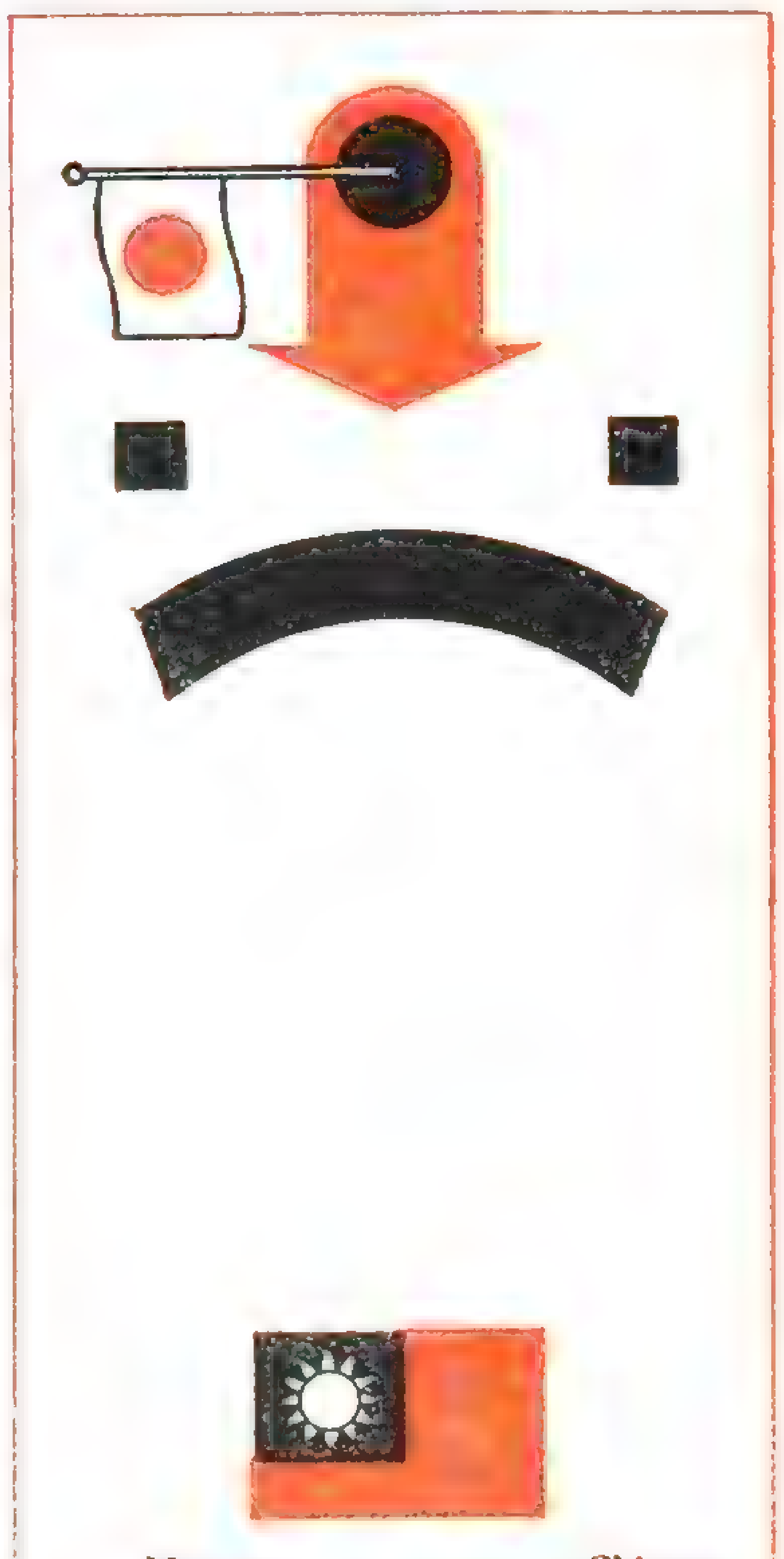
So first a word about Kinhwa; and then something about its importance in the Chinese strategy of "magnetic warfare" and the strategy of victory of all the United Nations.

As cities go, Kinhwa is a mere speck on a map, if it's on the maps at all. But since the Japanese invited us to join the war with a rabbit punch at Pearl Harbor, Kinhwa has become a very important speck on the map of American strategists, for situated there is an airfield—one of the few airfields within bombing range of Tokyo, and in a province upon which the Japanese have an uncertain grasp.

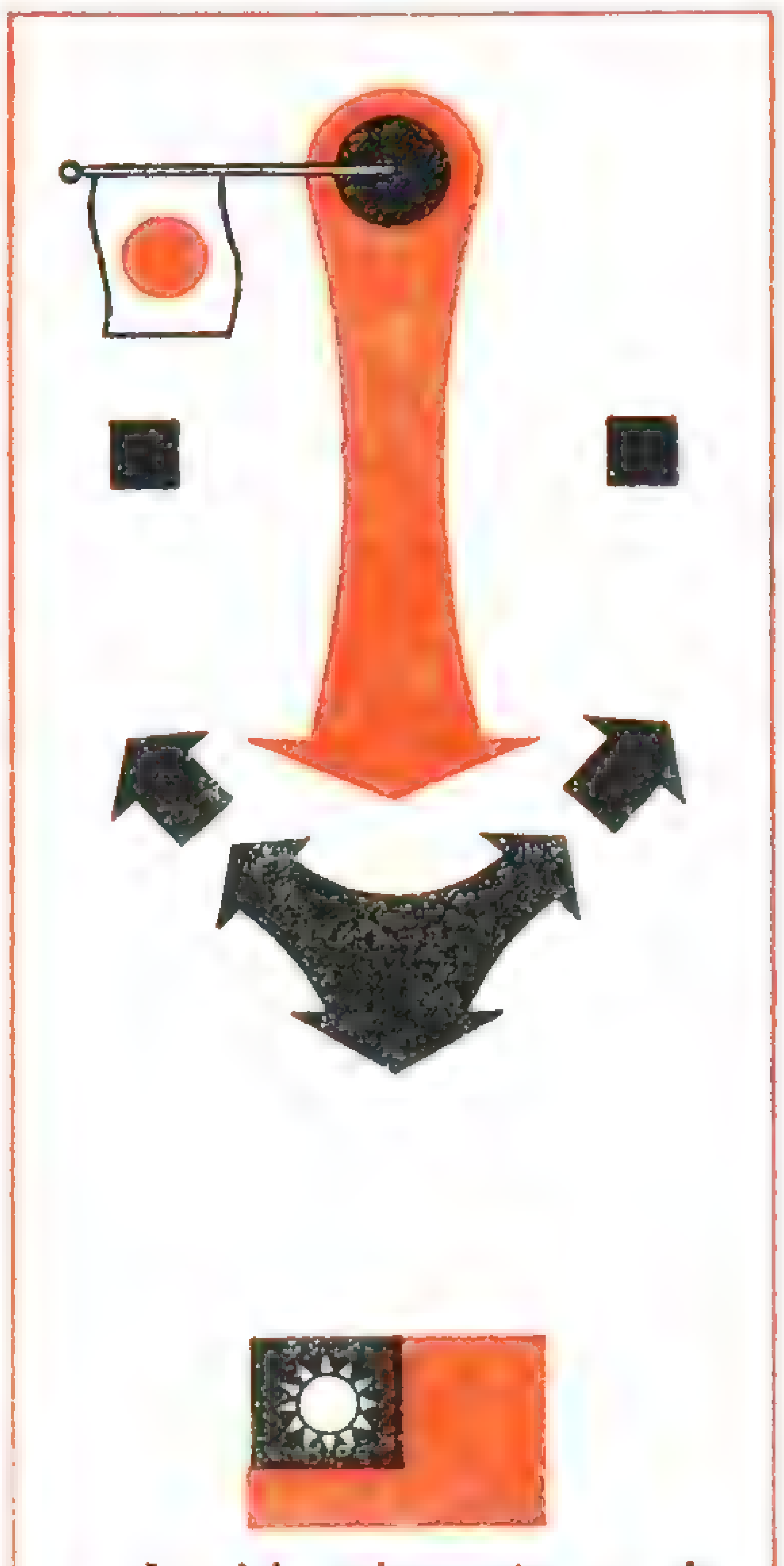
It is important, also, because it is situated on a strategic railroad that runs from the port of Hangchow to Nanchang. The Japanese covet that railroad highly because with it in their possession they would be a long way toward establishing an overland route from Shanghai to Singapore, and thereby relieve a tremendous burden from their already dangerously over-taxed merchant fleet. The Japanese coveted that stretch of track so highly, in fact, that they lost thousands of men and vast quantities of equipment last spring to capture it—all of it, that is, with the exception of a strip only a few miles long. The effects of Chiang Kai-shek's "magnetic warfare" hit them then and they were forced to abandon virtually all of the railroad—their expenditure of troops and equipment going for naught.

But for the moment we are concerned with the strategy of "magnetic warfare" as it is related to the Chinese attacks on Kinhwa. When the great Japanese retreat began in Chekiang and Kiangsi provinces—the provinces where the vital railroad is situated—the Japanese fell back steadily toward the base from which the drive had originated—the base at Hangchow on the coast. With their long supply lines cut, harassed from the rear and flanks by Chinese guerrillas and regulars, the Japanese fell back all the way to Kinhwa, only ninety miles from their starting point at Hangchow.

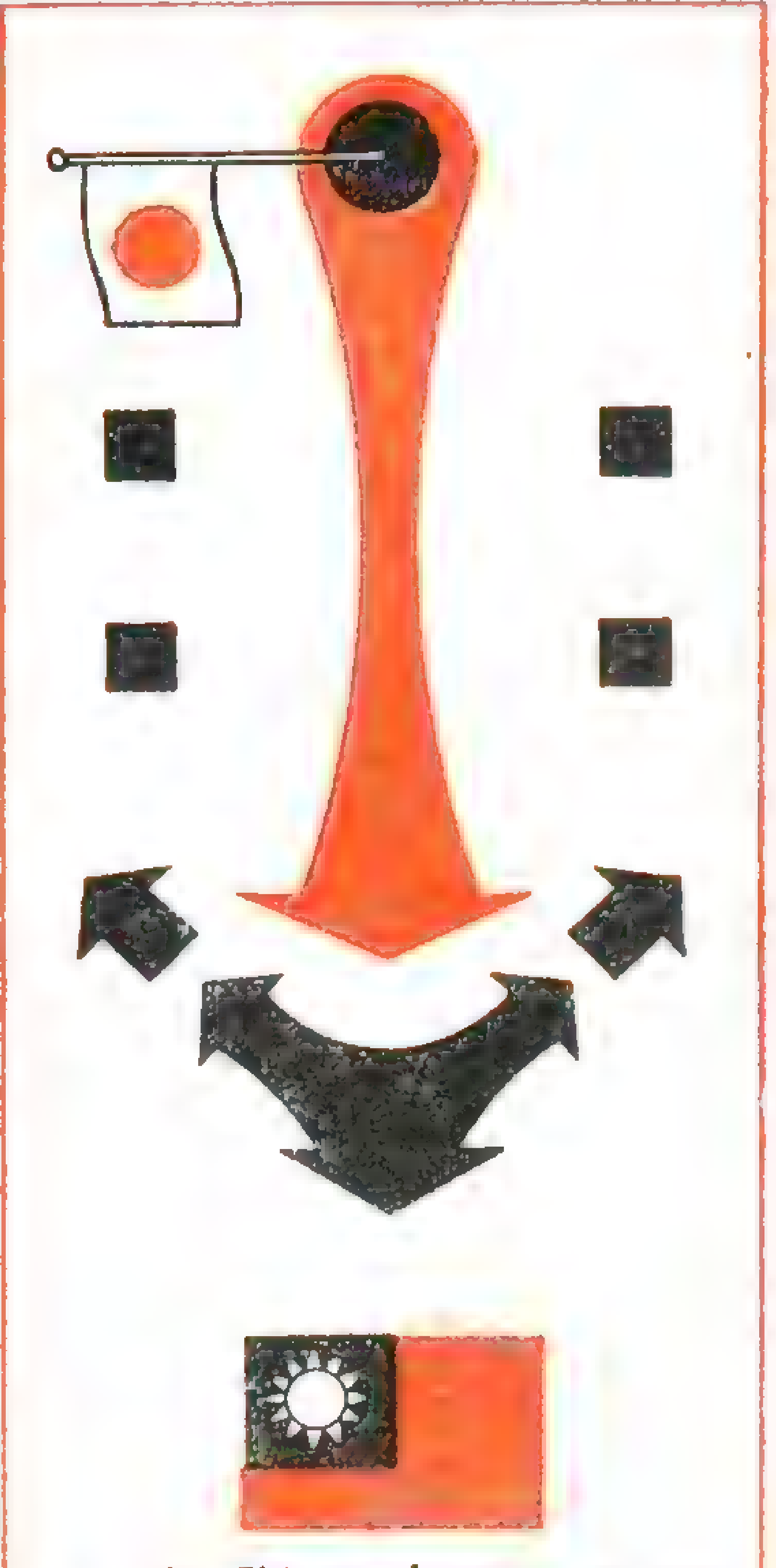
There the rapacious sons of the Mikado chose to make a stand and at this writing they are at-



1. *Magnetic war starts as a Chinese army faces the Japs while two others go to flanking positions.*



2. *Lured by token resistance, the Japs advance, hoping to crush the Chinese unit in front of them.*



3. *The Chinese, however, retreat by having the bulk of their forces deploy on either side of the Japs.*

tempting to hold out there. They already have abandoned three "bomb-Tokyo" air bases. Kinhwa is the last one in Chekiang province still uncaptured by the Chinese.

In their efforts to take this last "bomb-Tokyo" air base and sweep the Japanese all the way back to Hangchow, the Chinese again are bringing into play their "magnetic warfare." Guerrilla forces are attacking the railroad over which supplies and reinforcements reach the Japanese garrison at Kinhwa. Regular Chinese troops are harassing the Japanese garrison, awaiting the moment when the enemy force has been so weakened by his virtual isolation that a knockout blow would be relatively easy.

The Japanese, in announcing their withdrawal from Chekiang and Kiangsi provinces, insisted that they were moving on for operations in other fields having achieved their "objective"—which objective, if they spoke the truth, was the extermination of thousands of their own troops and loss of considerable arms with no tangible results. As a matter of fact, the withdrawal was tacit acknowledgment that the Chinese, with their "magnetic warfare," had outsmarted the well-equipped and over-confident legions of the Rising Sun.

"Magnetic warfare" as practiced by the Chinese in this war, first arrested the attention of newspaper readers in the second and third battles of Changsha. There at a town, which, for all many of us knew about it, might have been another Shangri-La, the armies of Chiang Kai-shek pitted superior wits against superior weapons and wrote another epic in a war of military epics.

An ancient city of about a half million peace-loving and home-loving souls in normal times, Changsha is the capital of Hunan province in Central China. The network of railroads that join just south of Changsha and the concentration of China's still infant industries at the town make it an inviting prize for the Japanese.

The Japanese made their first try against Changsha in October, 1939. The war then was far away for America, and the first battle of Changsha in which the enemy was repulsed was ignored as just another skirmish in the unfortunate "China incident."

America was more war-conscious in September, 1941, when the second battle of Changsha occurred. From their base north of Changsha at a town named Yochow, the Japanese moved across the Sinchang river toward the bomb-battered city.

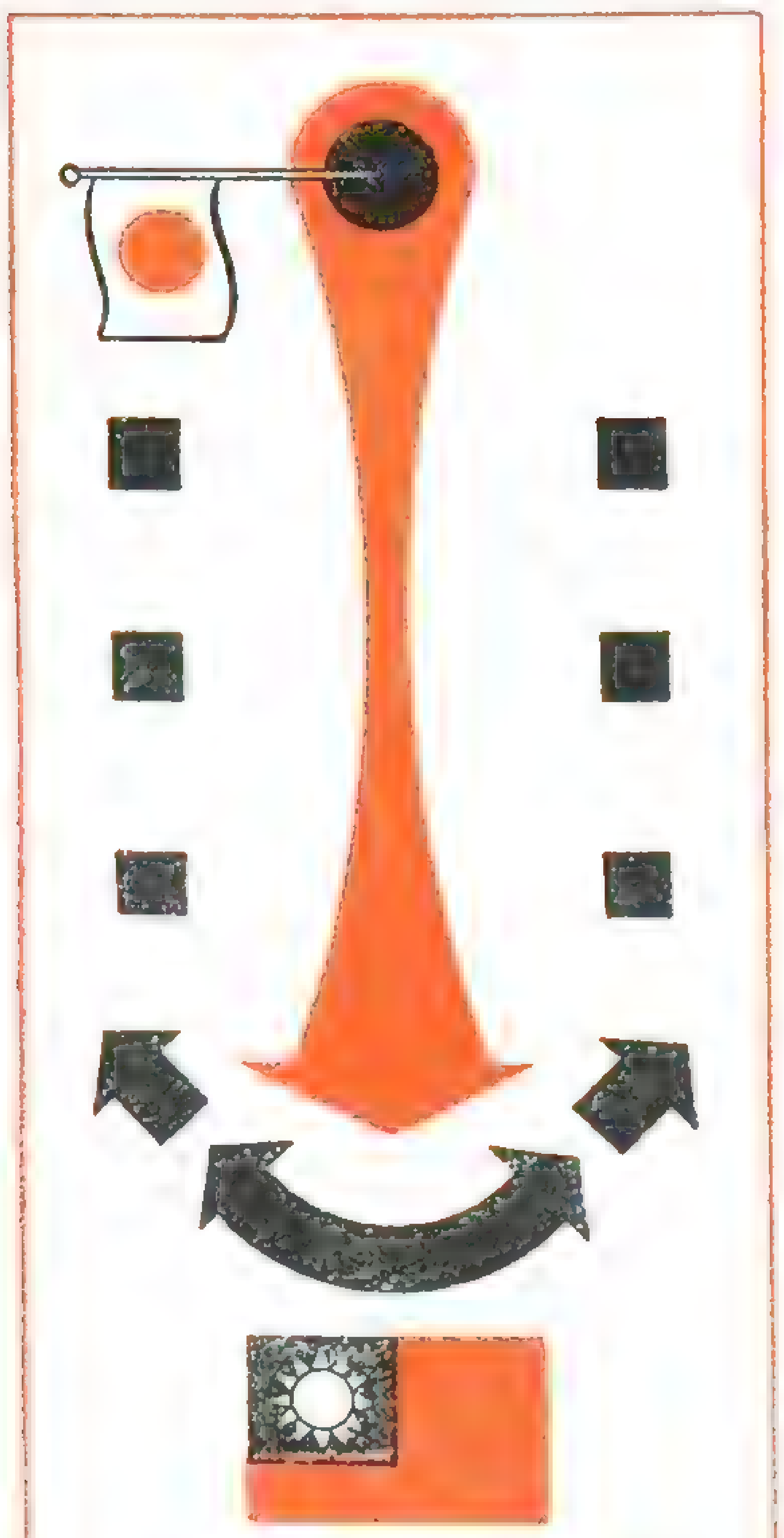
The Chinese command—through the infallible "grapevine"—had been forewarned of Japanese preparations for this new and mighty offensive. In line with their strategy of "magnetic warfare," they laid their plans well and carried them through to a spectacular conclusion that made headlines even in this country—where editors even now question the news value of stories from China because of the readers' "so what" attitude where the "China incident" is concerned.

One Chinese army was placed in the path of the Japanese. Three other Chinese forces which had been deployed at safe distances east of the Japanese route of advance began moving toward the enemy's flank—all without the knowledge of the Japanese, who apparently had tossed caution to the wind in the belief that their vastly numerical superiority assured them certain victory in this venture. They encountered relatively "weak" resistance from the Chinese army engaging them frontally, making them all the more reckless. The "weakness" of the Chinese resistance was part of the Chinese strategy and the unwitting sons of the Mikado went for the bait like a shark goes for a drowning man. The Japanese smashed ahead, confident that they were overwhelming the Chinese and driving them back. Actually, the Chinese were offering "token" resistance to encourage the Japanese to drive ahead heedlessly, while they—the Chinese, that is—fell away inconspicuously to the left and right of the Japanese avenue of advance to await the second act in this exciting drama of war.

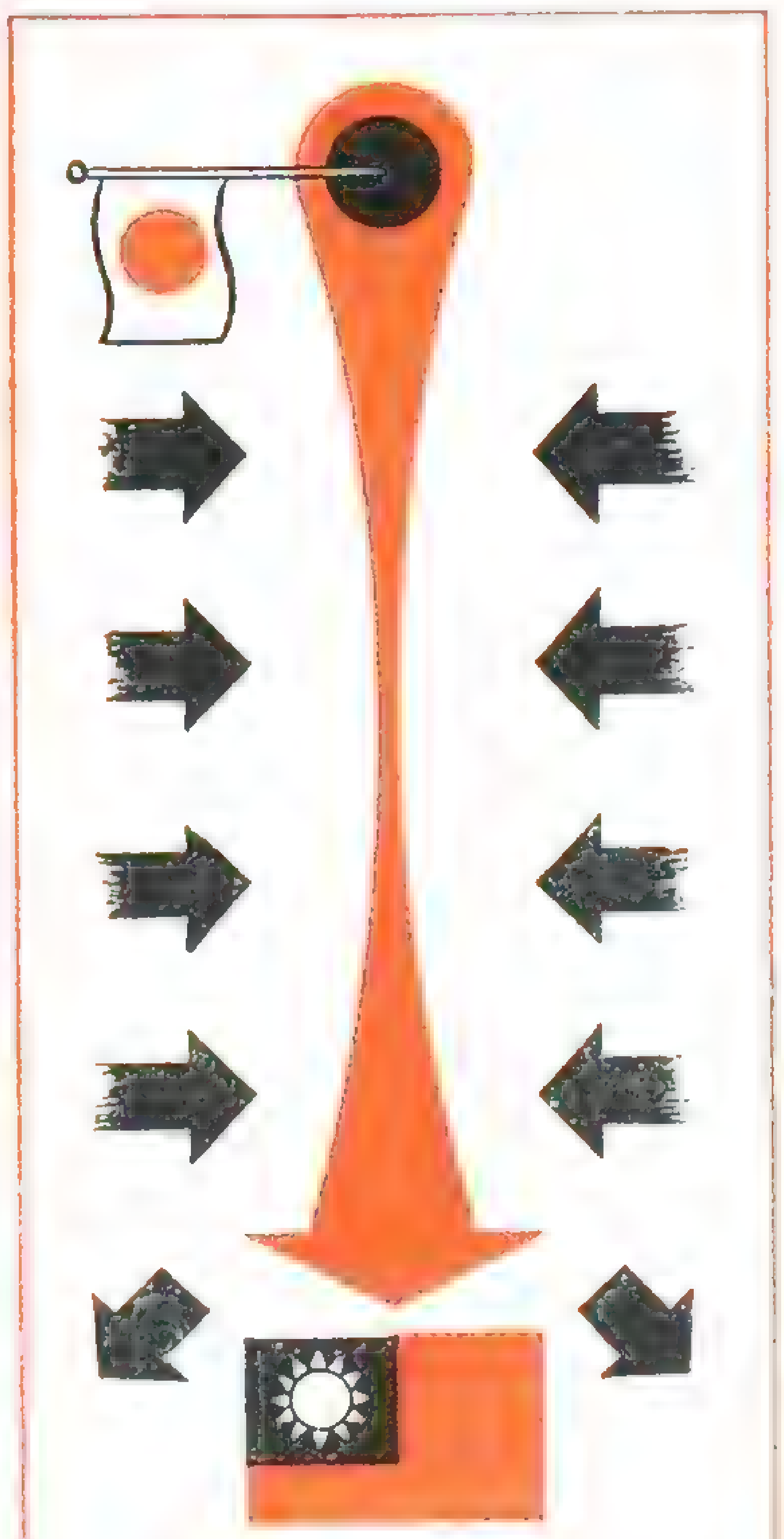
A second Chinese army met the Japanese and did precisely the same as the first army had done, thereby permitting the Japanese to cross another river—the Milo. The rat was going for the cheese. With amazing alacrity the ostensibly triumphant Japanese armies reached the bait. At the very gates of Changsha, the trap snapped shut.

Some Japanese troops forced their way into the outskirts of the city, leading to confusion in dispatches as to who was in possession of Changsha. But these troops soon were forced out.

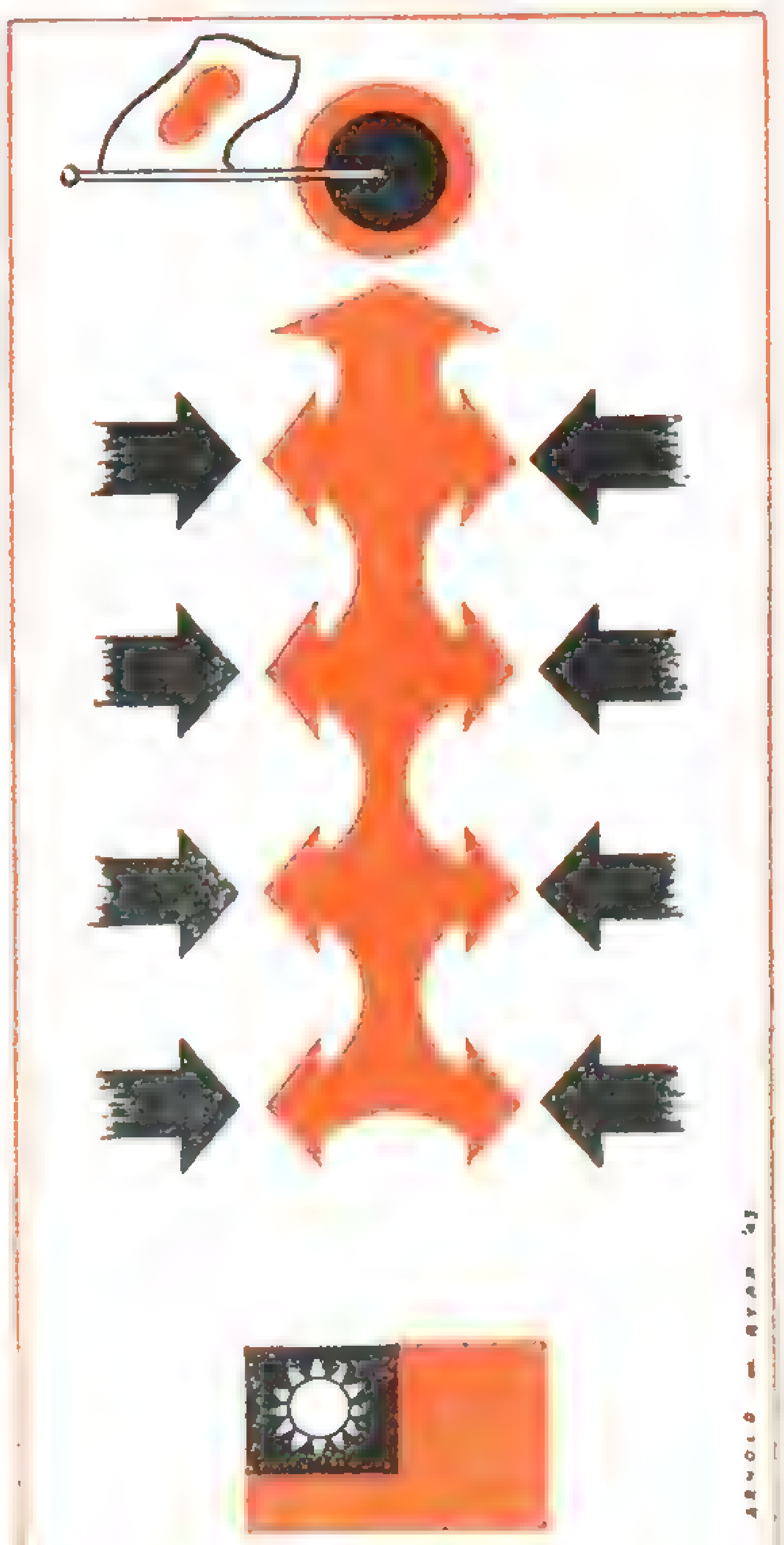
Like a mighty octopus, the tentacles of the Chinese trap closed inexorably around the Japanese, who still were unaware that they had marched blithely into a deadly net. The main Chinese forces engaged the enemy before Changsha. The other armies which had been moving in from the east and the troops which had "retreated" to the enemy's flanks, now slashed in at the Japanese flanks and rear. They virtually cut the Japanese communications with their base, forcing the enemy to drop ammunition from airplanes to the all-but-isolated army which only a few hours earlier was anticipating gleefully the victory feast in the streets of Changsha. The only feast that day was for the vultures.



4. *This magnetizes the Japs forward so fast they do not realize that they are being fully surrounded.*



5. *You can see the teeth in the trap the Chinese have set as the Jap supply line is far overstretched.*



6. *Smash! The Chinese strike at many points, killing the Japs or making them retreat to their base.*

Thirteen days after they had started their "victory drive" toward Changsha, a beaten, bewildered Japanese army turned back toward their base in a retreat that soon was a rout. Over the route which they had advanced so confidently and rapidly only two weeks earlier, the Japanese now fled with the fear of a pursued animal. The Chinese struck relentless blows at the men of the Rising Sun whose sun had set so ignominiously at Changsha. Of the 120,000 Japanese troops which had set out on September 17 to raise the "swastika of Nippon" over Changsha, less than 80,000 returned on October 10 after twenty-four days of China's peculiar brand of hell and of "magnetic warfare."

The Japanese had lost face in vast quantities at Changsha and they had failed to take an important objective. It was a defeat that could not go unavenged. So it was that two months later and two weeks after Pearl Harbor, the fire-eating devils of Nippon—armed with persistence and plenty of equipment if nothing else—tried again. One hundred thousand Nippon soldiers—who already had sufficient reason for hara-kiri—set out on the fatal road from Yochow to Changsha.

From there the story is about the same as the second battle of Changsha—with a few embellishments added by the Chinese for good measure. The Japanese had not yet learned that superior weapons are not necessarily a guarantee of victory, especially when they are challenged by superior wits. The first and second battles of Changsha—costly as they had been—had not carried the message of "magnetic warfare" to the Japanese. Once again the Nippon legions marched "triumphantly" into the Chinese trap, which snapped shut, and once again the Japanese marched out again—with considerably increased speed and minus 57,000 of their comrades who lay dead on the bloody battlefield before the gates of Changsha, and 2,300 more who had been captured.

Had Chiang Kai-shek's armies possessed adequate arms, tanks and planes the Japanese disasters at Changsha might well have been even worse. Only this lack of equipment—which one day their productive allies in America may remedy—stands today between the Chinese and a campaign to purge all China of the Hitlerites of the Orient. Who knows what the Chinese might do if they had the tools? They have done so much for five frightful years without them. They have done it with guts alone—guts and something they call "magnetic warfare."

They have the wits. They need the weapons. ##

Rise and Fall of the Luftwaffe III

Pointing out the beginning of the end for the German air force, in the last of the trilogy, as told to Curt Riess

by HAUPTMANN HERMANN

ARTICLE

Toward the end of September 1940, Hermann Goering went on a little sightseeing trip. He took off in a bomber and flew over London, well protected by a great number of Messerschmitts. He observed for himself the terrible effect of the bombing of the British capital. When he returned to Germany he immediately reported to Hitler. He said that England was on her knees, and that any day now the war would be over.

I know from dependable sources that Hitler believed Goering, at least for a few weeks. If he hadn't he would hardly have uttered those confident statements predicting that he would be in London by October 15, 1940.

But Goering must have had some suspicion by that time that Hitler would not be in London by October 15. He must have known that he was lying when he made his report. He must have realized that the battle of England had been lost by his Luftwaffe.

Decisive was the lack of heavy bombers, which point was discussed in the second article of this series. I indicated that this lack was due to Goering's rush. The battle of England proved conclusively that it is not possible to carry out the Douhet plan without Douhet's most important weapon—heavy bombers. The lack of them, perhaps more than anything else, showed unmistakably how amateurishly the Luftwaffe had been built. If military experts had had a hand in constructing the Luftwaffe, it may be assumed there would not have been a lack of heavy bombers—or rather, that there would not have been an all-out attack on England before that grave neglect had been remedied by building enough of them.

The men behind the Luftwaffe also found out that the German ground crews were not able to stand up to an attack of such impetus and length as the one directed against England. They soon were exhausted and it became difficult and eventually next to impossible to repair damaged planes and to service them with the necessary amounts of fuel and bombs (about the difficulty of supplying spare parts and repairs, which later was to grow into a veritable catastrophe, I shall have more to say).

For the second time the Luftwaffe had come up against really good defense—and had felt it. London was no Guernica; England was no Poland, no Holland. I shall not go into the other facts which added to the German defeat in England, and which have been discussed extensively in newspapers, magazines and books—such as, the superiority of certain types of British planes and the superiority of British pilots over the German.

Above all, the battle of England proved one thing: the Luftwaffe had its limitations. The Luftwaffe had not been able to hurt England enough to make it possible for an invasion army to come over without encountering stiff resistance. That is, the Luftwaffe proved itself incapable of leading and winning a war all by itself. What had not been discovered during the Polish and French campaigns now stood out as a glaring defect which no longer could be overlooked.

I may say here that while the Luftwaffe was never built for long wars—I shall go into this at greater length later—it was intended originally as an operative weapon. The battle of England definitely proved that it was in no way an operative weapon. It was not the separate arm that Goering and Milch had intended to create.

The reasons are manifold.

There were political reasons for which it was pertinent to have something ready by 1935 which would impress the other countries as a strong Luftwaffe. Therefore, there was little time to develop new types and, as I have already pointed out, mass production was started with old and partly obsolete models. Thus, it developed that the Luftwaffe came more and more to depend for its bombing force on the old JU 52 as its only big bomber for operative air warfare.

There was also insistence on the part of the army to allocate as big a part of the building capacity for aircraft as was necessary for co-operation with the mechanized troops and the army in general—that is, level bombers, stukas, reconnaissance planes.

There was, furthermore, the wish of the generals to suppress, if possible, an independent air force. While they did not succeed, they at least slowed up progress for some time.

Last, but not least, there was the military and technical incompetence of Goering and Milch and the fact that Goering was busy with politics, economic decisions and his many dark business deals.

These were the main reasons why the Luftwaffe never became an autonomous operative weapon.

The lessons of the battle of England were by no means immediately clear to those in charge of the Luftwaffe. It took many months before the Nazis in high places were finally willing to face the depressing truth. Doubts were nebulous and it took some time for them to ripen. Even when the Nazis knew, they would not admit it.

The Fuehrer was beside himself with fury when he finally realized that Goering had lied to him. True, there had been a series of small quarrels and fights between him and Goering—a running fight, so to say—for many, many years. But that had not amounted to much. Sensational reports published occasionally in other countries—in the United States, too—that Goering and Hitler had broken off, never had had any real foundation.

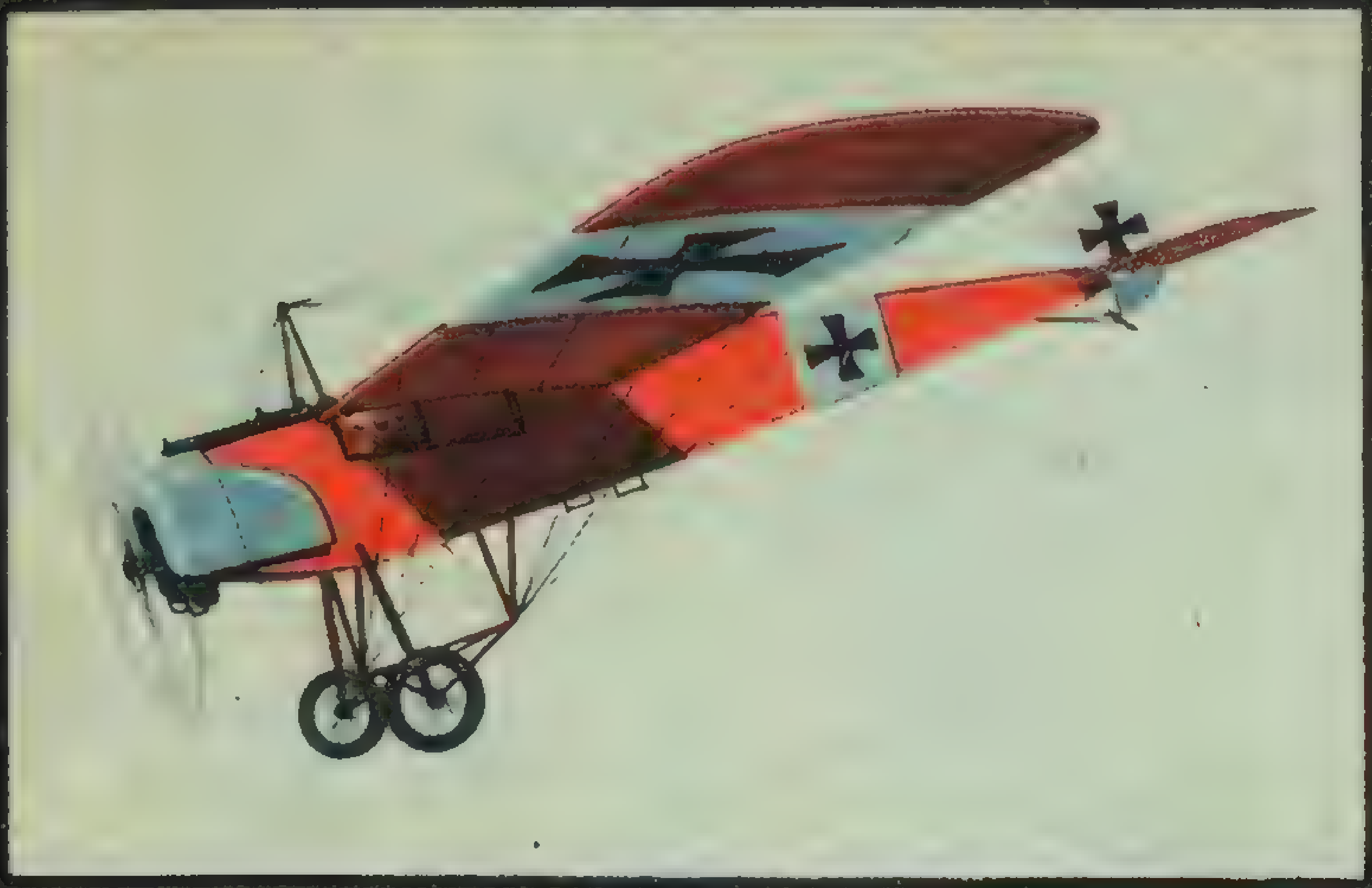
But now, in the Fall of 1940, there began a real conflict between Hitler and Goering. And as far as Hitler was concerned, it is understandable enough. The moment the battle of England was broken off by the Nazis, the final decline of Goering's career began,

Continued on page 121

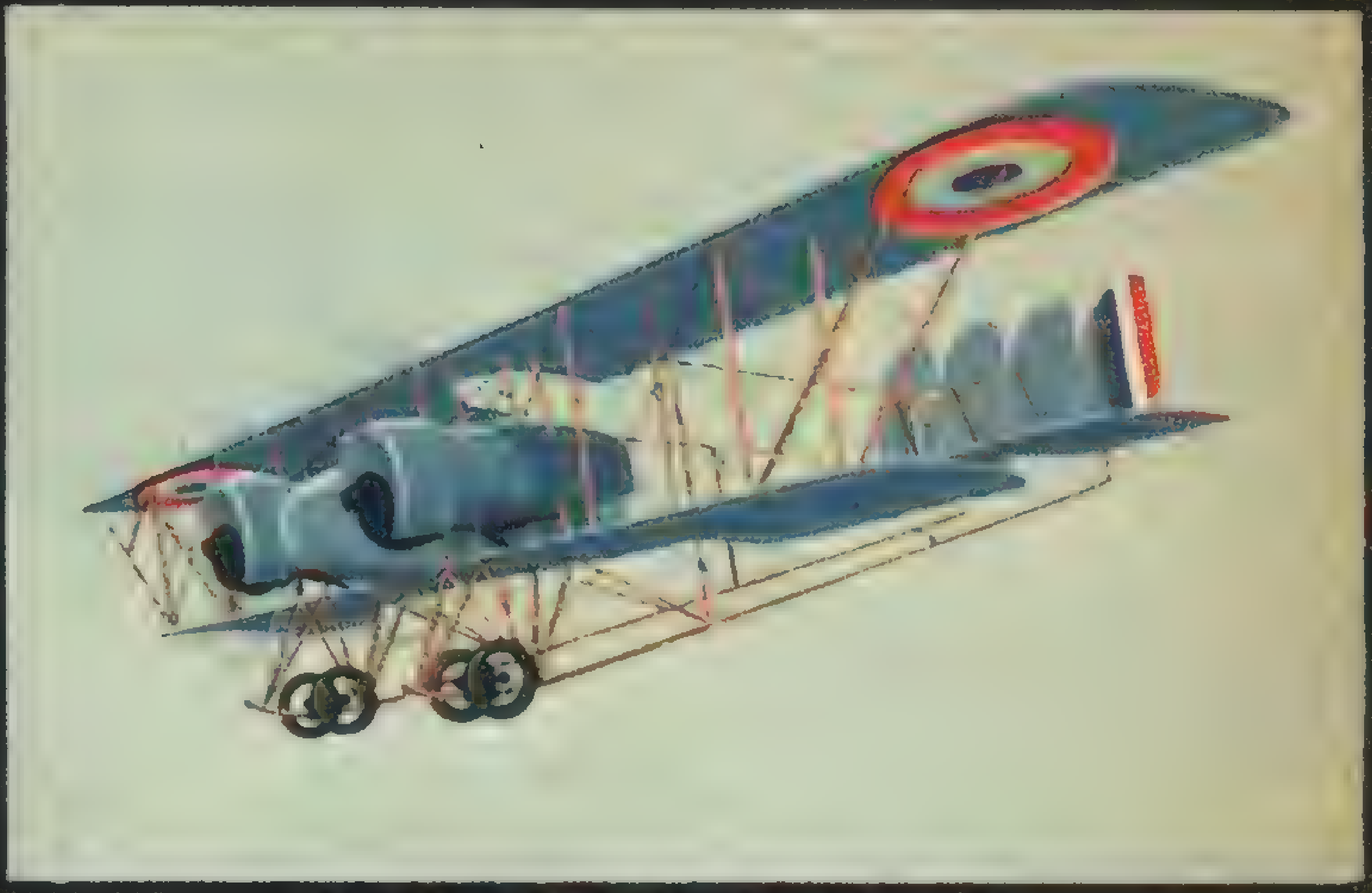
PLANES OF THE LAST WAR—*An historical scrapbook*

Like a page from a scrapbook of the past is this inaugural chapter of a four-installment series of paintings illustrating the primitive planes that did air battle in the last war. Predecessors of the modern aerial armadas, they seem in retrospect to have been only fluttering butterflies, but in their day they represented a revolutionary achievement. In them was the catalyst that changed the face of the earth, reducing continents to islands and bringing the touch of war within reach of every man. Yet the British, French and Russian governments did not foresee this because when Anthony Fokker, a Dutch plane builder, offered to make fighting aircraft, they all rejected his plans. War-wise Germany, however, detected genius in him and was rewarded when some of his planes became the Kaiser's most effective weapons. Shown here is the "Fokker Destroyer," the first airplane equipped with a machine gun synchronized to fire through the propeller. It was powered by an Oberursal 9 cylinder aircooled motor and was so effective that Allied reconnaissance planes were ordered to fly in formations totaling at least four. The French, after war came, did commendable work with the Caudron G-6 two-motored bomber that is illustrated here. With a span of 56 feet and weighing 2,000 pounds, it carried a half-ton load. Nicknamed the "Horace" because it combined the "Henry" and "Maurice" plane types, the Farman F 40-P also was utilized by the French. The English, meanwhile, developed the F.E. 2B, which has the tricycle landing gear that is now being used again. The model painted on the opposite page has a 120 horsepower Beardmore engine and was used in the 1915-'16 dogfighting. Germany often pitted its Hannoveraner model against the F.E. 2B. Made in Hannover, Linden, the Hannoveraner, as illustrated, had an unusual biplane tail that gave good tail control and stability while keeping tail surfaces narrow to aid the rear gunner. Maneuverability depends on light wing loading, which makes it interesting to note that whereas a modern Lockheed P-38 fighter has a wing loading of 41.28 pounds per square foot, a Hannoveraner had only 7.29 pounds per square foot. It could fly to 10,000 feet altitude, where it had a speed of 96 m.p.h. For armament the Hannoveraner had t Spandau machine gun firing through the propeller and one parabellum on ring mounting over the rear cockpit. In contrast, the armament of the early British DeHaviland B.E. 2, painted here, had only rifles, shot guns and revolvers to destroy the enemy. It was powered by Renault 8 cylinder V-type aircooled motors with 70 h.p. to drive a four-bladed propeller. Named after the dove, the German Taube was built like a bird, as the painting reveals. It was one of the first airplanes to be built of all steel fabric covered construction and had a maximum speed of 108 m.p.h. Remembered because Captain A. Roy Brown of Canada used it to down the noted German Richthofen, the Sopwith Camel had good maneuverability and consistently high performance. It was, however, difficult to land, according to many pilots. Planes like these introduced the world to air power, but they were not the only fledglings in this new form of warfare. Next month eight other models will be shown in the second installment of this series. —Paul C. Maxwel

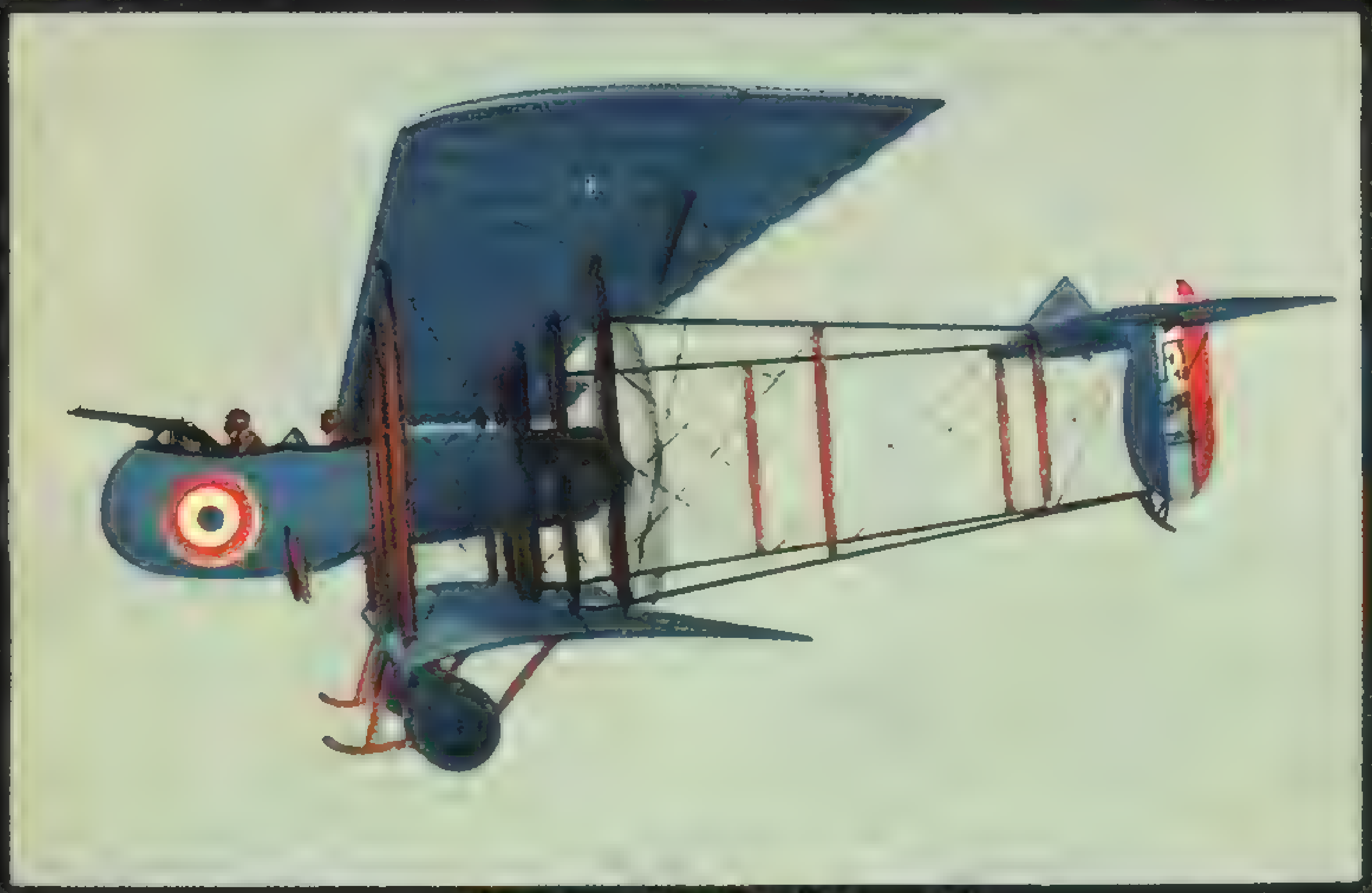
AIR POWER'S FLEDGLINGS by Paul C. Maxwell



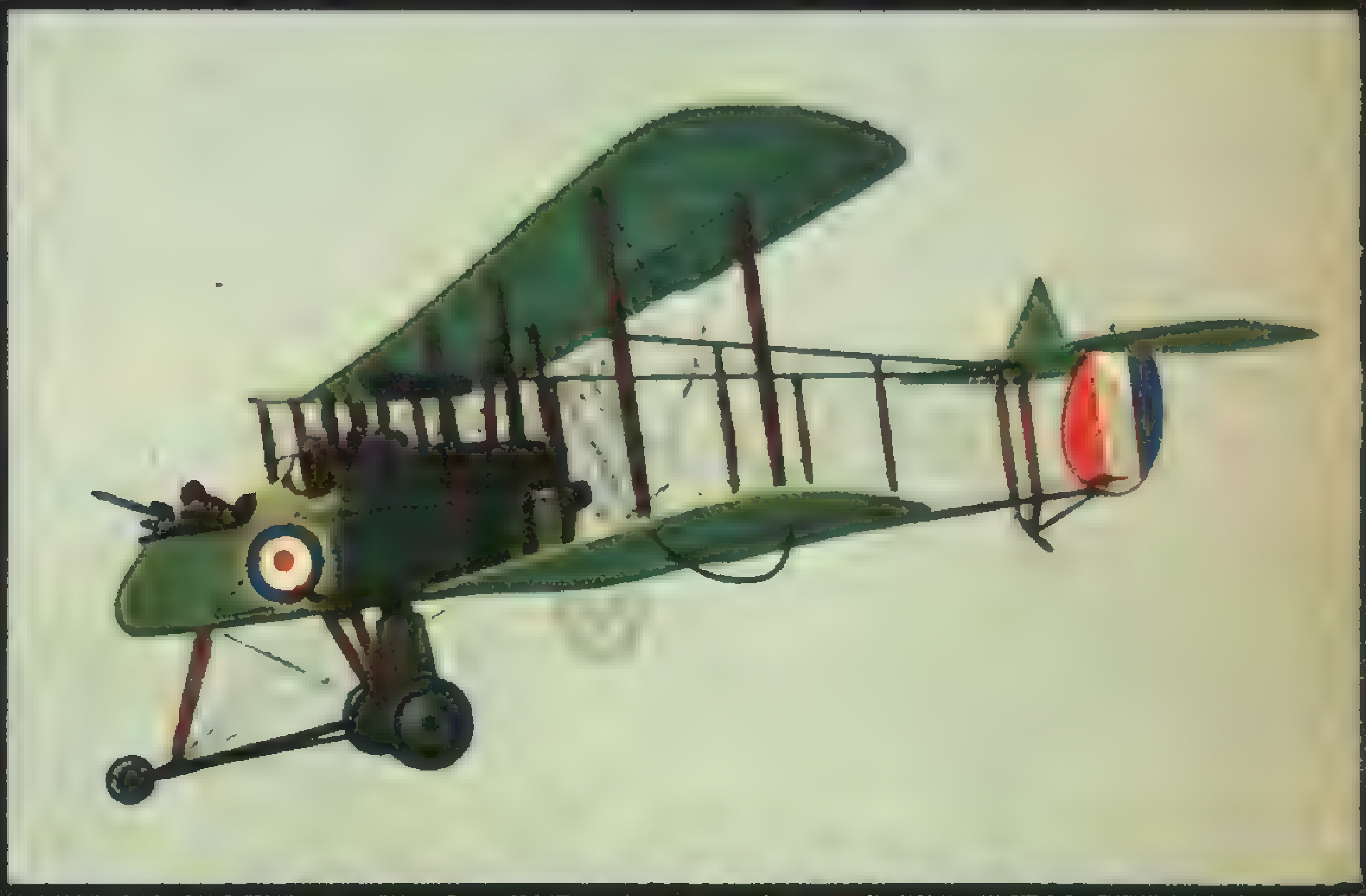
Fokker Destroyer (German)



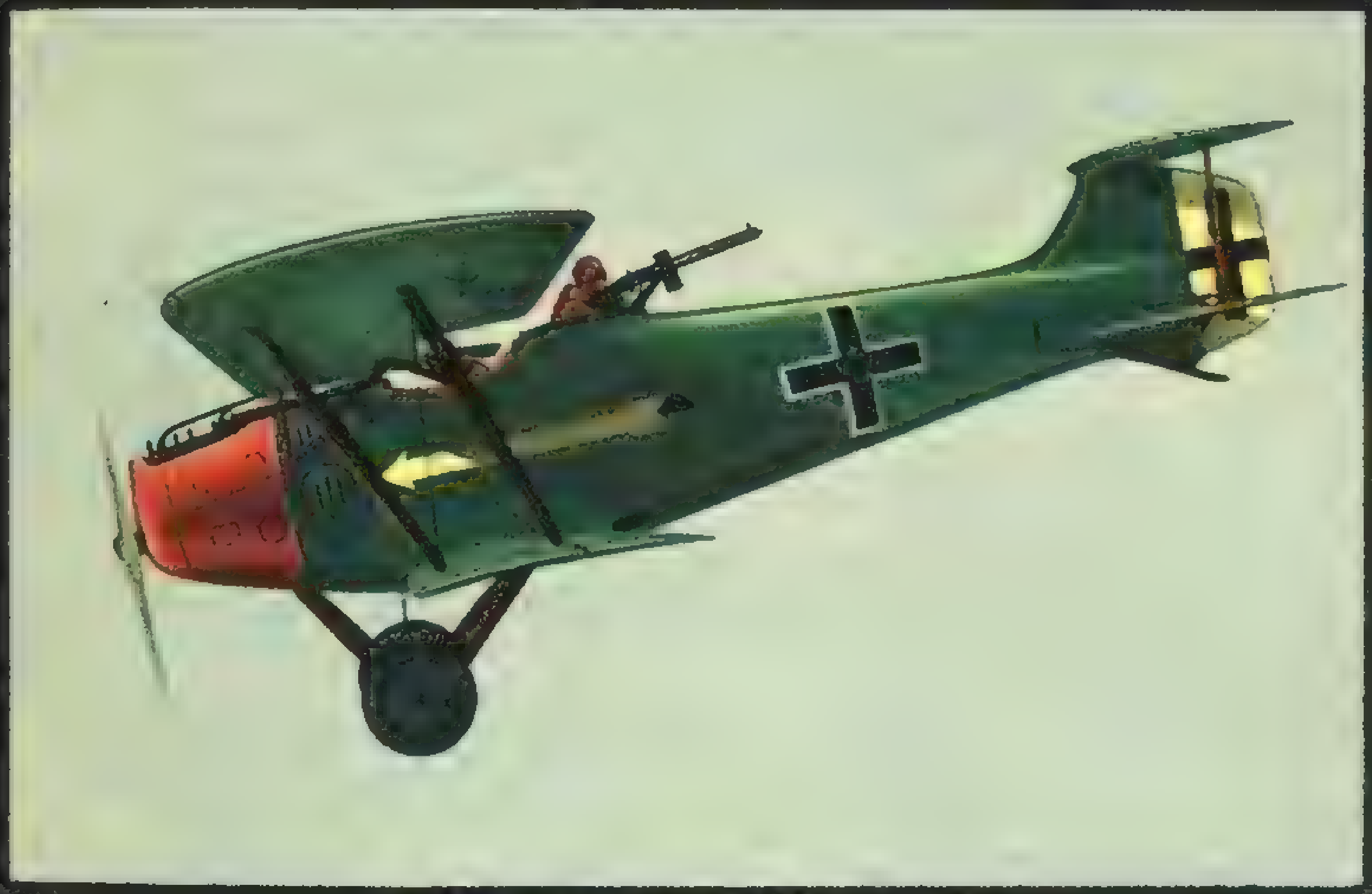
Caudron G-6 Bomber (French)



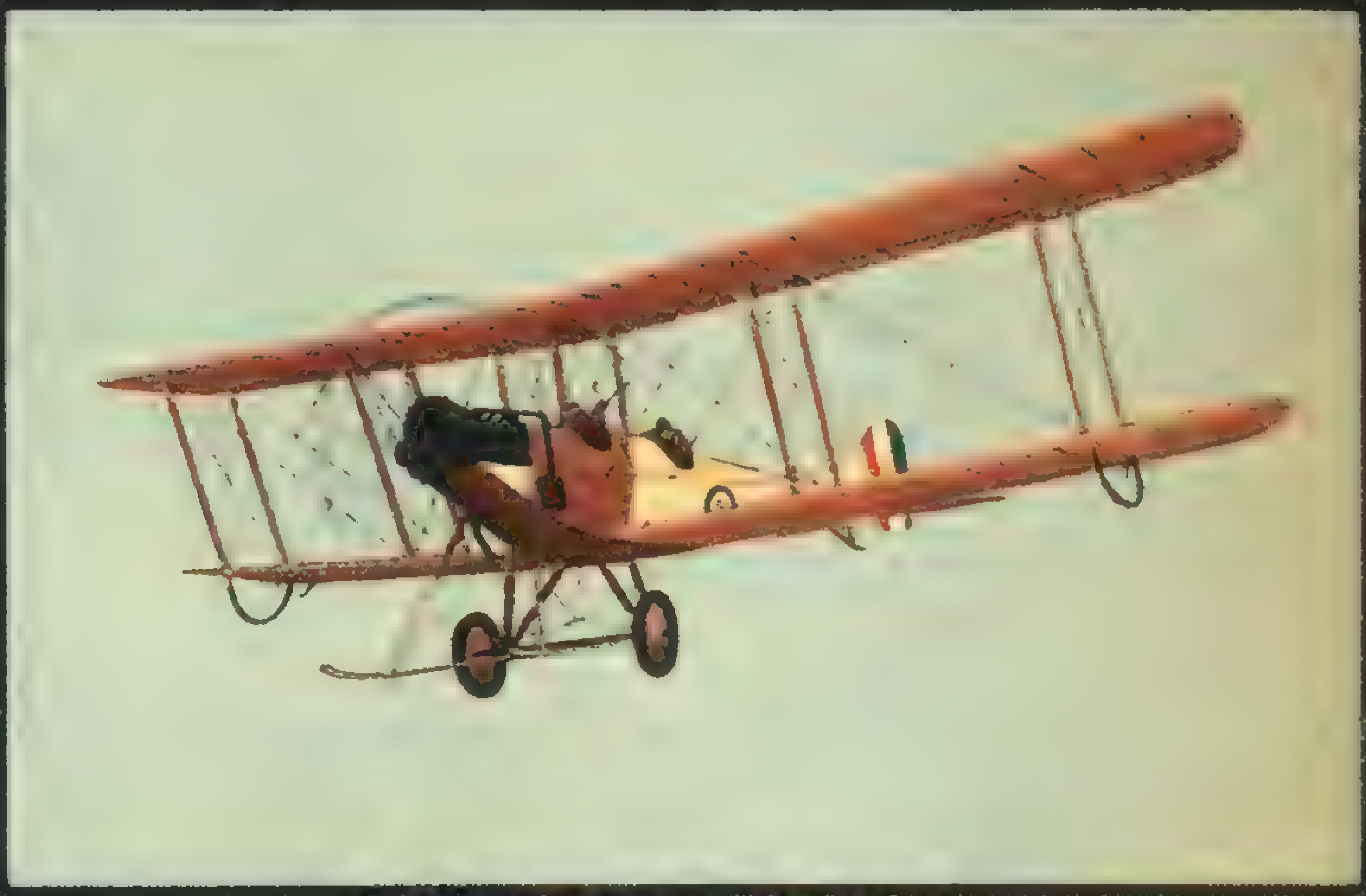
Farman F 40-P (French)



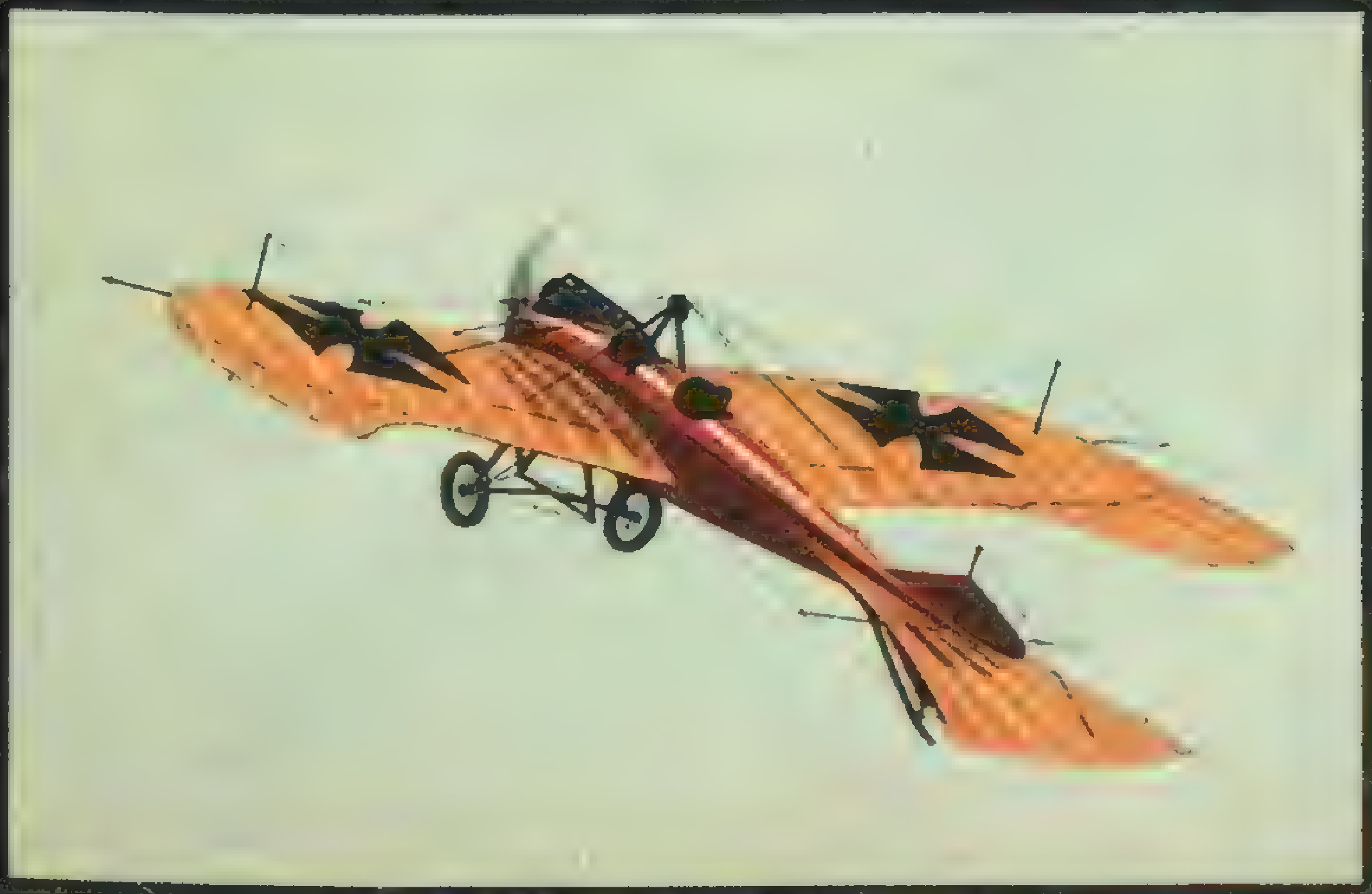
Royal Aircraft F.E. 2B (British)



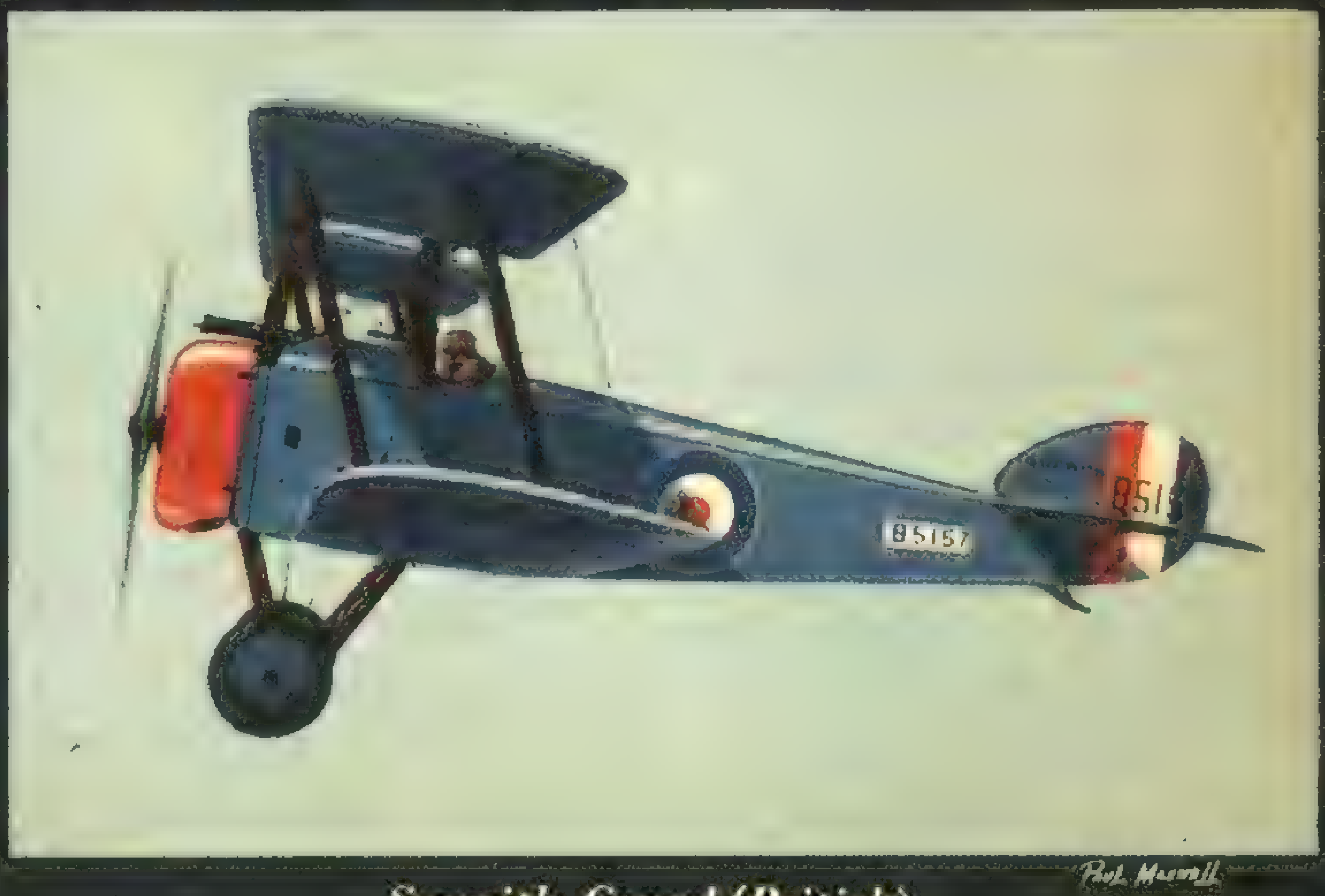
Hannoveraner (German)



DeHaviland B.E. 2 (British)



Taube Monoplane (German)



Sopwith Camel (British)

Bomber Back-Seat Driver

What it takes to be a navigator, that cool guy behind the bubble sextant who directs the pilot to the Axis target

by SIGMUND SAMETH

• ARTICLE •

When Colin Kelly blasted the Jap battleship, Haruna, in December, 1941 and dove his Fortress to immortality, five crew members managed to bail out. They owe their lives to a serious young lieutenant who crawled through the inferno of a blazing oxygen system to release a jammed escape hatch. He explained his second-degree burns.

"Somebody had to do it. I figured it might as well be the navigator."

In every theatre of operations, "Maps," the newest full-fledged member of the aerial combat team, is chalking up his score of glory. Cool heroism in the face of danger is part of Air Force tradition. The bomber back-seat drivers have proved they don't lack it.

Navigators used to be the forgotten men of the stratosphere. They were the guys who got the big ships there—and got them back. Their plotting boards meant success or failure for a mission as much as a bombardier's aim or a pilot's caginess in skirting "flak." Locating a Jap pinpoint on the ocean through solid overcast from five miles up; setting a pilot back on course after minutes of tortured dogfighting; back-seat driving a crippled bomber to Shangri-La with only the last gallon of fuel between you and the briny—those are vital air-war jobs today. But they don't make headlines.

Occasionally in his unassuming way "Maps" does crash the front page. When the scrapping starts he lays aside his bubble sextant in a padded nest and lines machine gun sights on a Zero or a Messer's tail. The man with the briefcase can double in bombs too, and between bombing runs, render first aid to the chap he's replacing. One navigator at Dieppe, who had never handled a big plane's controls before, brought the ship home himself instead of hitting the silk when the pilot and copilot both became casualties.

If you are a navigator you report at the ready room a few minutes early. Out on the flight line the ground crew is gunning your ship—a long-range bomber already loaded with its deadly eggs. You get your "flimsy" from the meteorologist, a carbon copy of the weather report. By the time you've finished studying it your pilots have been "briefed" by the Operations Officer. You learn the details of the mission and select charts accordingly. It's going to be a routine attack bombing.

The B-17's engines are silent as you walk onto the field. Mechanics are "topping-off"—filling the tanks with the last drop they can hold. You wriggle your shoulders against the 'chute straps. You're hot and excited. Never mind. Flying togs will be cozy at 22,000, and that heartpounding feeling that this isn't playing for marbles will leave you when you get in the air.

You climb aboard and help the bombardier in with his bombsight. The belly gunner has crawled into the ball turret . . . The engines are revving . . . Two ships of the squadron have already taken off . . . You stick a fresh log sheet to your desk with a couple of adhesive tape tabs . . . You jot down the time, 18:57—6:57 p.m. on the Army's twenty-four-hour clock . . . You're in the air now . . . The pilot circles once as you give him his compass course . . . He won't change course now until you instruct him to do so . . .

Navigators can't nap. When you left the airdrome your flimsy showed wind speed and direction at 5,000 feet. It's changed upstairs. Better take a double-drift reading while there's still light to see by.

A plane doesn't really fly the way its nose is pointed any more than a rowboat does when you row it across a river. The effects of wind on true course and speed must be allowed for in the form of drift corrections. Your pilot cooperates in this well-understood routine by flying 45° off course for a few seconds while you tinker with dials and watch the landscape slide through the parallel lines of your drift meter. A second leg is flown at right angles for a few seconds. You compute the drift . . . consult charts again . . . put the pilot on an altered course to bring him over the target at the exact moment called for by your mission.

Time is the fourth dimension in the navigator's air ocean. If you reach your objective ahead of your squadron you'll spoil the show. Moreover the most direct route is not always best for a bomber. It gives enemy interceptors all the breaks. That's why you fly a thousand mile dog's-leg on this mission. The two flights of the squadron take different routes. You won't meet your buddies until you're over the target area. It's up to you to keep that rendezvous.

You bend to your plotting board . . . Read the compass heading . . . Correct for deviation. It varies on each course . . . You've got your magnetic heading . . . Now correct for variation . . . Jot the true heading on the log sheet . . . Work your double drift on scratch paper . . . Compute the true course . . . Figure the ground speed . . . Take a quick glance at your second-setting wristwatch, badge of the navigator . . . Now what was that last position? . . . Your computor is out of its case and working overtime . . . *"Lend your wife but not your computor!"* . . . You ponder the wisdom of the navigator's motto . . . Time to give the pilot a course correction and the estimated time of arrival.

There's no loafing for "Maps." Flying straight and level above the clouds you get a celestial "fix" to supplement dead reckoning. You sight Sirius through the sextant telescope and bring it down until it touches the bubble . . . Now you correct your DR . . . That bumpy air at 19:12 must have thrown you off . . . You've been flying over an hour . . . Time for another weather memo . . . It will help tomorrow's flight . . . You're on course and on time. That's the way it ought to be. The ship roars ahead.

You knock off for a minute for a prosaic job—resharpening pencils. Most fountain pens play too many tricks at high altitudes and ink writing is allergic to sea water . . . Only four minutes to go now. You're five miles above enemy territory. You warn the pilots and the bombardier. Gotta come down a little.

Suddenly the sonic detectors have picked you up and the ack-ack starts. Things happen quickly now. The whole wharf area of the enemy-held shipping port comes alive with mushrooms of fire. Ack-ack seen from the air is thrillingly beautiful—until you realize it's aimed at you. But the gunners haven't got the range and your flares are blinding them. Your pilot sideslips out of the searchlights in a clever maneuver and the beams go groping off in the sky. Pyrotechnics of a different hue are beginning to light up the docks

Continued on page 155

Lockheed P-38 Lightning Fighters Polish Off Nazi Bombers

Four twin-boomed furies streak across the sky with a whistling snarl, flying in echelon formation. Each fighter pilot brings an enemy plane into his gunsight and pumps a thick stream of lead into the doomed target, which falls—a mass of flaming debris. No airplane, our Army declares, can withstand the full firepower of the Lockheed Lightning. This plane was designed as a high-altitude interceptor, to dive upon enemy bombers at their greatest heights and destroy them before they can reach their objectives. But the P-38 proved versatile beyond all expectations in the actual test of battles and won for itself the all-around designation of "fighter." The fastest and highest-flying military airplane in the world, it is officially credited with "speed in excess of 400 miles per hour and an exceedingly high rate of climb." It is also possessed of long-range. All armament (including machine guns and cannon) is concentrated in the nose of the pilot's nacelle. Its more startling features will remain military secrets until such time as the Axis has learned them—the hard way. Official communiques place the battle-testing area of the P-38 in the Aleutians, where they have made many fighter sweeps and escorted squadrons of bombers over Kiska. On one of these escort trips, two Lightnings brought down two four-engined Japanese flying boats, according to Lt. Gen. H. H. Arnold, AAF Chief. And Lt. Col. K. H. Gibson, in command of bomber operations in Alaska, reported that a single flight of P-38s downed five Zeros and one four-engined flying boat in a single dive. Still another Army account relates that in one "plastering" of Kiska, four Zeros were shot down and an estimated 500 Japanese soldiers were killed or wounded. By last October the tone of the communiques had changed, for P-38s were no longer encountering Zero resistance. It is unofficially understood that the same reluctance to fight has been encountered in Europe. The Lightnings have drawn byes on several fighter and bomber sweeps in force, when the Nazis simply refused to come up and join battle. News dispatches from Tunisia and from other African theaters of war mention the brilliant action of the P-38s where they have proved their fire-power greater than the nearest German equivalent (the Me-110) and their blazing cannon have destroyed many small Axis ships, tanks and transport vehicles.

Transportation Tomorrow

New planes, trains and ships will shrink the post-war world and Mrs. Murgatroyd can fly to Cousin Sadie's in blitz time

by JOHN BURTON TIGRETT

• ARTICLE •

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"We are at the opening verse of the opening page of the chapter of endless possibilities."

RUDYARD KIPLING once wrote that about aircraft, but today it fits the picture of nearly every form of transport. At no time in the whole history of transportation have we stood on the brink of so many startling changes—so many interesting developments.

The full development of post-war transportation is based on two broad assumptions: (1) That we win the war. (2) That we have free trade afterwards. Only with free trade after victory can transport reach its most effective utility.

With a background of those two probabilities then, what transport changes might we expect within—say five years from the day of peace? How will the Postmaster at Potts Camp, Mississippi likely get his daily mail tomorrow and what will it cost Mrs. Murgatroyd in Buffalo to go see Cousin Sadie in Denver?

Air Passenger Service

The most spectacular strides will naturally come in aircraft—and particularly trans-ocean aircraft.

But listen to John Slater talk. He once ran freighters to nearly every port in the world and now heads aggressive American Export Airlines.

"What kind of passenger business will we have after the war? Well, this is about the way we size up the trans-Atlantic picture. In normal times, between the States and European ports, the boats handled roughly about 100,000 first-class, 150,000 second-class and an even greater number of third-class passengers. Those 100,000 first-class passengers are the people who like luxuries and can afford to pay for them—business executives, Hollywood actresses, wealthy Europeans. Most of those people will want to go across at night so they won't lose a day traveling. That means sleeping accommodations, a reading lounge, buffet bar, many other luxuries and, consequently, fewer passengers per ship. We figure the airlines will get at least half of that traffic or 50,000 passengers. Translate that traffic into a plane the size of the Martin Mars—which should sleep about forty—with a reasonable load factor, the result will be around 1,200 to 1,400 trips a year or four schedules per day. We'll leave New York about 6:00 p.m. and give 'em breakfast in London," says John Slater.

And what about rates?

"If you can get a high enough priority to board one of our ships today we'll charge you 625 dollars for the ride from New York to Foynes, Ireland—it'll cost you 50 dollars more to get from there to London—675 dollars in all. When peace comes, if we don't have any fool rate wars with foreign lines we ought to get 400 dollars for the first-class luxury trip."

"But that's not the volume end of the business," continues Slater. "You get into that when you handle the second-class traffic. Seventy-five per cent of that business moves in four months of the year. It's made up mostly of (a) students and vacationers or (b) teachers after their Ph. D's. To them two weeks saved in traveling by air means a lot, for their primary purpose is to see or do something on the other side. Both their time and their pocketbooks are limited."

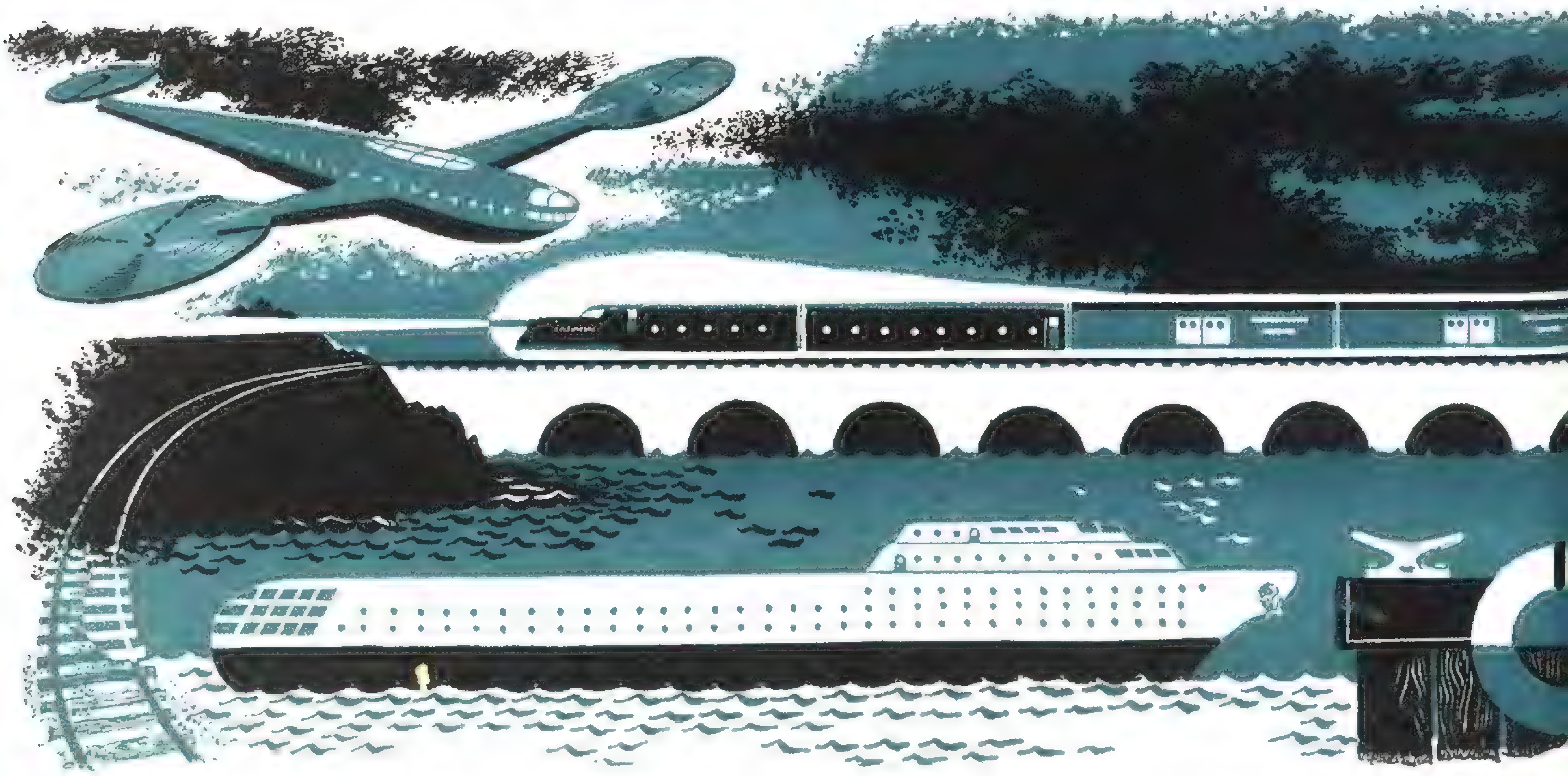
"For those people we'll use maybe the new 125,000 lb. plane Douglas has just started building or an improved Lockheed 'Constellation' type. Anything that will handle from sixty to one hundred passengers and one where we can pack 'em in and sit 'em up. If you put half of that second-class traffic into schedules—and we'll get half of it—you add on another four trips daily. We'll probably move those people between sunup and dusk and the crossing will take around twelve hours. It really wouldn't surprise me much to see enough of that coach-type traffic created to justify the lines' running schedules every hour during the day and we might get the fare down to about 250 dollars," he concludes.

Pack 'em in and sit 'em up! Two hundred and fifty dollars and twelve hours to London! Tomorrow it could just as well be Buenos Aires, Capetown, Honolulu or Sydney—the only difference will be the destination, the time and the price of the ticket.

Talking about all those foreign places though is all right for some folks but Mrs. Murgatroyd is only interested in her annual visit to Cousin Sadie in Denver. How will she likely travel after the war and what'll it cost her?

As I stood at the Chicago Airport one afternoon a few weeks ago with W. A. Patterson, President of United Air Lines, watching one of his Mainliners load up, the crowd near us on the outside of the fence numbered two or three hundred. The passengers waiting to board the plane could hardly move down the runway for the fascinated throng there just to see the ships land and take off.

As we watched the scene, Patterson turned and said, "You know it's not the few people getting on that plane that's going to make air travel important—the big market is those people who are watching 'em get on. Nothing would tickle any one of them more than to be able to walk up those steps into that plane. The princi-



pal reason they don't isn't fear any longer—it's price. We've got to get our prices down," he added.

"Bigger ships will help bring lower rates, but that's not all the answer," says Patterson. "You know, Glenn Martin will tell you there's no limit to the size of an airplane. That's true about building them, but it's not true about running them. For in running them we're limited by the size of the airports into which we operate and even more limited by the flow of traffic. Building bigger airports means getting farther from town and we don't want to do that. Developing an economical flow of traffic means starting with planes of reasonable capacity and working up to the big ones. For example, we may easily be able to fill a 100-passenger plane out of New York for Chicago on the popular five o'clock departure, but for the three o'clock there wouldn't be more than twenty-five passengers. In that instance, we had rather have a standard type plane with a capacity of forty or fifty and run extra sections for the five o'clock as needed. It costs just as much to run a plane whether you've got five or fifty people in it. Keeping 'em loaded is what counts," as Patterson puts it.

"We should be able to start off with Douglas DC-4's—which carry forty—and build up to the hundred passenger planes on main routes within two or three years after the war. If we do, we'll probably add 100 miles an hour to the average speed of the plane which would cut the New York-Los Angeles flying time to nine hours—and the rate might come down to as low as three cents a mile," Patterson adds.

On that basis, an air ticket from Buffalo to Denver would cost $41.00 and the traveling time would be five hours. The first-class rail fare today is $67.50 and requires twenty-four hours traveling. Does that answer your question, Mrs. Murgatroyd?

In domestic air transport, however, the one development that will make the advantages of air service available to the most people is the feeder airline. Joseph B. Eastman, who has the biggest job in our present war transportation, believes that "feeder airlines can make possible and profitable the operation of 100-passenger Mainliners, the building of a national air transport system and overnight service from any point in America to everybody's doorstep."

Feeder lines are destined to be the branch lines of the industry. They will provide local service to the smaller towns of 5,000 people and more, picking up passengers in eight or ten passenger planes and consolidating them at the main line terminals like Memphis or Dallas, where they'll board the big ships for the long trips.

AIR CARGO AND MAIL

Today, General Harold L. George's Air Transport Command carries tons of cargo daily into the passes of Tibet and through the sandstorms of the Sahara, all as part of a great world-wide system that the pressure of global war makes necessary. Tomorrow peace will end the vital need of speed and make for air cargo a different day. Even Grover Loening, leading exponent of air freight, thinks "after the war our honeymoon of disregarding cost per-ton-mile will be over. In war, our duty is to get the goods there; in peace, our duty is to get them there at the cheapest rate. Obviously aircraft will suffer severely on that score."

Perhaps Commander C. H. "Dutch" Schildhauer of our Naval Air Transport, who has flown trans-ocean cargo and studied its problems, puts that case in point. "There's been a lot of loose talk about planes replacing cargo boats after the war. Now while we're fighting, anything goes. Whether we follow further the bold Kaiser proposal or something else, makes no difference as long as we get the stuff there to win. But the theorists that are talking now about handling the world's cargo transportation by air in the post-war period just haven't looked at the economics of the thing."

Commander Schildhauer explains, "The normal boat rate on hardwood lumber from Mobile, Alabama to Hamburg, Germany is ten dollars a ton. The distance is 5,000 nautical miles or a hauling cost of two mills per ton-mile. The largest and most economical cargo 'dream' ship that any of the manufacturers have even thought about—making the shortest runs possible to reduce gasoline weight—has a projected operating cost of twenty cents per ton-mile for that same trip. How much of that traffic do you think will move by air when the rate is one hundred times the boat rate?" he argues. "If you could make the trip in five minutes you still wouldn't get the business."

"Now I don't mean we won't have any trans-ocean air cargo. We will. It will be the high-class traffic though—watch parts from Switzerland, currency from China, or maybe those rare flowers they grow in the Azores. We might, in five or six years, get down to where we can handle some perishable fruits profitably, such as bananas from Central America. Being able to fly cargo direct to your destination and eliminating boat and train transfer will be worth something. If the operating costs are low enough, there'll be all cargo ships—maybe a larger and improved stainless steel job like Budd is building. Most of the items, however, will move in the same ship with passengers—and the air will get the passenger business," the Commander says.

Trans-ocean cargo has its own peculiar problems—long hops and weighty gas supplies, weather conditions and heavier ship construction. On the other hand, air cargo planes for domestic service can take every advantage. They can be built of most anything—plastic, plywood, paper, steel or alloys. They can stop anywhere, get serviced anywhere, make short runs or long ones, use economical speeds and have a long haul flexibility that no other method of transport enjoys. The only limit of domestic air cargo is what it will cost the shipper to move it that way.

C. G. Peterson, Chief Engineer of the Company that handles today's Air Express, explains an important phase of air cargo's problems and prospects. "You must remember that the big end of the business is not in the air—it's on the ground. No matter how cheap you make a plane operate or how much it will carry, you are still confronted with the fact that your airports are miles from distribution centers and that, in order to be effective, most air movements require special handling. Nearly all railway express moves at one hour of the day—six o'clock. You handle it on a volume basis. But if you've got a package in New York going by air to the Barnes Drug Company in Cleveland, Ohio, you must be able to pick it up, carry it to the airport and deliver it at the other end at any hour of the day. Otherwise, it will use the overnight service of the railroads or trucks and save the difference in rate.

"That special handling and those trips to the airport cost money. For instance, the out-of-pocket cost to pick up and deliver air express today is three times more than Railway Express. In the post-war period, rate reductions, a larger volume and better use of containers will enable us to narrow that margin—but it's a tough problem."

After the war, we can expect a deluge of air freight promoters and operators, nearly all using the cargo ships bought from the government that were built to win the war. They will have one principal source of traffic to draw on—Railway Express. There are possibilities, though, that air cargo can justify higher rates than express

Continued on page 94

God from a Machine

The strange white man explained these island natives were prone to worship everything they could not understand

by J. F. HUTTON

• FICTION •

I CAN'T tell you the name of the island. It wouldn't mean anything anyway, except to the other boys who were there. Maybe not even to them.

But they'd remember Casey. They'd never forget the way he met us when we landed, rising over those natives like some pagan giant. His homely red face was contorted and his deep-throated oaths rode in with us on the creaming breakers. Then we saw he was crying.

God knows how long he'd been there, or what crime still kept him out of the United States. We didn't really care. He was the one remnant of civilization in that lonely paradise. And he had a stock of honest Bourbon whiskey.

He wouldn't take our money. "It's worth it," he growled, "just to stand here and look at your ugly faces."

He was something to look at himself. He had no arms, and it was obvious that the loss was a recent one. His barrel chest was shaggy with red hair; his beard was a thing to marvel at. His shack was incredibly dirty. We were no angels ourselves, but there was something about this man that shamed us.

He took a shine to me. "You had an Irish mother," he said, and I couldn't deny it.

He talked to us, between kicks at the sweating little brown fellow who did his work. He wasn't surprised to learn what brought us there. He seemed to have expected it. And if ever a man was hungry for news from home, it was that blasphemous countryman of ours.

We had seen the natives through binoculars, ganging up on the shore. Now they were gone, all except Casey's helper. It was odd, being waited on by something half-wild like that. You couldn't help wondering how Casey controlled him. No white man would have stood for his abuse.

He let me go, finally. He was pretty drunk by that time, and in following me out to the porch he bumped the door post. He winced as if he'd been hit. "'S all right," he said quickly, raising one of his stubs. "Not healed yet. But I'm riggin' myself a hook."

He begged me to come back. "You don't know what it means," he said, "livin' with these stupid heathen. Hell, man, there's been times . . ." His voice died away and he stared owlishly for a moment.

"Don't forget me," he pleaded suddenly. "Don't forget I'm a white man too."

We had work to do on that island. For a time we were too busy to think of Casey or whiskey or anything else. When I got around to his shack again I was dead on my feet. I don't know what took me there, unless it was the memory of his last words.

"Man," he grunted, "you need a drink." He led me into his little back room and before I could move he had a bottle under his stub and was working the cork with his teeth.

"Here," I said, "I'll—"

"Shut up! I gotta learn, don't I?" But he let me hold the glass for him.

He watched me, over the sputtering candle. "Ah, it's good to see you."

I knew what he meant. A lot of the boys who had come with me were through seeing anybody. They had flown away from the island and had never come back.

"It's hell," I said, and I meant it right down to the skin of my feet.

Casey didn't say anything. I had another drink and I felt a little better.

"There's different kinds of hell," he said finally. His big face got twisted.

I changed the subject, hurriedly. "These natives. Pretty wild bunch, aren't they?"

He snorted. "Worthless heathen devils! All they understand is a kick in the rear."

I remembered the way his little brown helper had looked at him. It wasn't the kind of a look that kicks produced.

I helped Casey to a drink. "Wonder what they think about it."

"Nothin' new to them."

"Planes are," I said, "and bombs, and the rest of it."

Casey's face wrinkled in a grin. The grin spread, and suddenly he reared back in his chair and bellowed with laughter. I blinked at the candlelight and waited.

"If you'll be good enough," he said, "to help me to another drink, I'll tell you a little story."

I wasn't tired anymore. I was floating, clear-headed, on the whiskey I'd had. Casey blew the drops off his whiskers and slowly began.

"They got a lot of gods. Anything they don't understand. Thunder. Typhoons. Somethin' the tide washed up. When I came here they was worshippin' a figurehead off an old sailin' ship."

Casey stopped and glared at me. "*Graven images!*"

He didn't seem the kind to be bothered by that. I almost said so.

"Well"—he continued—"a while back there was a big ruckus. They all ran away down the shore. Even my boy, here. Didn't see hide nor hair of 'em for forty-eight hours. But I could hear 'em, a-trompin' and hollerin' fit to raise the dead.

"I knew what was up. The blasted heathen had found a new god. They had a temple for it somewhere along the shore. They'd dropped everything and run off like a bunch of dam' kids.

"Then, the third day, the noise stopped. Dead. I come out on the porch and all I could hear was the surf chewin' at the reef. Gave me a funny feelin'. I started to look—and got a funnier one.

"We had visitors. They had dropped anchor in the lagoon and put out a boat. Navy, they were, all spic and span in their little uniforms. They come straight up to me, and bowed—hell, *you* know how they are!

"'What's your business?' I said.

"'Humble pardon,' they said. 'We are taking over here. We are starting colony.'

"'That's nice,' I said. 'But this island don't happen to belong to you.'

"'That is problem,' they said, 'for map-makers. Meanwhile, we start colony.'

"'Just try it,' I said. 'There'll be some of you fry in the blue flames of hell!'

"They bowed real low. 'Maybe you'd rather go back to San Francisco.'"

Casey sighed and looked at the candle. "God only knows how they found out. But they had me.

"'What about the natives?' I said. 'They'll have something to say about this.'

"They pointed down the beach to where another boatload had landed. 'Colonists,' they said, 'can take care of themselves.'"

Casey shook his head. "They called me tough, once upon a time. But I couldn't 'a held a candle to those bloody scum. They come up past us and went in my shack. I heard 'em thumpin' around in there.

"The Navy gave a big grin. 'They are looking for women.'"

Casey eyed me. "You get the idea?"

I got the idea, all right.

"Well," he went on, "they fooled around what was left of the day, lookin' the place over. When night came, they all went back to the boat.

"I got out my old forty-five and cleaned it. I had a few drinks. Then I went out to find the natives. They was still holed up in the brush, and I had to let 'em know what was goin' on. Besides, when I sat still I got to worryin' about my own skin.

"My boy was waitin' for me. I found I didn't have to tell him what was up. The colonists had caught two of their women. The rest of the women was back in the hills. The men was down at the temple, talkin' it over with their new idol.

"There wasn't much left to do but go down there myself. I felt sorry for them, but I felt even sorrier for myself. I found 'em

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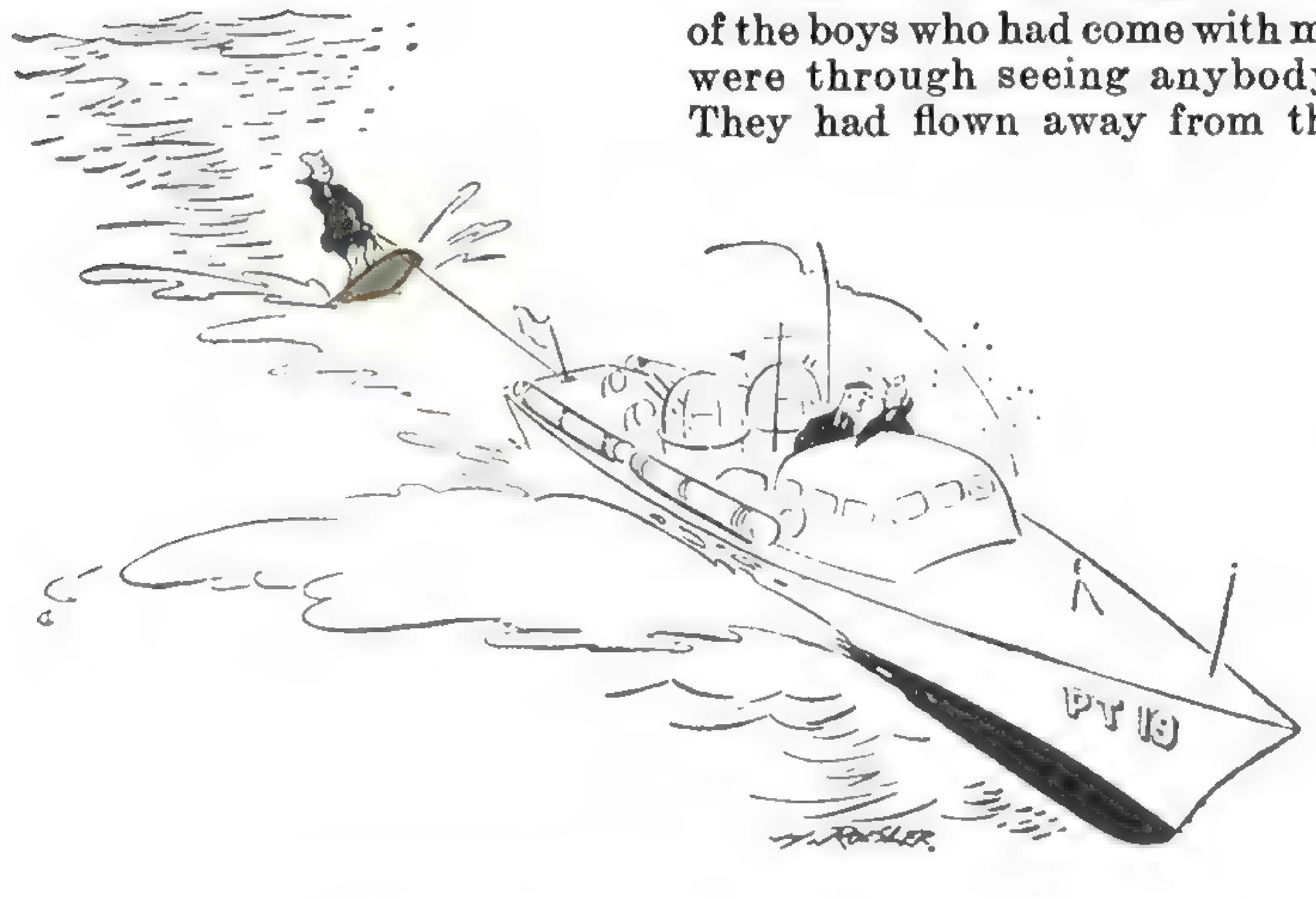
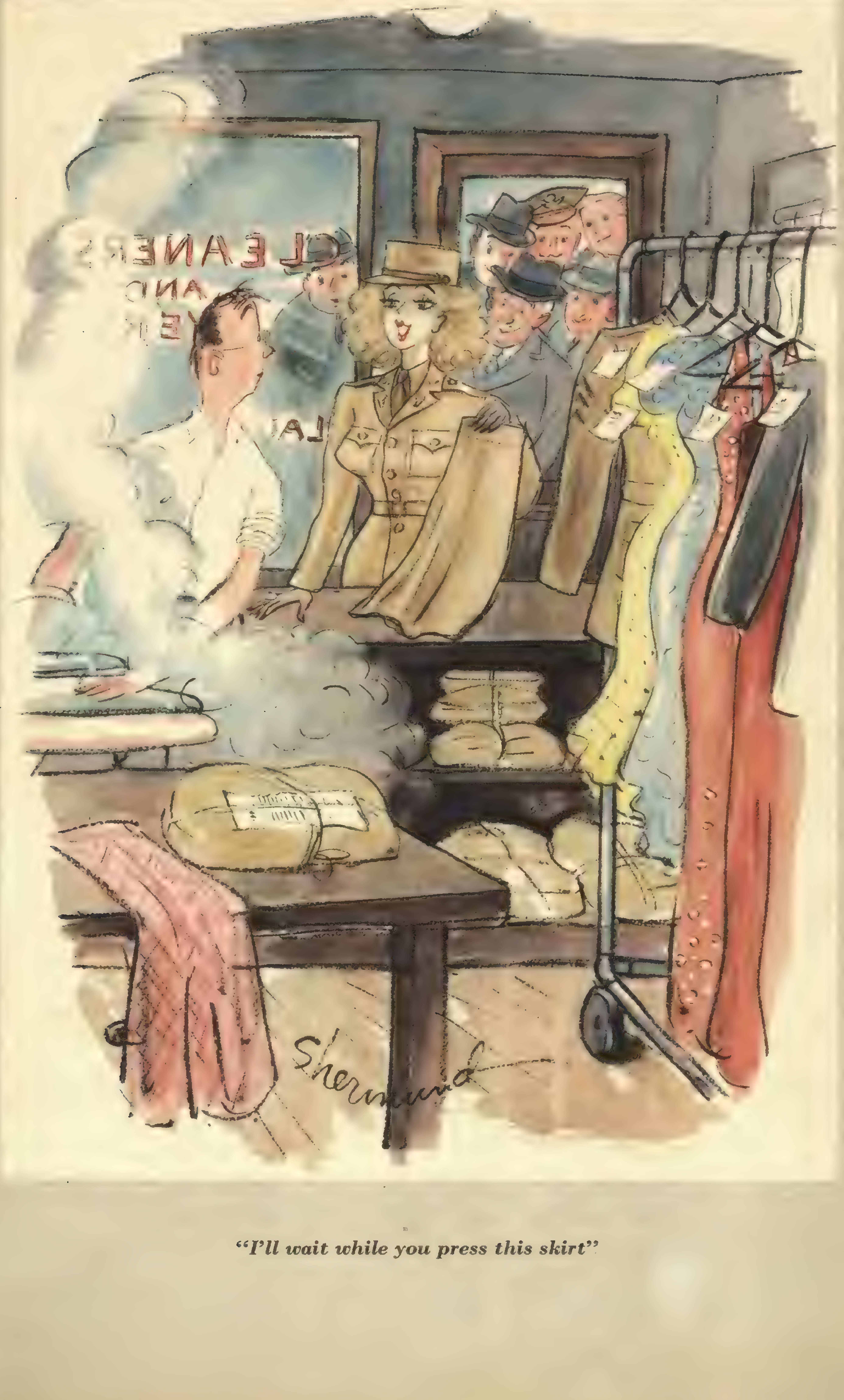
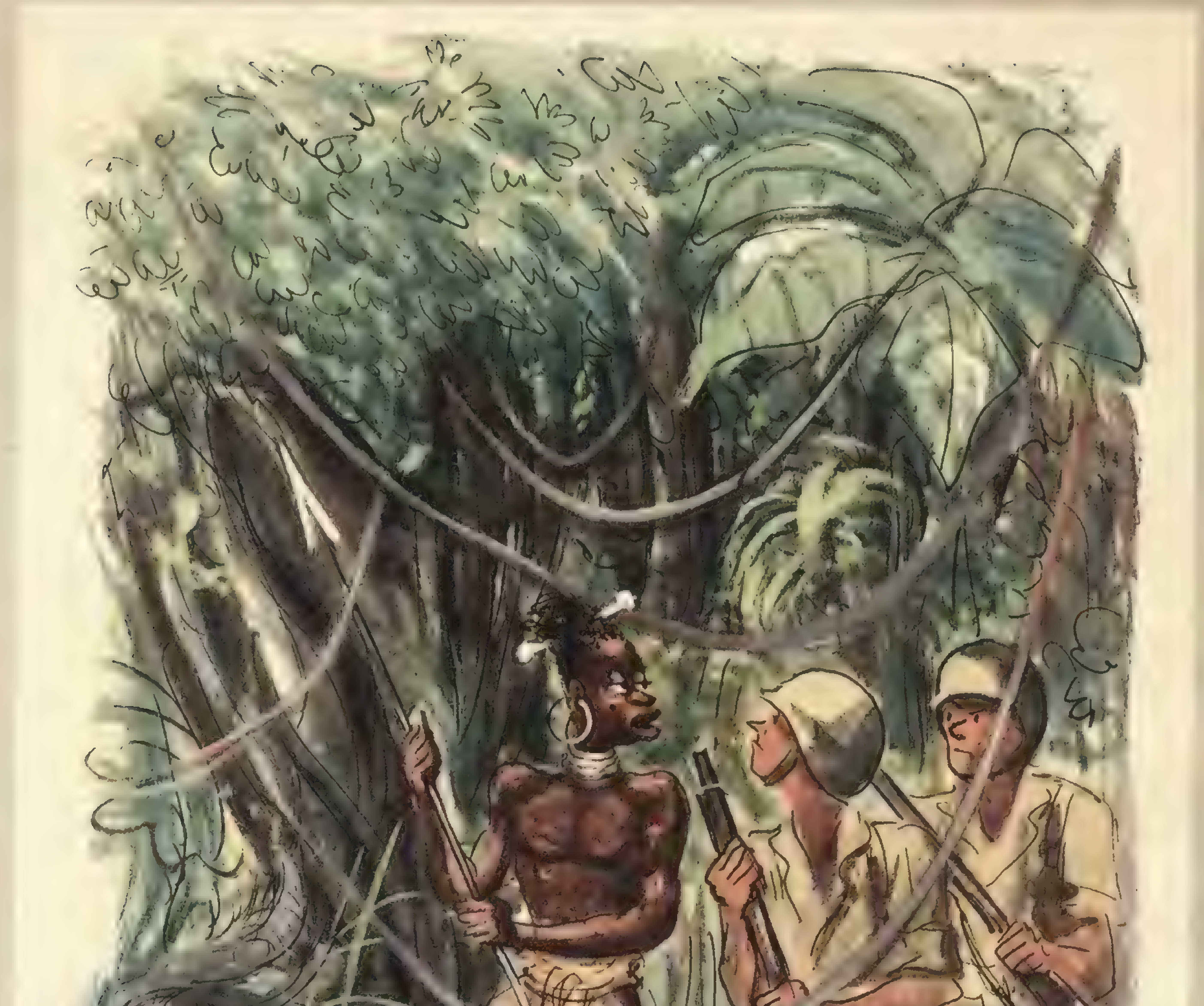


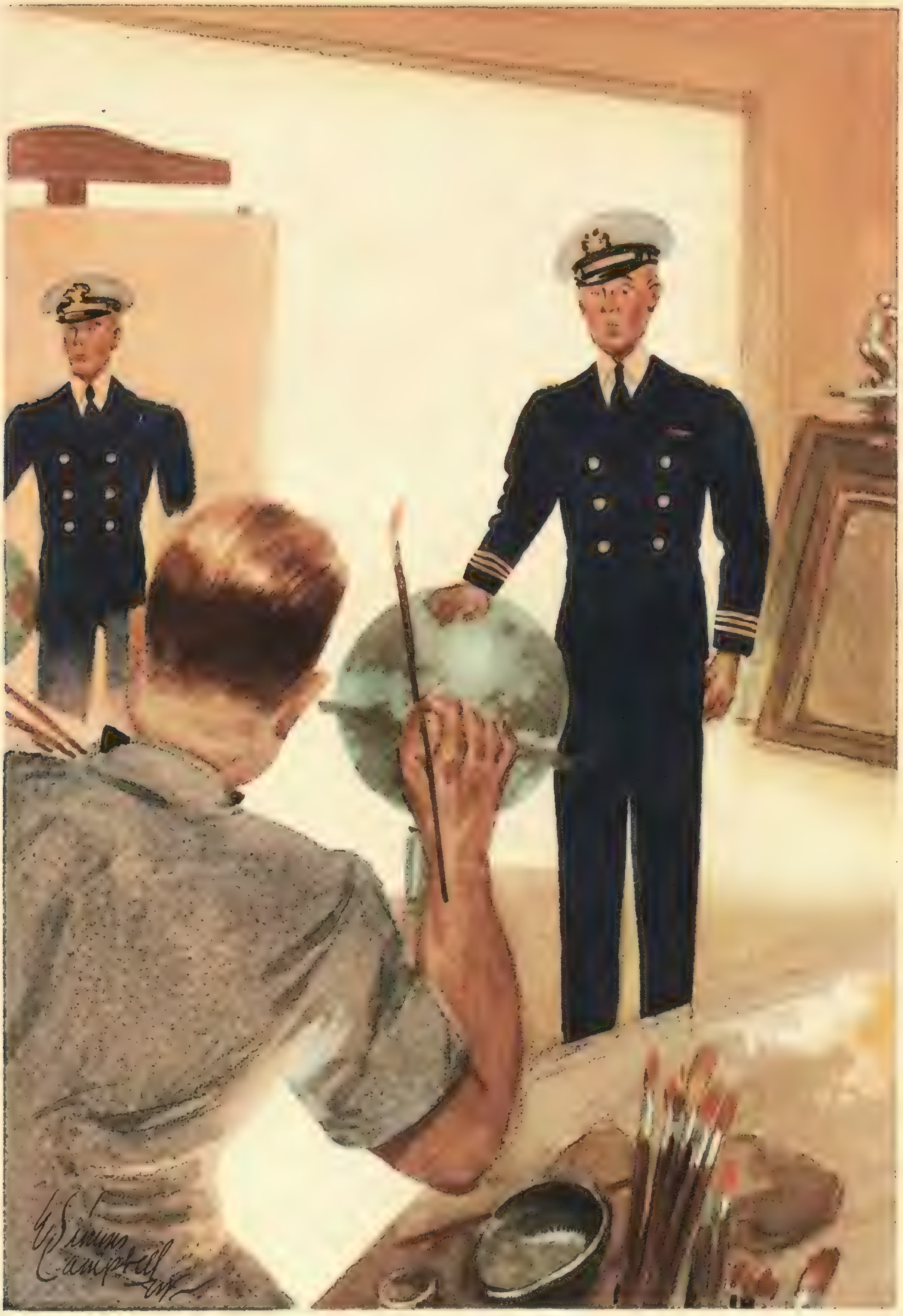
"Where in 'ell's the bosun's mate?"


CLEANERS
AND
LA
Sherman

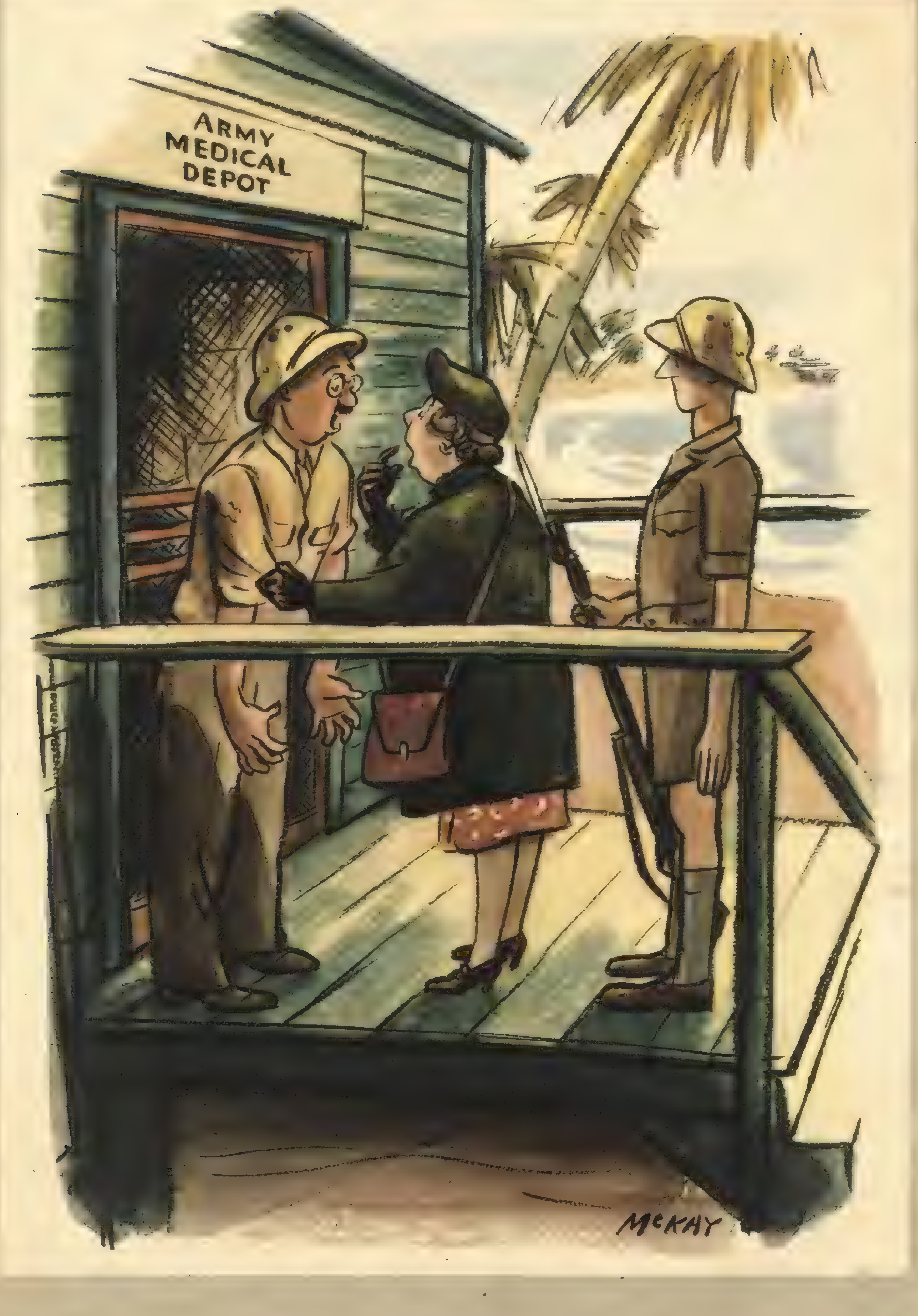
"I'll wait while you press this skirt"


Howard Baer

"This jungle is practically impenetrable—except, of course, for Bing Crosby and Bob Hope"


E. Simms Campbell

"I can give you that promotion with just a few strokes now, Commander —how about it?"


ARMY MEDICAL DEPOT
McKAY

"I know I told you always to see your dentist twice a year, Mrs. Kirby—but it wasn't necessary for you to come away out here since I'm in the Service!"

What Can Be Told About Giraud

How the great soldier brought hope to France and dramatically proved it is unnecessary to compromise with Hitler

by CURT RIESS

• ARTICLE •

"It isn't so easy to kill my Henri," said Mrs. Giraud stubbornly on September 1, 1914, when she received her husband's saber and a notification that he had been killed in action. Like Mrs. Eddie Rickenbacker much more recently, she simply refused to believe the sad news.

That was exactly one month after the outbreak of World War I. Only a few days before, Captain Henri Giraud had landed in France with the Fourth Zouave Regiment and had been attached immediately to the Fifth French Army. The Germans were piling victory on victory. The Fifth Army, near the Belgian frontier, was in continuous retreat. Then came a French counter attack and a bayonet attack by the Fourth Zouave Regiment, in which Captain Giraud led his company. He fell, his breast pierced by a German bullet. His adjutant, Sabiani, who was trying to help him, was struck, too. That was on August 23rd. The sergeant, Truet, reported that both officers were dead.

But Henri Giraud was not dead. He was taken prisoner by the Germans and sent to a field hospital.

Next morning, still weak and close to death, he asked the German doctor, a major, for permission to write a letter to his wife so that she would know he was alive. The doctor declined curtly.

Giraud looked at him steadily. "If I were in your place and you in mine, I'd do the same for you," he said simply.

"The French are so chivalrous," the German doctor sneered. But somehow Giraud's few words and his look must have made an impression. Because the next day he reappeared at Giraud's bedside and awkwardly handed him an envelope. "My wife told me to give it to you," he murmured. "Now you can write your letter. I'll try to get it through."

At that time Henri Giraud was thirty-five years old. He was more than six feet tall, and had a rugged constitution that saved him this time and when he was wounded later in other wars. He had a fine, well-molded face, dark expressive eyes and a set jaw, and a thick moustache that contributed to his martial appearance. A solid figure, all in all, and a typical soldier. A daredevil, a reckless go-ahead fellow, he was straightforward and unsubtle, certainly without inhibitions. Giraud always had the ability to get people excited, to draw them along with him and with his plans. That is how his soldiers felt, that is how the officers who had to do with him felt.

Twenty-five years after he had convinced the German doctor, just by looking at him, and telling him what he himself would have done, Giraud had another conversation with a German officer. More was at stake this time than a letter. His life hung in the balance.

"You will be put in front of a firing squad," the German general declared coldly after Giraud had been captured in May, 1940. "You gave orders to kill two German civilians in Northern France."

"I did," Giraud replied calmly. "Two Germans in civilian dress landed with parachutes behind our lines in order to sabotage. Under the same circumstances I would give the same order again." He looked straight at the German. "And I hope that you would, too."

When Giraud told of that conversation later, he said he then had the feeling that all was over. But instead he was sent to the castle of Koenigstein, where the majority of French officers were held prisoner.

* * *

It is only natural that a soldier who thought in such simple and straightforward terms as Giraud could not for long accept the idea of imprisonment. He proved it in both world wars.

He had been wounded and taken prisoner on August 23, 1914. In October, his first attempt to escape was thwarted. On November 15th he made a second try, along with another prisoner, Colonel Schmitt, which succeeded. They reached Saint Quentin in civilian clothes and were hidden in a hotel by patriots. Giraud then appeared first as an employe in a coal shop, then as a waiter. In the latter role he and Schmitt were able to overhear snatches of conversation among German soldiers, and then transmitted important intelligence to the French and English via underground channels.

But, of course, Giraud and Schmitt could not stay forever in Saint Quentin, where they were in constant danger of discovery. They were eventually smuggled across the frontier into Belgium. There they became troupers in a wandering circus—of all things. Giraud played the role of a magician for two performances a day. And the daughter of the proprietor fell in love with him and he had a hard time to keep her from marrying him. Finally the circus arrived in Brussels. There he was recognized by a young man whom he, in turn, recognized. The youth was a deserter from the Foreign Legion. Giraud was afraid the boy would betray him to the Germans, and he determined to do away with him. Happily, however, the deserter in the meantime had acquired a new profession; he was busy helping French and British prisoners to escape out of the country.

That young man finally arranged for Giraud and Schmitt to meet Edith Cavell, who planned their escape to Holland. From there they went to England and in February, 1915, the wanderers were back in France.

That was the first flight of Henri Giraud, the first of three flights he made which excited the whole world. The next was from Hitler's prison, early in 1942, and the third was Giraud's flight out of unoccupied France toward the end of 1942. Madame Giraud was right. It is not so easy to get rid of Henri Giraud.

In all these escapes Giraud showed an astonishing measure of imagination and ingenuity. It was all extremely romantic and dramatic. There aren't many people alive today who have lived through so many exciting, almost melodramatic situations. In a way, his whole life is proof that even in this era of tanks and planes and machine guns, adventure, very personal adventure, is still possible to a soldier. Little wonder that Giraud captured the people's imagination and became a legend during his own lifetime.

He wasn't born for adventure. He was a petit bourgeois if ever there was one.

Henri Honoré Giraud was born in Paris in 1879, one of three sons in a middle-class family. There was money, not very much, but enough for them to live on the regular income from the father's bonds. Henri was slated to become either a little government employe or a soldier. He was to have a regular income, too, and live a well-ordered life. There is much in the make-up of Henri Giraud which seems to indicate that he wanted to do just that. He married early, his marriage was very happy and his wife gave him four daughters and three sons.

His military career, too, was well-planned and followed long-established lines. He went through the usual schools—one of his school friends was Paul Reynaud—he was graduated from the military school of Saint Cyr, made a Lieutenant and sent to Bizerte, then Tunis.

After the usual lapse of a few years he returned to Paris, studied at the *École militaire*, was called to the general staff, later sent back to Africa, and there made his way during the next twenty years till he became a general, garnering in the meantime many decorations and honors.

His fellow officers, his men, were

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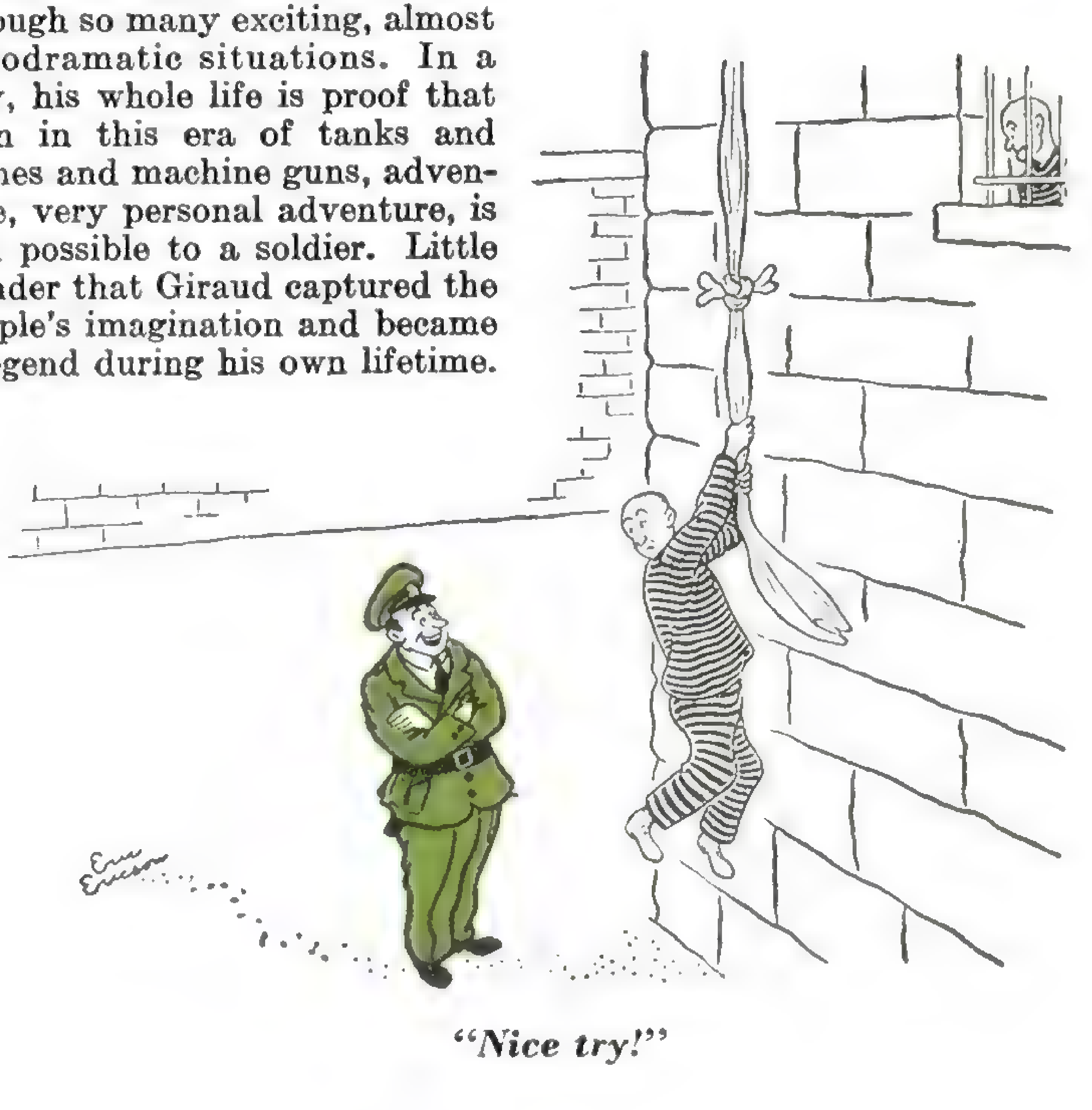


"Nice try!"

Down on the Farm

Corky Smith's old grandmother is so patriotic, two soldiers on furlough are as welcome as the flowers in May

by LOUIS PAUL

FICTION

"This is worst than the worse thing that is ever happened to me in the entire past tense," groaned Sergeant Smoot. "This claps the climax!"

"What's the matter?" said Ortwingle. "Have they went ahead and promoted you into a higher rank?"

"No, but it is almost something jist as worst. This is like bein' hit with a piece of heavy irony." Smoot shook his head dolefully and held out an official envelope with its contents for Corporal Ortwingle's inspection.

Ortwingle's mouth fell open. "A seven-day furloff. Well, what is so contemptible about a seven-day furloff? You must of went ahead and applied for it, otherwise they wouldn't of gave it to you."

"I been applyin' for a furloff since about three years before Pearl's Harbor," Smoot said glumly. "I guess it is a Gremlin which is been hidin' in my barrack bag to find out the psychological moment that I am not got a cent in my pocket to tell them at Headquarters it is still two weeks to payday and now is the perfect time to issue Smoot his furloff."

"Maybe Corky Smith will advance you a private loaned of some dough."

"Smith," said Smoot sourly. "Corky Smith reminds me of ole Prince Midas who everything he touched turned to gold. Ony in Smith's case the example is jist backwards. Every time Corky Smith touches gold it turns into nothin'."

"I got sixty cents, if that will be any help to you."

Smoot completely ignored this exhibition of Ortwingle's liberality. "The tragedy part of the whole thing is that once a soldier is been issued a furloff he's cut off the mess sergeant's ration allowance for the duration of his leave." Not eating for seven days in succession was a somewhat melancholy prospect.

"Maybe me and Hyler and Corky kin sneak you some scraps out of the kitchen," said Ortwingle brightly.

"A ominous intuition tells me it is about time to start wishin' I was never born," said Smoot. "I guess I am one of life's little haphazards," he sighed. "My fate is a kind one—the screwy kind. I figger I am the darling of misfortune. I could hold every ticket in a lottery and I still wouldn't win. If the worse that happens to me is that nothin' ever turns out right, I think I'm lucky. Under socialism, where everybody is suppose to be equal, I bet the government would haff to start me off with a million dollars. I couldn't come out ahead if the dice was loaded, the cards stacked, and I had special permission from President Roosevelt to use soap coupons for money."

"What do you want me to do," said Ortwingle, "lend you a hankerchiff? I already offered to give you the loaned of my last sixty cents without no security."

"Look at this!" exclaimed Corky Smith, bursting into the room. He waved an envelope in front of him. "I am been gave a seven-day furloff that I forgot I put in for! Boy oh boy! Big City, here I come!"

Smoot and Ortwingle paid virtually no attention to this explosion of enthusiasm. "A furloff is yesterday's news," said Smoot. "It is a cold potato. It is like somebody rushin' in excitedly and tellin' you Lincoln jist freed the slaves." Smoot showed him his own leave. "Furloffs is as common around here as dopes in my patoon."

Corky Smith's face fell. "Oh. Well, when I received this furloff I immediately begin to worry where any jack is gonna come from to go to town and tear up a few sidewalks, but then I figgered all I had to do was to ast Smoot for a small loaned of around a hundred bucks till payday. I didn't figger ole Smooty would also be gave a furloff at the same time."

"You mean you ain't got no dough either?"

"I got some money that slipped down into the lining of my coat," said Corky Smith. "It feels like either a dime or a penny."

"I don't think we are gonna be able to sneak enough scraps out of the mess hall to feed both you guys," said Ortwingle.

Corporal Smith shook his head. "I kind of had my heart set on stuffin' myself up with a lot of porterhouse steak smothered in pork chops, then stretchin' out in some nice hotel suit and sleepin' about eighty-five hours, and then finely after I felt good and rested to look around to see where some hell was bein' raised and help 'em raise it. Now all my dreams has bursted like thin air into soap bubbles."

"It is jist a matter of opinion," Smoot told Corky, "as to whether it is sadder to have my hard luck with you, or go off some place and have it by myself."

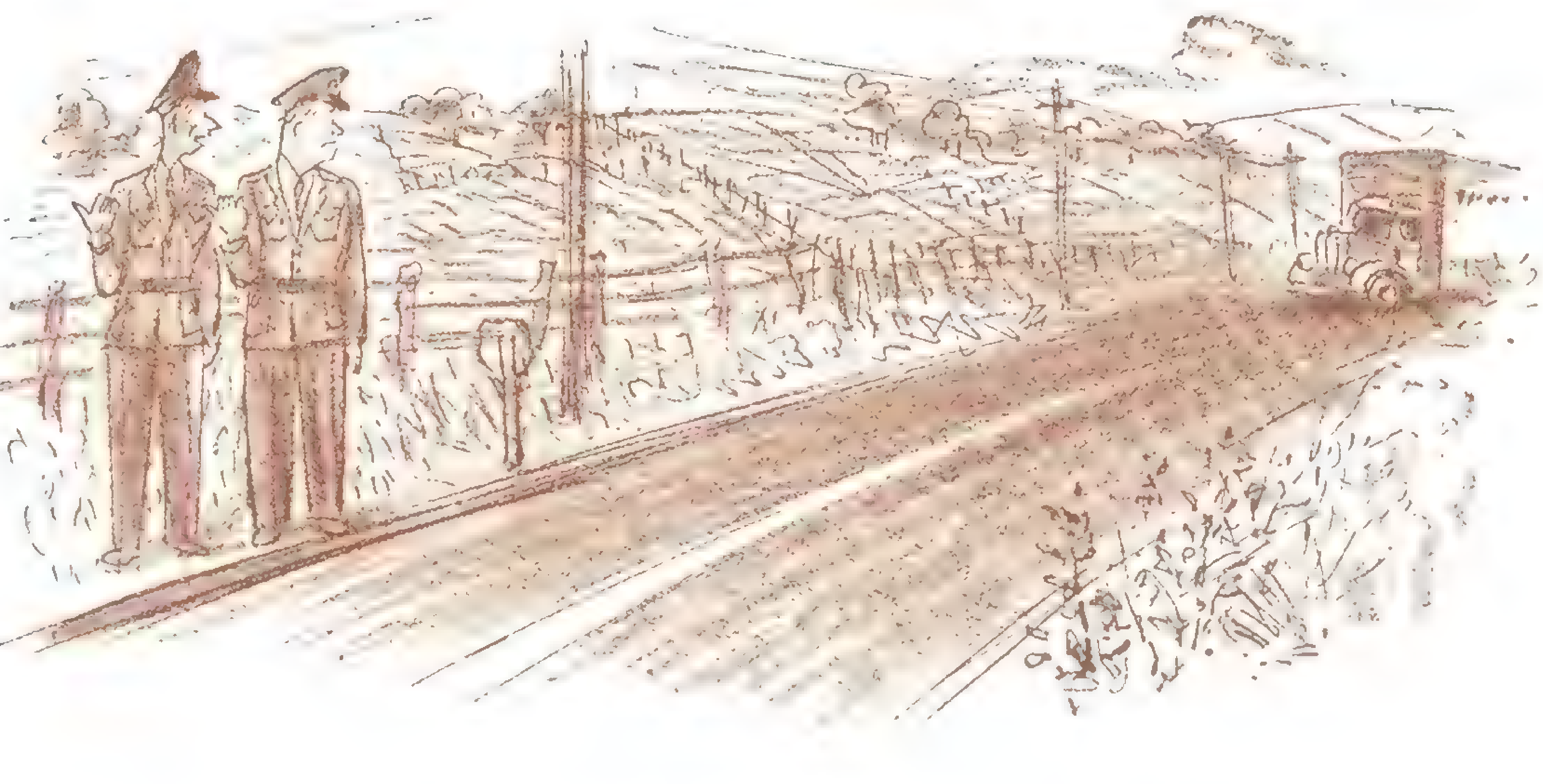
"Wow!" exclaimed Corky Smith. "Listen to this terrific inspiration that is jist struck my brain. I got a inspiration that will settle the whole problem of how to have a wonderful furloff in spite of the small matter of havin' no money. The answer to the entire solution is my ole grandmother."

"I thought that ole grandmother of yours was jist a pigment of your imagination that you made up on the spur of the moment out of whole cloth," said Ortwingle.

"No sir. All we got to do is thumb a hitch to this farm in the country, and this grandmother of mine will throw out the welcome mat with open arms."

"How far away do we haff to thumb a hitch to this ole grandmother of yours's farm?" said Smoot.

"It shouldn't take us ony a day or two. Boy, how I never thought of goin' on no furloff to visit my ole grandmother shows how dumb I probly am. Farm life is the ony life, and wait until you see what my grandmother usually cooks for breakfist—first a stack of hotcakes swimmin' in melted butter and maple surrip to lay a good foundation so that the real food don't leak through, then comes a couple of mush melons and a pan of bakin' powder buscuits and a half a dozen fresh eggs jist took from the hen house. Finely comes the real breakfist, composed of fried ham and sausages and hash brown batatoes and a couple of glasses of milk and some johnny cake and bacon a inch thick followed by a good healthy slice of hot mince pie. That's the real



country breakfist!"

Ortwingle swallowed uncomfortably. "I don't suppose you guys would like to wait to see if I also could git a furloff."

"Come on," said Corky Smith to Smoot. "Seven days is a pretty short time to satisfy a appetite on a country farm."

"I don't know," said Smoot doubtfully. "It sounds all right, but I still got this ominous intuition that tells me the best I kin expect is a catastropy."

"How kin eatin' roast turkeys and lamb chops and pork tenderlions and sleepin' into featherbed mattresses and stretchin' out before a blazin' log fire and listenin' to my ole grandmother tell lies about killin' Indians barehanded in the good ole days turn out to be a catastropy?"

"I don't know. Maybe somethin' beautiful is about to happen to me jist to show me how unlucky I am the rest of the time. Well . . ." Smoot hesitated, then reluctantly took out his wallet and extracted a wrinkled, shopworn five dollar bill. "This is a bill I been savin' for years for the case of some desperate emergency. It will probly see us through if we need it for somethin' on the trip."

Corky blinked. "It ony goes to prove you can't judge nobody by appearance's sake. I guess ole Smooty is got a heart underneath that harsh interior after all."

Later, out on the highway, Corky Smith sighed lightheartedly. "I feel like a eagle that has excaped out of his birdcage and is about to fly home to roast."

"We could use a pair of wings apiece," said Smoot. "A lot of automobiles don't seem to be passin' along this highway." Five miles later Smoot said, "Already my intuition tells me nothin' good is gonna come of this furloff."

"You're always lookin' at the seemly side of life. Here's a milk truck now."

The driver said, "Hop up, soldiers."

"What's the matter that we don't see no cars?" said Smoot. "It it a house has fell across the highway some place?"

"Haven't you boys heard of gas rationing?"

"We forgot all about that," said Corky Smith. "In the Army we got jeeps that run all day on a squirt of Flit."

"Wish they'd draft me," said the truck driver wistfully. "Drivin' a truck on one cup of Java ain't much fun. How far you fellers goin'?" Corky told him and the driver said he could take them a good way. "I'm anxious to get home this trip—wife sent a special delivery letter sayin' she's holdin' two slices of bacon for me. This thirty-five speed limit gives you the idea you're a pioneer in a covered wagon. You boys had any pot-roast lately?"

"Yeah," said Smoot. "Why?"

"It's a privilege knowin' you. I never was lucky. Too young for the last war, too old for this one."

After dropping off at the truck's destination, Corky said, "That guy didn't make no sense to me. I still can't figger out what he was talkin' about."

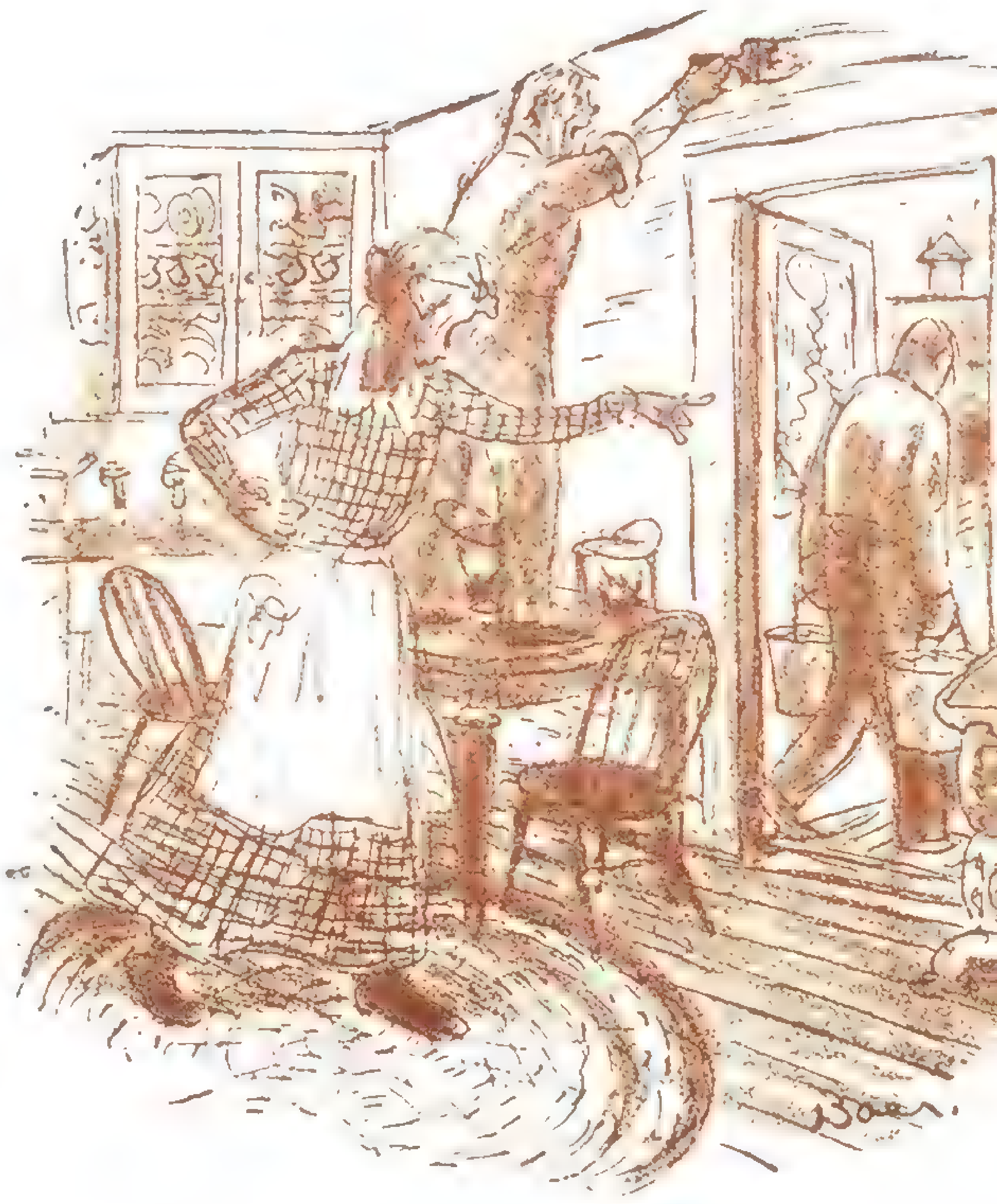
"I guess we been in the Army so long that people in private civilian life sounds a little screwy to our ears."

"How about eatin' a small repast in some restaurant?" said Corky. "I need a stop-gap to tidy me over until we arrive at my grandmother in the country's farmhouse."

"All right," said Smoot. "But order something that a little of it fills you up, like bananas or dumplings or rock candy."

"For a light stop-gap to tidy me over I usually order corn beef and cabbage and coconut cream pie allamode."

"On my emergency five bucks," said Smoot, "you will haff to do without the allamode."



They sat up at the counter in the small restaurant and examined the menu critically. "This looks good," said Corky. "Hungarian galoshes."

"Sorry, soldiers," said the waitress. "Two spaghettis and meat balls," she called out to the cook. "We're fresh out of goolosh."

"Then how about some ham and eggs?" said Corky.

"We're fresh out of everything but spaghettis and meat balls," said the waitress, plumping the plates down in front of them.

"But how do you know we like spaghettis and meat balls?" said Smoot.

"If you don't like 'em, soldier, you should of stayed back in your camp. Ain't you ever heard we got a war on?"

"Yes ma'am," said Smoot, subdued. "Anyway, kin we have some coffee, about half cream?"

"I can give you some coffee, about half coffee," said the waitress.

"We ain't been around much," said Smoot. "Is it some congressman which is figgered a way that eatin' nothin' but spaghettis and meat balls will win us the war?"

"Don't ask me, soldier. I'm no claravoyant. All I know is that about eleven o'clock tomorrow mornin' we're also gonna be fresh out of spaghettis and meat balls, and then I'm enlistin' as a private in the WAACs."

"Two anemics comin' up," said the cook.

"Maybe we would of done better at Ortwingle's suggestion to bring us some scraps from the mess hall," Smoot sighed.

"That's all right," said Corky optimistically. "Jist wait until we arrive in a little while at my ole grandmother's farmhouse." Outside again, they stood hopefully looking for another car to come along. "This gas rationing is okay, I guess," said Corky. "But it is too astringent. They at lease ought to allow people enough gasoline in order to pick up and give a ride to the fightin' men of the armored forces who are layin' down their lifes for democracy."

"Anyway, you do enough layin' down," said Smoot. "Right now we better start hikin', because it's so dark already I can't see a face before my hand."

An occasional lift during the night on assorted trucks brought them at last within sight of their destination. "All our misapprehensions are about over," said Corky Smith. "Jist around that bend in the road is this place in the country's of my ole grandmother. Will she be glad to see two conquered heroes returnin' from the wars!"

"I kin feel an ill omen runnin' up and down my spiral column," said Smoot. "If it turns out that we have a good time it'll be a disappointment to me."

"Listen," said Corky Smith. "The minute my ole grandmother sees us she'll—"

"Well, I'm a cross-eyed pigeon if it ain't little Willie come home to see his Granny!" exclaimed Corky's grandmother.

"This is Sergeant Smoot, Gramma."

"Big ugly devil, ain't he?" Grandma cackled. "Come in, come in. Well, well!"

"We got a seven-day furloff," said Corky. "And we're hungry."

"Any time a Smith ain't hongry he's been sewed up at both ends," declared Grandma, laughing. "Got a fine mess o' oatmeal slop a-cookin'. Take off your coats and shirts and set whilst I go fetch a mite o' skim milk. Oatmeal slop and skim milk is mighty fillin'."

At first they were too polite to say anything, but finally Corky could contain himself no longer. "Ain't you got no settin' hens, Gramma? Ain't you got cows that gives nothin' but skim milk? Ain't you cured no ten or twelve hawgs last fall? What's the matter, did somebody foreclose a morgidge or somethin'?"

"Listen at that boy raise gas! Got three hundred hens, but eggs is too expensive for folks to eat nowadays. War workers and sojers, them's the ony one's kin eat eggs and hawg meat. Ain't you big overgrowed calfs heered they's a war on?"

"Sure we heard it," said Corky. "That's why we went ahead and ast for a seven-day furloff, to git a vacation from it."

"Well, well. Seems good to see a man agin," Grandma said. "Been milkin' an' chorin' an' curin' and feedin' all by myself sence Harold, the hired man, left to go work on a airplane farm. You two big lazy devils is as welcome as the flowers in May. Hurry up and git that slop swallered. They is some pairs of overhauls standin' up in the closet. Willie, I'll start you a-totin' the pigs their mash. As for you, Major Smoot, fer years I been a-hungerin' to see this ole house take a paintin'. I'll point out where a fifty-gallon tub o' red lead is standin' in the wood shed. On and off it oughtn't to take more'n four-five days t' give it a coat. Look lively, men. Time's a-wastin'. If we don't git Hitler, he'll git us."

Smoot said something under his breath. It sounded like the growl of an infuriated bear. "Jist wait until I find you alone some place," he grunted at Corky Smith.

After supper that evening Corky said, "I'm still hungry, Gramma. That soup is leakin' right through my crevices."

"Here's a nice piece o' bacon rind to gnaw on, son. This is war times. Food is ammunition. Got to save it for our boys in the service."

"But we're our boys in the service, Granny," said Corky.

"Whoever relaxes helps the Axis, that's your ole Grandma's motter. Be frugal and the bugle'll blow taps for the Japs. I'll set the alarm for two-thirty, boys. You kin start paintin' by the light o'

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A Revolution Worth Welcoming

British writer feels the descent of thousands of American soldiers upon England will leave a permanent mark

by TREVOR WIGNALL

• SPORTS •

AT seven o'clock each evening of the week, Sundays included, the bland voice of a B.B.C. radio announcer, usually feminine, filters into the homes of hundreds of thousands of British listeners, saying this: "And now here is the American Sports Bulletin."

Bang on top of the intimation rings the voice, far less dulcet, of either Sgt. Bill Carey or Pvt. Ford Kennedy, who are widely and favorably known as the sportscasters of the American Army newspaper *Stars and Stripes*. Bill and Ford differ from the B.B.C's Oxford-accented, slow-speaking intellectuals in that they do not mind if a sniff or a cough trips them momentarily as they relate the day's sports doings in the United States. It has even happened that they have registered consternation mixed with mild disgust while telling that something unfortunate had occurred to Notre Dame or Them Bums. But Bill and Ford are big guys here in Britain. As broadcasters they rank with the big shots; as audience-compellers they are almost up with Prime Minister Churchill and Jack Benny.

A small matter, you may remark, blinking a little. Not so, permit me to answer. If even in your thoughts you regard the matter as small, you don't know Britain. Twelve months ago you could not have got a piece about sport into a Sunday B.B.C. program with the aid of a Sherman tank. And three years ago, if you had suggested occupying five minutes of valuable B.B.C. time with trivia about the defeat of Northwestern or the sudden retirement under punishment of the fly-weight champion of Waukegan you would have found yourself registered as ready and packed for immediate confinement with other mental cases. Revolution, of a kind, has hit this country of mine. It has been engineered by America and Americans. It is an interesting revolution, with effects that may prove to be phenomenal.

As this is written, with the winter winds howling, Bill and Ford are up to their necks in football. We are hearing names that are as strange as passages in Sanskrit, and with them gradings, forecasts, results, and rapid-fire commentaries. At least once every week we are told about the boys who head the lists with completion of passes or carrying the ball. For a time this had most of us well and truly stumped. You see, in our football, Soccer and Rugby, when a man kicks a goal or scores a try he does just that, and no more. We never had statisticians to remind us of the yards he traversed, or the name of the lad who slung him the ball. It is possible that some of our Soccer stars cover eleven miles every time they play, but nobody has ever been aware of it. Nor has it ever been known for an expert to step up to the microphone on a Wednesday to inform us what is due to happen on the following Saturday.

It took us a week or so to get on terms with Bill and Ford, but now lots of us have slips of paper on our knees so as to help in slamming the experting back where it belongs. We were aware of that word "upset" before Bill and Ford started slinging it around, but now we accept it as a new joy in life. And you ought to hear some of us converse since Bill and Ford took up Hollywood's good work. We're Brooklyn.

Just here I could write a lot about hands across the sea, and what it all may mean to and in the future, but that is not my assignment. But perhaps I may be allowed to state that the mixing of American soldiers with our folk is a plain miracle. All the little disagreements, all the little unpleasantnesses, all the thrown punches would not fill a bucket if they were gathered together. This, however, is mainly concerned with sport, and what it is destined to do to the United States and Britain. The reply to that is the accommodating word, "plenty." Not that there is an over-abundance of sport in your army or mine. That is another of the unexpected certainties. It puzzled me beyond measure for a while. Now I have the answer. The soldier boys of both countries are too hard-worked in their training to have either time or energy for much playing of games. When they are not hoofing it, or wrestling with tanks, or climbing under wire or over roof-tops, they are reading solid, solemn books. Not volumes with a love interest or Who-dun-it excitements, but hefty things about strangling sentries, or getting the wheel back on a Jeep, or living on what the desert has to offer. The amount of reading that is going on in both armies will probably mean destitution for authors in the years to come, for it seems to me that men now serving will scream aloud at the very sight of something between covers when they return to civilian life. But the reading does not weary them so much as the daily, and continuing, outdoor workout. Jack Dempsey, to my knowledge, was a holy terror for hard toil when in training. He never even started. He should see what some of the soldiers do when they come to scientifically-placed obstructions, or when they are selected for what is called Commando instruction. This is not a thing of days or weeks, but of months. No wonder there are yawns and aching glances in the direction of cots when, occasionally, evening falls.

I remember, with the affection that only receding memory provides, the time in 1916 when I was an officer-cadet in the University city of Cambridge. I thought we were fiercely treated. Yet actually all we were requested to do was march up and down, indulge in a bit of map-reading, and get as nearly next as we could to a ghastly tome known as King's Regulations. The soldiers of this period, from what I can see, are required to be acrobats, mathematicians, *chauffeurs, high-divers*, electricians, engineers, gunnery-specialists, barge-pilots, glider-jockeys, cross-country runners, long-distance walkers, camels, explorers, pole-vaulters, barrel-jumpers, tight-rope staggerers, and persons impervious to sunshine, moonlight, heat, cold, sand, mud, and the occasional necessity of closing the eyes or otherwise relaxing. The American doughboy, on a few days' leave in London, has no compelling urge to play or witness games. Can you blame him?

In the late Summer of 1942 fairly elaborate plans were drawn up by those American officers who were delegated to attend to entertainment and sport. I heard one of them outline the schemes on our wireless. Football was high on the list, as were basketball and indoor track meets; but many of

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AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE

The face and the fortune of Rebel Randall

IN 1941 the best heads in Hollywood got together and decided that Ann Sheridan had the perfect chin, Vivien Leigh the perfect mouth, Linda Darnell the perfect cheeks and nose, and Maureen O'Hara the ideal hair. And then—lo!—it was discovered that a young lady named Rebel Randall was a composite of all of these. As thousands cheered, she was crowned "Hollywood's Glamour Girl of 1941."

The young lady with the screwiest first name in the land of screwy first names wasn't baptized that way. Her real monicker is Alaine Brandes, and it's the one she used for nineteen years in Chicago. She was born there, brought up there, grew up there to become Chicago's top model. She was the Coca-Cola girl, the Ford girl, the Wrigley girl, the Jantzen girl, the Sunkist Orange girl, and she peeked through those peepers from more magazine covers than you could count on a comptometer. She posed in bathing suits, in negligees, in evening gowns, in décolleté, all in the interests of what is commonly known as advertising art. So Hollywood grabbed her, on the basis that any young lady who could so successfully look so many still cameras square in the face would be a sensation in front of a movie machine. So Max Reinhardt trained her in the art and theory of throwing one's weight around, and then she was apprenticed to Paramount. She was ready for the movie machines. So for many months the former Alaine Brandes did nothing but pose in bathing suits, in negl gees, in evening gowns, in déco leté, in the interests of what commonly known as cheese cal art. Occasionally she was given role in a picture that moved, bt only occasionally. Most of th time she did what she used to d in Chicago. So Alaine Brande rebelled, asked Paramount to tak her name off the dotted line, an changed her name to Rebel Ran dall. The "Rebel" she got from book she read about the South be fo' the war. The "Randall" she go from the telephone directory. She been doing nicely ever since, than you.

Vital statistics: Age, 22; Heigh 5 feet 5½ inches; hair, black; eye green; recent films: *Arabian Nigh Oh, Doctor, The Powers Girls, Fall I*

PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRE

REBEL RANDALL
Hurrell Photograph

CHAMPION
BURLINGAME HELLSAPOPPIN

(Brussels Griffon)

Color Photograph
by HENRY WAXMAN

How War Came to Zorek

He was loyal, brave and resourceful like all mongrels, yet what defense had he against the Nazi barbarians?

by FELIX SALTEN

• FICTION •

The bomb fell from the air. One might have said that it fell from heaven, but to the heavens such frightful artifices are entirely alien. The most serious visitation of heaven is lightning, and lightning which strikes mostly in the water or in open fields doesn't worry anybody. Houses have for a long time been effectually provided against it. So it happens only very seldom that the heavenly fire causes a conflagration or kills anybody.

Yet the bomb which zoomed down on the solitary Polish farm annihilated everything.

It was an ordinary bomb of medium size. It slipped accidentally out of the airplane which was rushing through the air high above. Nevertheless the farm which it hit was razed to the ground. The clay walls crumbled. The wretched straw roof began to burn with a small, hardly visible flame. Inside, the peasant, his wife, their five children, the cow, and the sole, work-ridden little horse were killed. They were put out of their misery very quickly; they had no time to be frightened or to wonder.

Just then the peasant had asked, "Where is Zorek, the dog?"

He received no answer—only the thunderous explosion of the bomb. Then came death and life fled before it.

Zorek was prowling around outside in the fields. He was catching grasshoppers. He caught a mouse. He ran after a quail and got quite annoyed because the bird flew away from him.

But this was how he escaped death. Not even the smallest bomb fragment reached him.

The sudden explosion dazed Zorek for a second, but he didn't let that bother him. The pressure of air flattened him to the earth so that he turned a somersault but he was on his feet again quickly and found the experience rather exhilarating.

He did not guess yet what had happened.

There were no people around because the wretched farm stood alone on the plain and very far from the nearest village.

As soon as he gathered himself together Zorek began to run with anxiety in his heart. Being knocked over might have been a routine kick from his master. He attributed every power to his master, worshipped him, and accepted with a mixture of terror and awe the blows that this almighty being let fall upon him.

Zorek was a well-meaning dog, clever like all mongrels of his kind. He had all sorts of fathers and forefathers, mothers and foremothers, and from them he had inherited many of their peculiarities. He was neither big nor small. His coat was of no definite color and because of his unkempt appearance he made a thick, rugged impression. But he had brown, speaking eyes and his fawning nature with its impetuous charm won him the approval of his master, of his mistress, and especially of the children whom he loved. Toward strangers he always behaved with suspicion. He was a watchful guard, exceptionally brave, lusting for attack, and very hard to hush. At one word from his master or from anyone in the family Zorek's ears stood up immediately. They were enormous, wing-like ears like those of a wolf hound or of a Siberian Spitz. At such moments, ears and eyes waited with obedience: What do you command? I am ready!

Now Zorek decided to go home. His conscience was heavy with some grave, awaited punishment.

Twice he ran over the rubble which a few hours before had been his home. Twice he wandered around the plain and searched in bewilderment. Finally among the ruins he caught sight of the hearth bench under which he had lain so often. He recognized the smoke-blackened thing, sniffed at it, sat down in front of it and kept on wondering.

The house was there when he left and now it was no longer there. Could this be a punishment? Crouching on his belly he crept closer.

The sharp smell of escaping gas struck his nostrils. He shrank back and sneezed.

Patiently he lay there, full of hope. Every second he expected his master to appear. His mistress and the children would come and everything would be all right again.

Nobody came. Nothing stirred.

Hour upon hour passed slowly.

A short wail escaped from his throat, an imploring sound which said: This is enough!

About two hours later he emitted a cry of anguish: Do not leave me alone so long!

Silence.

Hours later the yearning animal gathered his energy again, crept up to the ruins, sniffed, and sniffing stuck his snout into every nook and cranny.

There . . . There he came upon the scent of the children. Distinctly he sensed the trusted smell. And there . . . His master! Seemingly near, yet beyond reach.

Zorek began to scrape and scratch the earth. Then it dawned upon him: They are dead! They are all dead!

A beam came loose and fell down, missing him only by a hair. The dog leapt aside, frightened. He must have been doing the forbidden thing. He trembled for a while.

Then he sat down, raised his head to heaven and burst forth in a howl of sorrow. Long-drawn tones of wailing alternated with touching whimpers. Yet no one was touched because no one heard the lonely animal.

If Zorek had understood what had happened perhaps he would have been a good deal quieter, but perhaps he would have been even more desperate.

However, he had no idea of the events which had taken place during his absence and found himself facing only the catastrophic results of them which were driving him to the edge of frenzy.

Night descended. Zorek felt his loneliness even more painfully. He whined and whined until sleep enveloped him.

As morning began to dawn he awoke and felt the pangs of hunger.

The first sensation which came to him was his mourning. So he wailed and moaned and whined.

But the further the day advanced, the keener hunger gnawed at Zorek. It was eating into his bowels. It constricted his stomach. It strangled him and finally entirely blotted out his mourning. So it is with animals, and even with men. One can bear in his soul the bitter sorrow for the dead; yet hunger will compel him to set his grief aside and worry only about his physical welfare.

Gradually Zorek began to search in the fields. As he ran he ate grass, snapped at grasshoppers, beetles and butterflies. Suddenly he found himself facing a cat, which must have been hunting for mice. The dog growled at him threateningly and flashed his teeth. The cat, a powerful creature, quickly wheeled around and took to flight. The dog dashed after him. He wanted to kill him. He wanted to satiate his hunger. There was not a tree in sight. There was no possibility for the cat to escape. He would catch him. They would fight.

Growling and spitting, the two animals stood facing each other. The cat humped his back high and waited. The dog, saliva dripping from his mouth, attacked covetously and full of rage.

Then a blow of the swift paws hit him right in the face. The dagger-pointed claws tore a burning wound on his forehead. He leapt back abruptly, let out a howl of pain, and fell, the blood running down his face. Yet he returned to the combat so much the fiercer. In vain. Now the cat sat up and struck out with both paws. The blows just missed Zorek's eyes, but from the double wound the blood burst forth and blinded him. He crouched low, bewildered with hot pain. He thought no longer of attack.

The cat strolled away without haste. It slunk into the grass and disappeared.

It was not just. Some superior being whom he did not see and

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THE BRUSSELS GRIFFON

CHAMPION BURLINGAME HELLSAPOPPIN owned by Burlingame Kennels. The Brussels Griffon has barked his way through life on his charm, much of which is his absolute unselfconsciousness about his humble lineage. The Belgian street dog and German Affenpinscher are his ancestors. The Belgian peasants' dog had a worthy character, a great sense of responsibility and more than paid his keep by his constant vigilance on the stable rat situation. He was about the size of a fox terrier and his rough coat was muddy-colored. The introduction of the Affenpinscher blood may have been to tone up the ratting. In any event, today's Brussels Griffon materialized and is a very small toy dog, with a harsh reddish coat and an engaging smart aleck up-turned face. After planning his own life for many generations the Griffon doesn't take too readily to regimentation and it takes tact to teach a puppy not to resent a leash. A Griffon always likes to learn the hard way because he is so thoroughly sold on the fact that when he acts, he thinks!

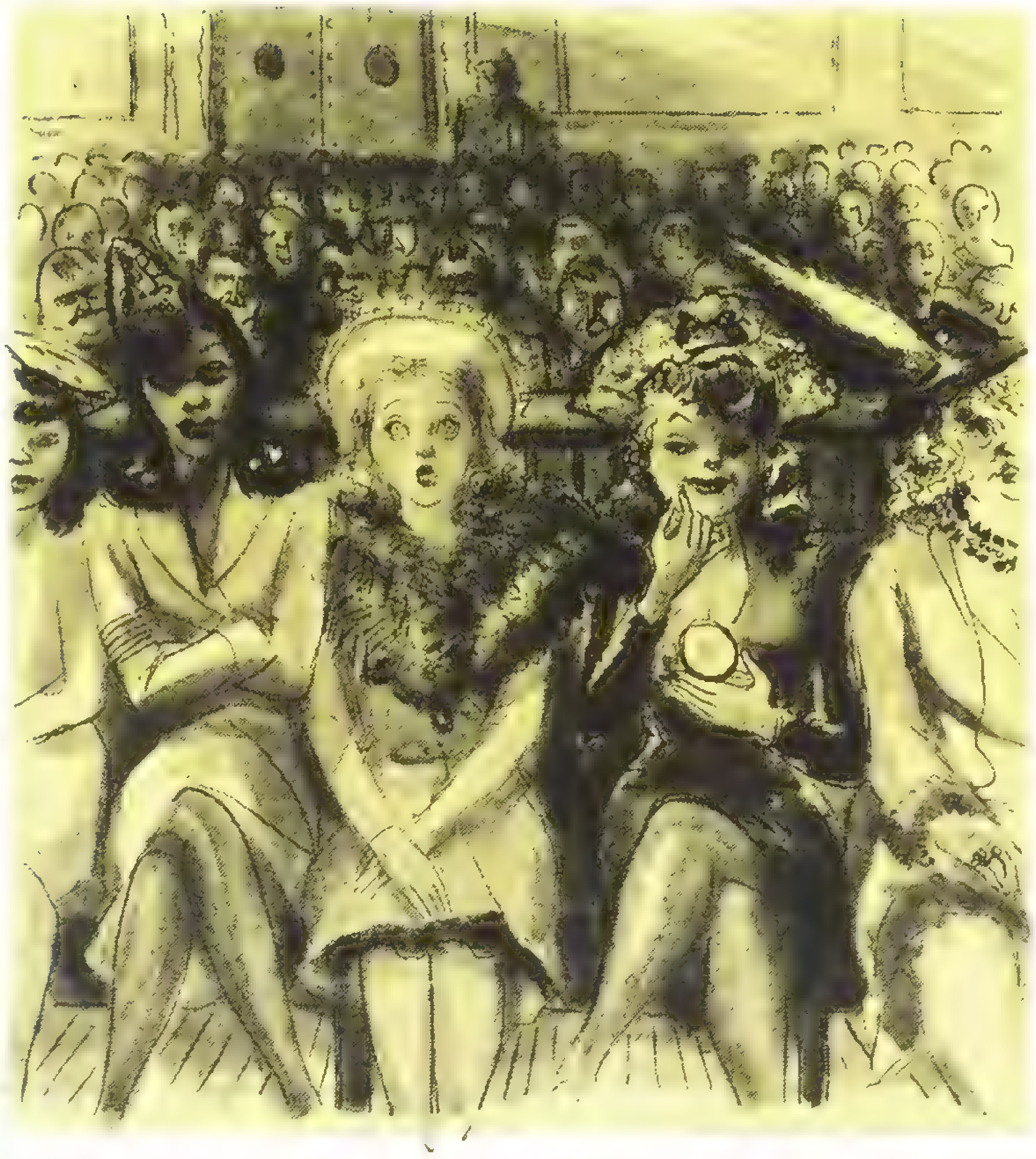
—CHASE HERENDEEN

The Court of Lost Ladies

Despite Her Honor's years of earnest striving the ranks of the sisterhood had never diminished, never changed

by EDMUND GILLIGAN

• ARTICLE •



Her used face, cracked by a night in jail, turns toward a stained-glass window of the courtroom. Morning light pierces a yellow pane, becomes a yellow ray and slants down upon her mask of stale rouge. Her bare, chapped hands, adorned with red gems from five-and-ten counters, pluck at the glorified rabbit-skin on her coat sleeves. Her eyes stay dead dark until, struck by the yellow ray, they glow in beauty. The pupils widen. She squints and looks down to the floor. A drug, roving in her brain, wrenches her body. She strives to sit upright and fails. A shudder twists her hips. In elaborate, foolish grace, she touches a forefinger against the metallic brambles of hair that droop awry under her blue hatbrim. She whispers to herself in complaint or prayer.

A younger streetwalker, pert and shapely in a suit of bright green, sneers in disdain and tries to move away. She cannot because the bench is crowded. So are all six of the prisoners' benches crowded by the sisterhood of the streets, the sisterhood of starvation and of syphilis. They have all been "on the turf," pursuing soldiers on leave and men without women. They have been making shrewd bargains for the sale and resale of imitation love. Young and old, white and black and yellow, they now attend the opening of court. The young ones sit upright in fear or in bright boldness. The old-timers whisper to one another and send signals by eye to friends among the spectators. Always the women shift and stir in their places. A heady stream of trade perfumes creeps through the great, gloomy court. Coldly the women stare at the policemen who dragged them in at midnight and must soon reel off their cell-door tales. The women wrinkle their foreheads in unaccustomed thought and make ready old, useless lies, old, useless appeals for freedom. "I'm a good girl, Your Honor. I never did this before."

Her Honor, in bowed outline against the flag of the Republic, peers narrowly into a heap of documents on her desk. Her unadorned fingers open and close the papers in a smooth action. Only once, in the time of preparation, does her hand touch the trim, brushed-back thickness of her red hair. Sometimes the fingers, idle while she reads, absently touch the folds of her black robe. Now and then she, too, whispers to herself. It is neither complaint nor prayer that comes from her plain, strong mouth, a mouth that might be handsome, even sweet, if it were not always forced to speak severely. Perhaps her whisper is one of despair that after all her years on the bench, after all her striving, the ranks of the sisterhood never diminish, never change. Halfway through one document, she puts it down in quick dismay. The serene grey eyes darken with pain.

The yellow ray of morning ornaments her robe awhile, then flatters her long, sallow cheeks and makes them, for a passing moment, young again. She turns toward the clerk, gives him a blue, genial glance. "Certainly, John. Glad to do it. She's all right, is she?" She signs and hands the paper over. The sunlight moves on, leaves her in the harsher glare of a green-shaded lamp. She becomes graver, sterner, a woman much troubled by the troubles of the miserable people staring up from the benches.

"First case."

An attendant bawls a name. The girl in green rises and takes on at once an air of frightened innocence. She looks at the Magistrate in sweet dismay and delicately pats her eyes with a handkerchief. The arresting officer tells his story in a dismal rote: a glance and a whisper on a certain street and the quick sales talk. "She put the price at three dollars and I then placed her under arrest. Yes, I've seen her before."

His story, bare and precise, leaves her no room to operate. There's no weak point to debate while she does her slow thinking. She can only deny his charge. And she does. "I was only fooling, Your Honor, so help me God. I thought he was a friend of mine. The way he looked at me."

Laughter, soured with sneers, jiggles up and down the benches and makes a fool of her. She scowls over her trim shoulder. Then, made reckless by anger, she raises her hip into an impudent strut. Her face, cleared of rouge and powder for her trial, takes on a sullen look. Thus she gives up, wordlessly reveals her lie.

Her Honor gives the girl in green a chance to plead for leniency. She asks in a dispassionate tone: "Is there anything you have to say before you are sentenced?"

There is a little something to say. "Please let me go to Pittsburgh, Your Honor. My sister lives there. She can get me a job." Her eyes second the motion by a mock look of sadness; then the lids go down to hide the knowledge of her defeat. She's in the bucket.

Again the dispassionate voice: "On June 7, 1938, were you put on probation for six months?"

The prisoner nods.

"On the 8th of September, 1941, you were sentenced to the workhouse on the same charge? Offering your body for the purpose of prostitution?"

The prisoner nods again.

Her Honor's voice changes to a gentler key after the second nod. There's an entry on the probation card that will hurt the strumpet, shake her where she stands, insolent and sneering. "The report of the probation officer shows that you are in need of medical care. Do you understand?"

Yes, she understands. But she hadn't known until the phrase came bluntly over. Her gloved hand shoots out, fumbles for the rail. A curse snarls up her pretty lips. What's she thinking of now? Of the men and boys that she has lately sent from her room? Not likely. It's another thought that nearly drags her down, that sends a new and harsher whisper back and forth among the knowing members of her craft. "Medical attention"—that's it, that's her new trouble. At the workhouse, they'll bake that trouble out of her. In an electric box.

She stands down. An arm jerks her to the door.

A yellow-skinned mulatto girl goes up. She is nearly six feet tall on her high, red heels. Her long legs are beautiful and her hips are slender. She shows them off. In the customary vendor's movement, she draws her camel-hair topcoat tightly about her for the brief moment before she takes the stand. She wears a turban of fur. A fawn of beaten silver gleams in the beaver skin. She's a ripe and yellow peach.

A sad-voiced policeman, well over middle age, puts on his glasses and slowly reads his testimony. He had been sitting in his car on such-and-such a street. Along comes the defendant, no doubt a charming picture on her high, red heels, her Kaffir eyes gleaming in the night. In good humor, almost gaiety, she had smiled and, for a modest consideration in cash, had placed her person, lithe and yellow, entirely at his disposal. She had, moreover, recommended herself highly, saying that her imitation of love was mighty near the real thing.

He reads precisely: "She thereupon asked me again if I would like a good time. Following my orders, I replied: 'Yes, I would.' She thereupon invited me to her room. I asked her after we got there if this was the place where we were going to have the good time. She said: 'Yes, darling.' She then pulled off her dress and otherwise divested herself. I asked her if I ought to pay her first. She said: 'All right.' I paid her with three marked one-dollar bills which are in evidence. She lay down. I then placed her under arrest."

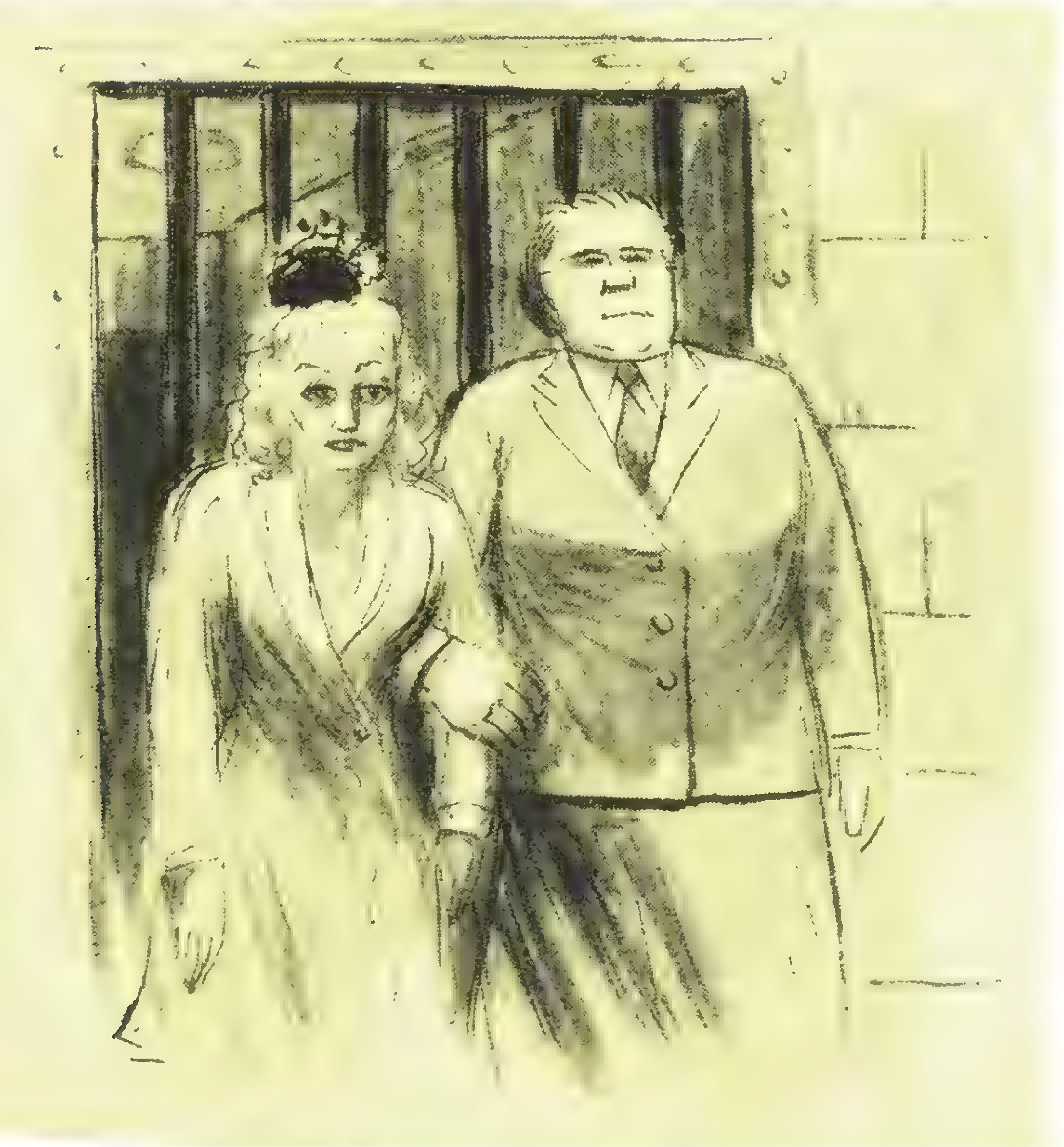
She stands mute when Her Honor speaks. It's plain she expected another play, a guiding hand. She looks wildly backward, searches the ranks of spectators, stirred by her beauty and her fear. Their inscrutable faces, hard with thoughts beyond saying, stare at her body. Someone there must know her. Each man, white or black, has a reason for being there and the reason is always a woman. A Negro soldier rises in his place and shuffles away. A Negro lawyer, having taken a deft signal out of a room flashing with glances, advances to the defense. She is guilty. He appeals. The court says: "Five hundred dollars bail." She opens her plum-colored bag. Yes, she's got it. She glides away, disdainful again. Two dapper yellow-skinned men, splendid in tailored suits, follow her out of the courtroom.

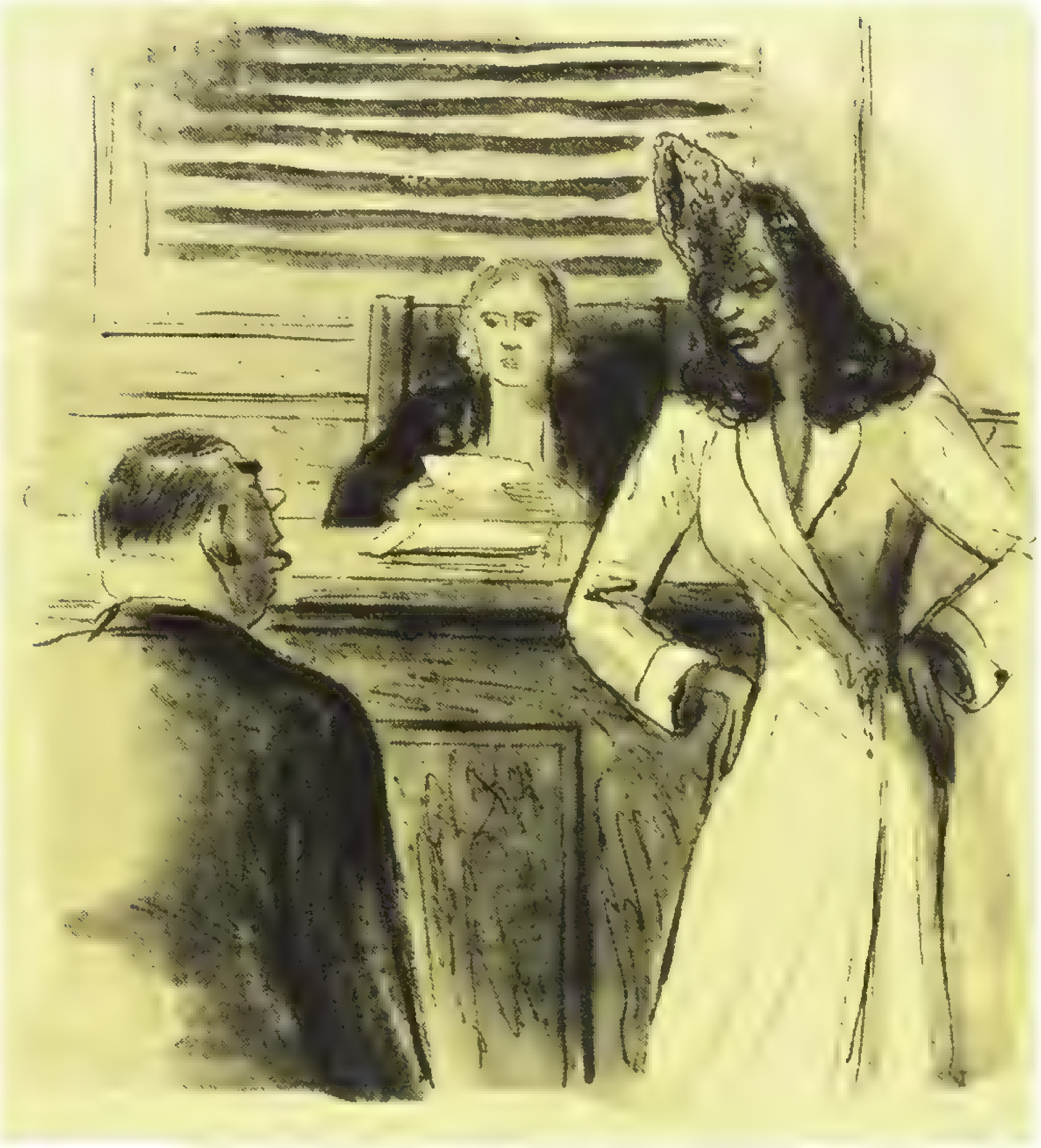
The attendant bawls again. The old girl on the front bench struggles to her feet. Once more her hands flutter to the platinum straws under her hat brim. Ruby gleams spill from her gems. Her rouge has been freshened by advice of counsel. Her lips, bartered in these times for dimes and quarters in loathsome hideaways, have been newly decorated, too. A snicker strikes her like a lash. Suddenly the attendant tells her to sit down again.

Other names are called. Tiptapping heels that clicked their way last night in and out of houses and side-street hotels come clicking now to the workhouse path. In swift succession, the women rise, fail, and pass through the door. Some, by grace of a good story, innocently told, go free. Not one cries out, not one protests. They knew when they began to sell themselves that this would one day happen. If they didn't know, they learned it in the jail when the name and reputation of the Magistrate passed from cell to cell. She cannot be fooled.

Suddenly the graceless tempo changes. A wife stands before the bar. Her thin, earnest face is swollen with tears. Tears all night long have thickened her voice. She cannot speak above a whisper. A man stands by her side. Black-haired, pale and worn to the bone, he droops listlessly by her side. He lifts his hand to touch her arm and the slowness of the movement shows how little there is to him.

The official utterance goes on. A policeman, depressed by his story, tells it lamely. Easy to see that he'd rather not be saying it, but he can't help himself. Her story is the same, except that what she did was done for food for a man hardly able to eat his bread, not to mention earning it. The husband's ragged elbow moves when his fingers secretly seek hers. In the clatter of words, he comforts her as best he can. She stares forward into the pattern of the walnut panels.





Nothing of this escapes the law. The Magistrate, made wise by keen attention to thousands of such tales, knows the ring of all false words. These ring true. A happier look comes to her face, as if she found it good to hear a story of love, even this sordid one, in the midst of tales of pimps and whiskey and drugs. She will eventually lend a hand here. Meanwhile: "The bail is fifty dollars."

The husband lets loose his breath in a rush that seems like a sob. He kisses the prisoner's cheek quickly, tenderly, and goes out to raise the bail.

And now there comes a blonde woman, young in years, not otherwise. Under lush mascara, her eyes send out plentiful looks of hate. She would be the last to deny that she is an old hand at the old game. Yet she's sure of one thing: her name doesn't appear twice on the probation card. Nobody ever caught up with her before. And she's not caught yet. "Not guilty!" She sends her answer roughly over the rail. Her loud response hushes the women behind her, hushes the spectators who are at present bored and are chatting among themselves.

The arresting officer tells his story. "And so I put three dollars in marked bills on the table and when I came near her she let her dress fall. I then placed her under arrest." He steps down.

The prisoner makes no bones about showing that someone has coached her. Quickly she begins to destroy his testimony. She remembers all that he said, recalls it so exactly that one might suppose the trial had been rehearsed. "Yes, I was in a dressing gown. But I never said a word to him and it's not against the law to wear a dressing gown, even if you wear it on the street."

Her Honor sees that the prisoner is a little smarter than the others. At least, she can remember a sentence from one minute to the next. She says: "You testify that you were visiting at the apartment when the police came in?"

"Yes."

"Had you been there many times before?"

"Yes. What about it? Is that wrong?"

"No. I didn't say it was. Now tell me again, please, what you did when the officer came into your room. Weren't you surprised?"

"No. Why should I be? He wasn't in uniform. And there were three or four men in the house. I just said: 'Hello.' "

"Did the officer say anything when he put the money on the table? Take your time before answering. He didn't testify that he said anything."

"No, he didn't say a word. I didn't even see the money until after he arrested me."

"The officer has testified that you took off your dressing gown in his presence. Is that true?"

"No, it isn't true. And that isn't what he said. He said I let it fall."

"Tell me what happened."

"He put his arm around me and the gown fell off my shoulder. Then he let it fall and he held my arm and laughed."

"You deny, then, that you were doing anything improper when the officers came into the apartment?"

"I do."

"Case dismissed."

A Southern lady rises in answer to a Southern name. Her foxskin flows in a handsome curve over her left shoulder. Except for that fur, she is a little shabby, but her shabbiness is genteel.

Her Honor looks up from the

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Simplicity's Godchild

First of a trilogy on William Crawford Eddy, who uses short-cut wizardry in picking Navy electronics technicians

by EARL SELBY

• ARTICLE •

A WAG in the Navy once remarked that there are three ways of doing something: the right way, the wrong way—and the Eddy way.

The Eddy way started playing its role in this war on December 8th, 1941, the day that Pearl Harbor was still smoking in the Pacific and the nation was starting a sober wartime life.

The Bureau of Naval Personnel, on that day, was scratching its collective head. It faced the gigantic problem of combing the entire nation to find the right men who would fill the fleet's request for thousands of rapidly-trainable technicians capable of manning the most complicated electronics devices in history. Somewhere, hiding their light under a thousand different civilian occupations, those men were to be had; the task, on December 8th, was to get them.

That was also the day when William Crawford Eddy, kink-legged after an overnight Pullman journey from Chicago, walked into the Bureau.

"I want to get back on active duty," said the six-foot Eddy. "I think I can help."

As simply as that, Bill Eddy went back to work for the Navy. A forty-year-old ex-submarine officer who had been retired in 1934 after going deaf, he convinced the Bureau that he would be useful in the training program.

In the Chicago television studio he directed for a Paramount Pictures subsidiary theatre chain, Eddy said, there were engineers trained in the high frequency radio waves used in the new devices. There was space for classrooms and machinery to equip a laboratory. In fact, said Eddy, nothing for a radio matériel school in Chicago was lacking except the Navy's official permission for operations to begin.

Bureau men, remembering Eddy as the prankster Annapolis student who acquired 148 demerits at the Academy through escapades such as selling roller skating privileges on the fourth floor of Bancroft Hall dormitory, were skeptical of what Eddy could do.

They granted him permission, however, when it was recalled that he had been the lowest ranking man ever qualified to command a submarine, had developed one of the first specialized radio training schools for pig boat signalmen, and had become one of the fabulous characters in the television world by filing patents for over thirty-five history-making inventions.

The Navy did not know that Balaban and Katz, who employed Eddy to direct station W9XBK, was unaware that he was offering their property to the United States government. The stretched-out Eddy, who looks like an emaciated Lincoln, had caught a train two hours after the Pearl Harbor flash and hadn't talked to his employers about his plan. He was, however, sure that they would grant him permission.

When Eddy returned to Chicago he went directly to John "Mister John" Balaban, B. and K.'s president.

"The Navy wants us," he said to Balaban and then told of his Washington trip.

Balaban approved, but had to get final authority from his brother, Barney, Paramount's president. "Go ahead," thundered Barney over the long distance phone when John called him. "But what about the board of directors?" asked John. "Don't they have to approve before we can let the government use 400,000 dollars of equipment?"

"That would take three months and to hell with waiting that long," said Barney. "If the Navy wants the station let 'em use it."

"Mister John" waved his hand at Eddy.

The Eddy way was starting to roll.

Now, seventeen months later, the Eddy way is rolling in high gear. Instead of being a retired officer looking on from afar, he's become the commanding officer of the Naval Training School for Radio Matériel, with additional duties as Officer in Charge of the Pre-Radio School, and with super-additional duties as Radio Technician Procurement Officer for the Central division.

He does another job, too, though there's no official title for it yet. But it's probably his most important contribution to the war effort. He's the officer who revolutionized recruiting for radio matériel by perfecting the device that enables the Navy to take men from all branches of civilian life and be almost fool-proof in accepting or rejecting them for work on the new ultra-high frequency equipment. As a result of this wizardry in being able to judge a man's talents without ever seeing him, Eddy now is recognized as the Navy's chief radio matériel screening officer for the entire United States.

This combination of jobs means that every sailor working on the new electronics equipment has probably been affected by Bill Eddy at one time or another. Either the sailor was originally examined for enlistment by Eddy, studied one of the Eddy mathematics textbooks, studied in Chicago under Eddy, or else was trained for an instructorship by Eddy.

He is, in fact, one of the most useful men in our war effort, because he illustrates the quality of Yankee ingenuity that this nation alone possesses. Where the Germans are bound by rote to a system that is unbreakable and the Japs and Italians are addicted to slavish imitation, America is forever fluid in approaching new problems. Only America could turn out an Eddy who refuses to be bound by tradition—an Eddy who realizes that although there is a right way and a wrong way there is also the Eddy way.

And yet, for all his importance in our war effort, Bill Eddy remains curiously unknown. This is his own fault. He is too modest. "We had a job to do; we did it," he'll say. "I haven't done anything," is another chord he'll strike. Or, "Things just fell together and here we are." He praises the Navy administration, his staff, his students—everyone except himself. "Lay off the heroics," he remarks.

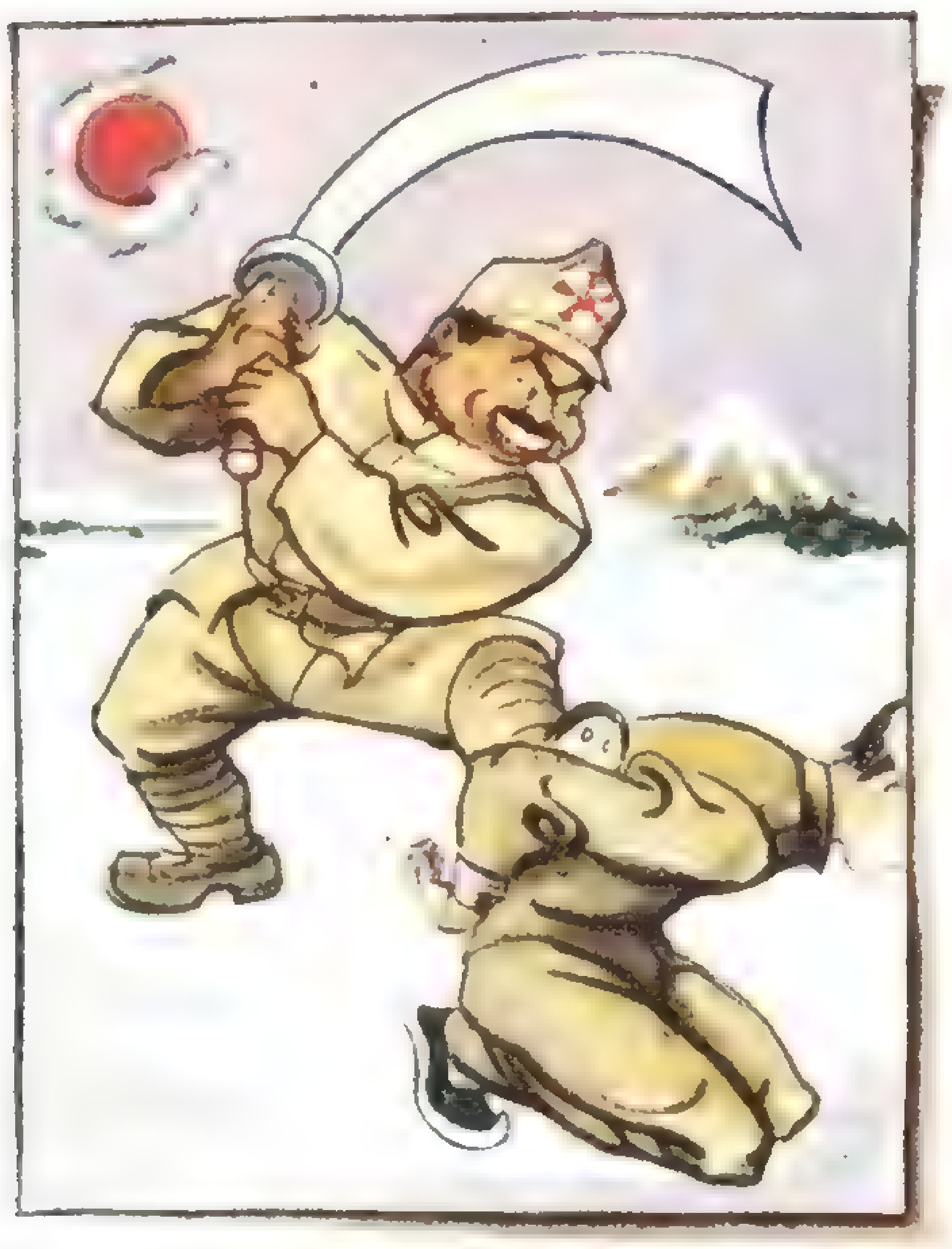
Being modest like this is part of the Eddy way. He hates complications and he feels that if he's just plain Bill Eddy he won't antagonize the brass hats or alienate the bluejackets. Eddy likes things to be simple, so simple that the Bureau of Naval Personnel has come to look upon Eddy as the man whose directness of approach always shears away the unnecessary frills. "He's simplicity's godchild," a friend once declared. "He never makes anything look hard."

Eddy's radio matériel school is an example of how the Eddy way of being simple operates. After Balaban and Katz had granted the Navy use of the station, Bill went back to his engineers. "We're in something that's hot as a pistol," he said to them. "We can really get to work on this new program."

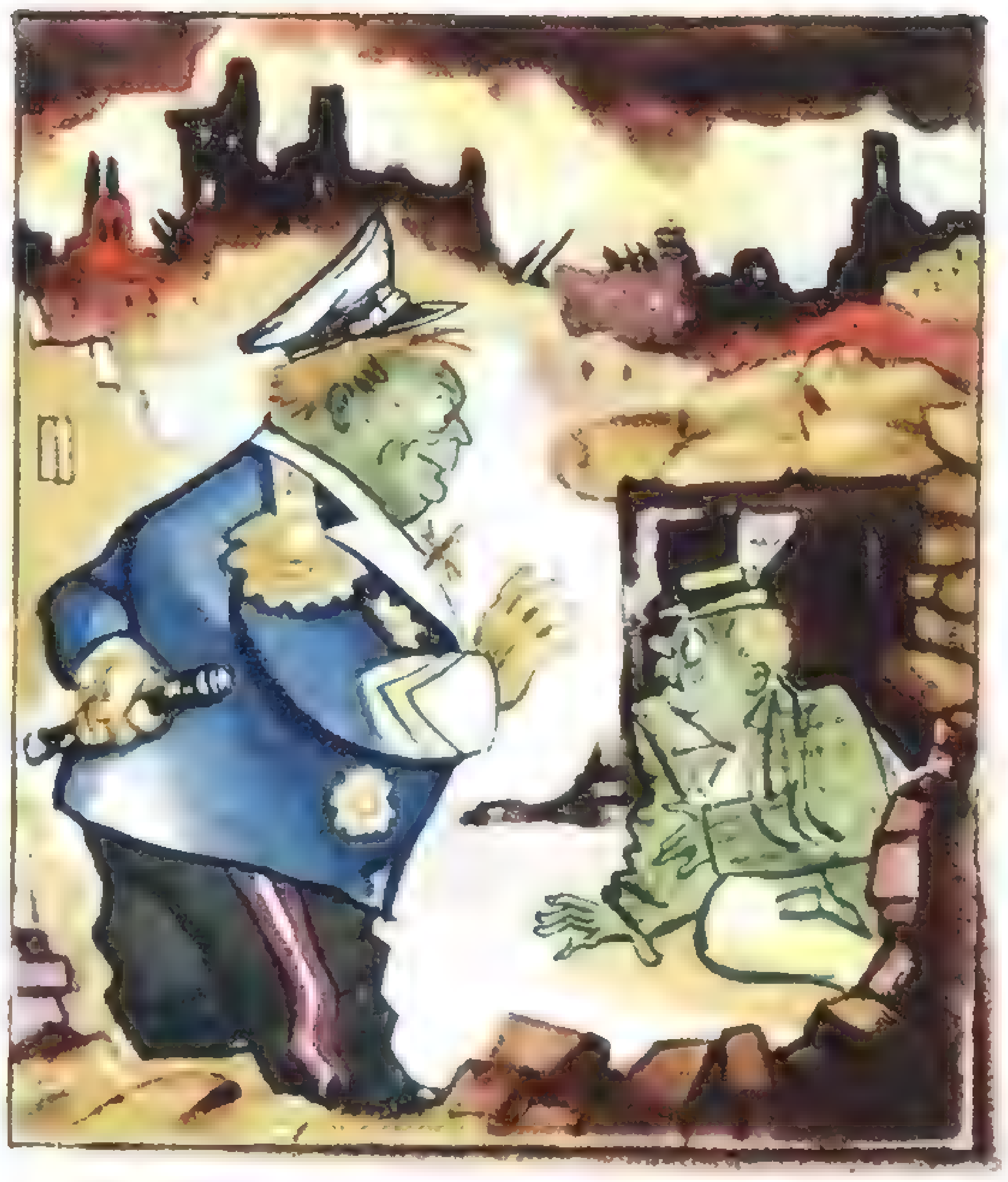
They did. That very day, after the engineers agreed to join Eddy in the school, they started enlisting men right off the street. Eddy didn't wait for the red tape to catch up with him. Some of the early students never did get uniforms until a month after the course opened. For classrooms he obtained Balaban's permission to use the entire twelfth floor of the State-Lake building, a B. and K. property where W9XBK had been housed. Some walls, however, had to be torn down and others erected to form offices and laboratories. A lodgehall at one end of the building had to be converted into a lecture room. The Eddy crew didn't wait for an architect to fiddle with a formal plan. They just started working and kept going

Continued on page 159

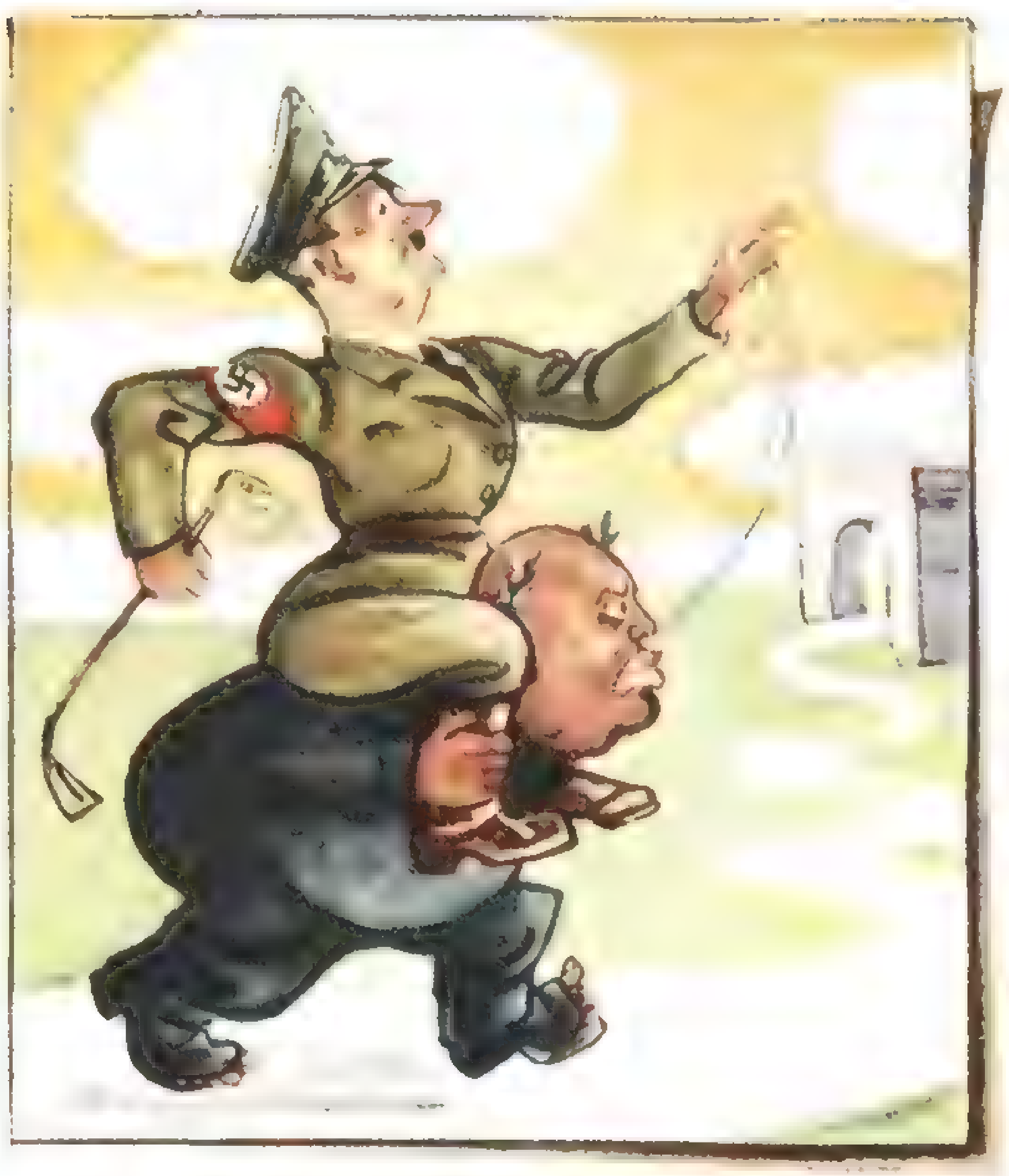
"What keeps me awake nights is how are we going to pay for it after it's all over?"



Picture of one of those jolly little Japs frolicking with Chinese companion



Herr Goering assuring a German citizen that the bombing didn't happen



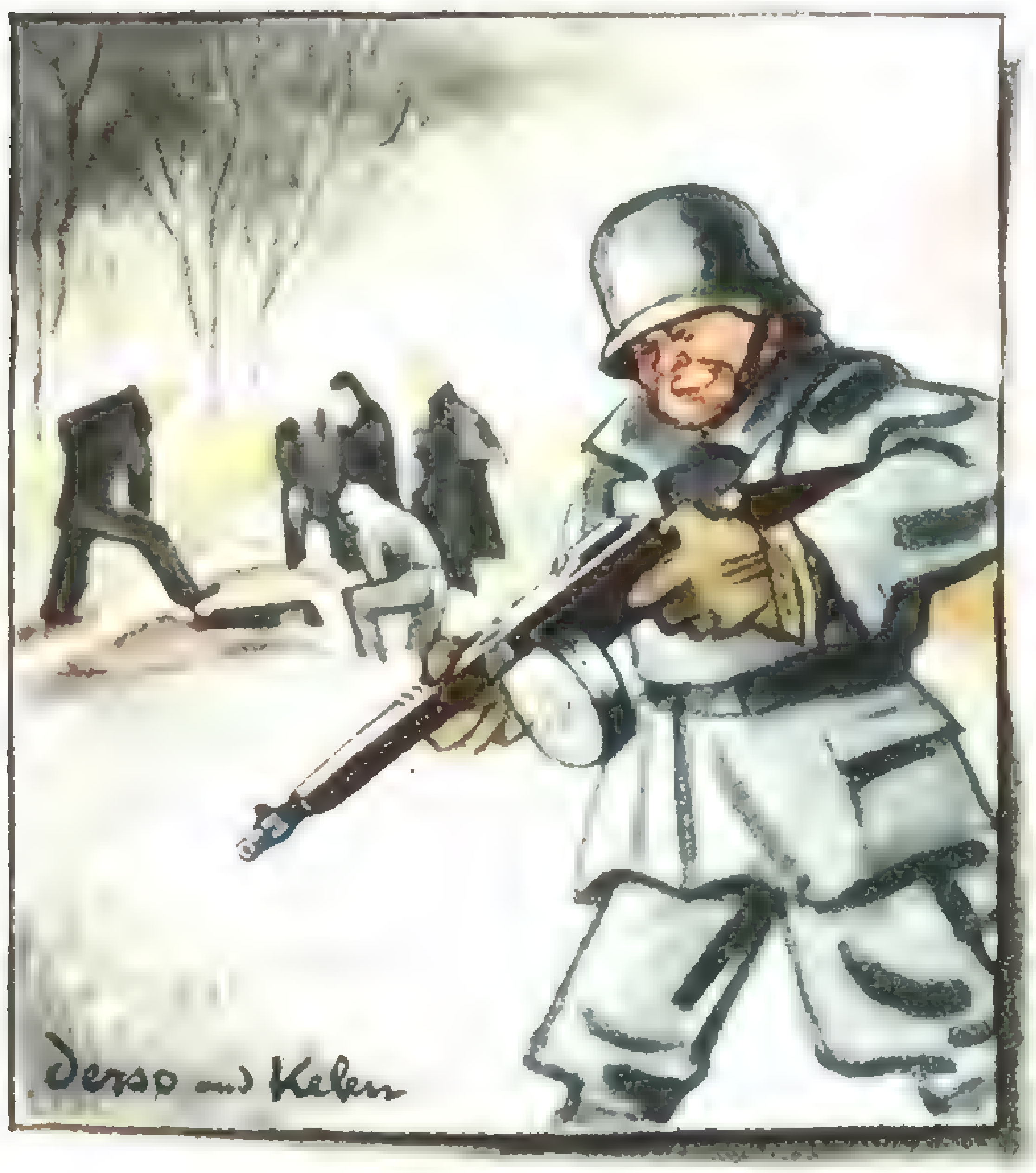
Der Fuehrer and Mussolini playing piggy-back—the ring in Benito's nose is all part of the joke (on Benito)

AXIS SNAPSHOT ALBUM

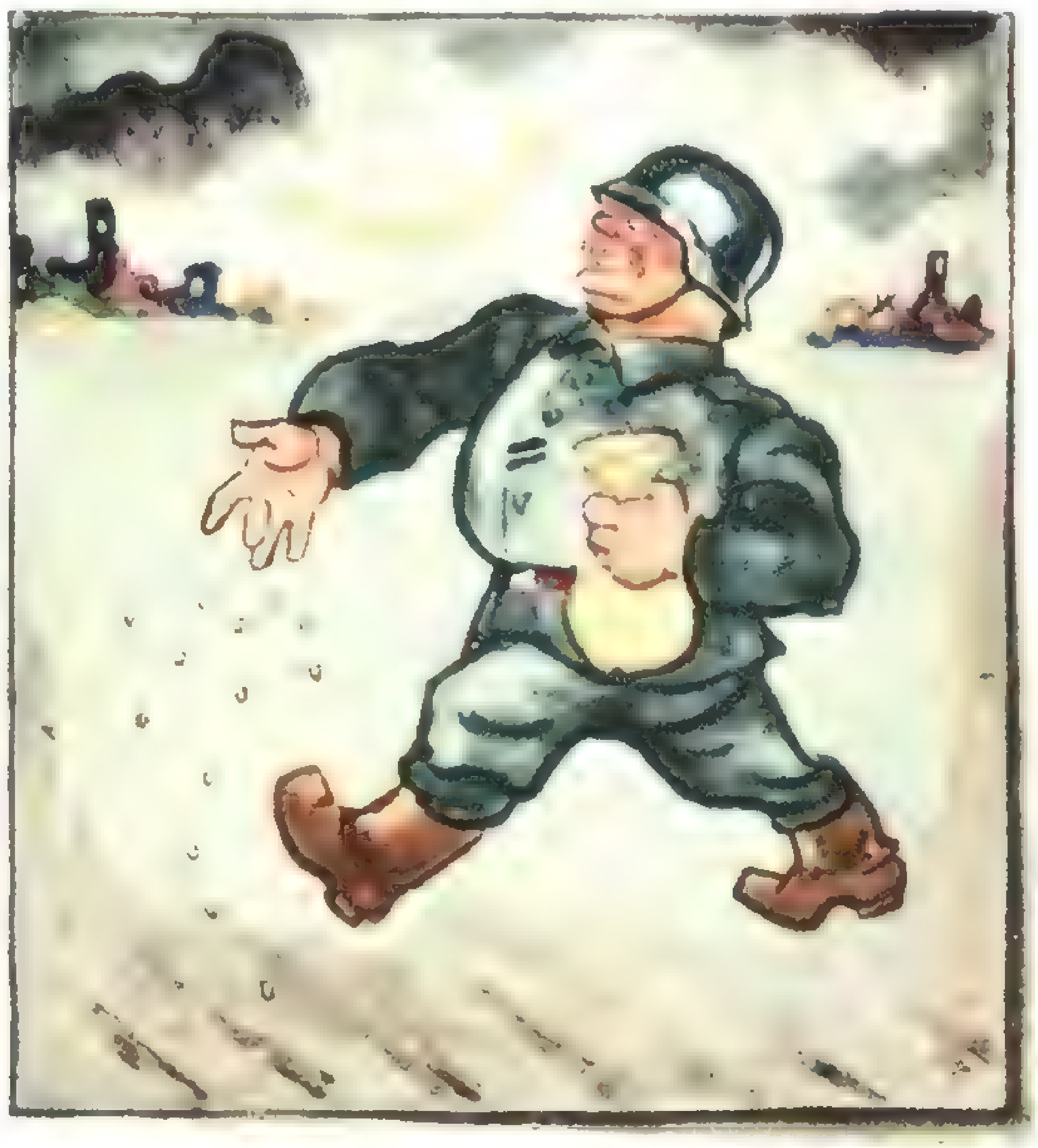
Depicting the finer side of Axis character

by

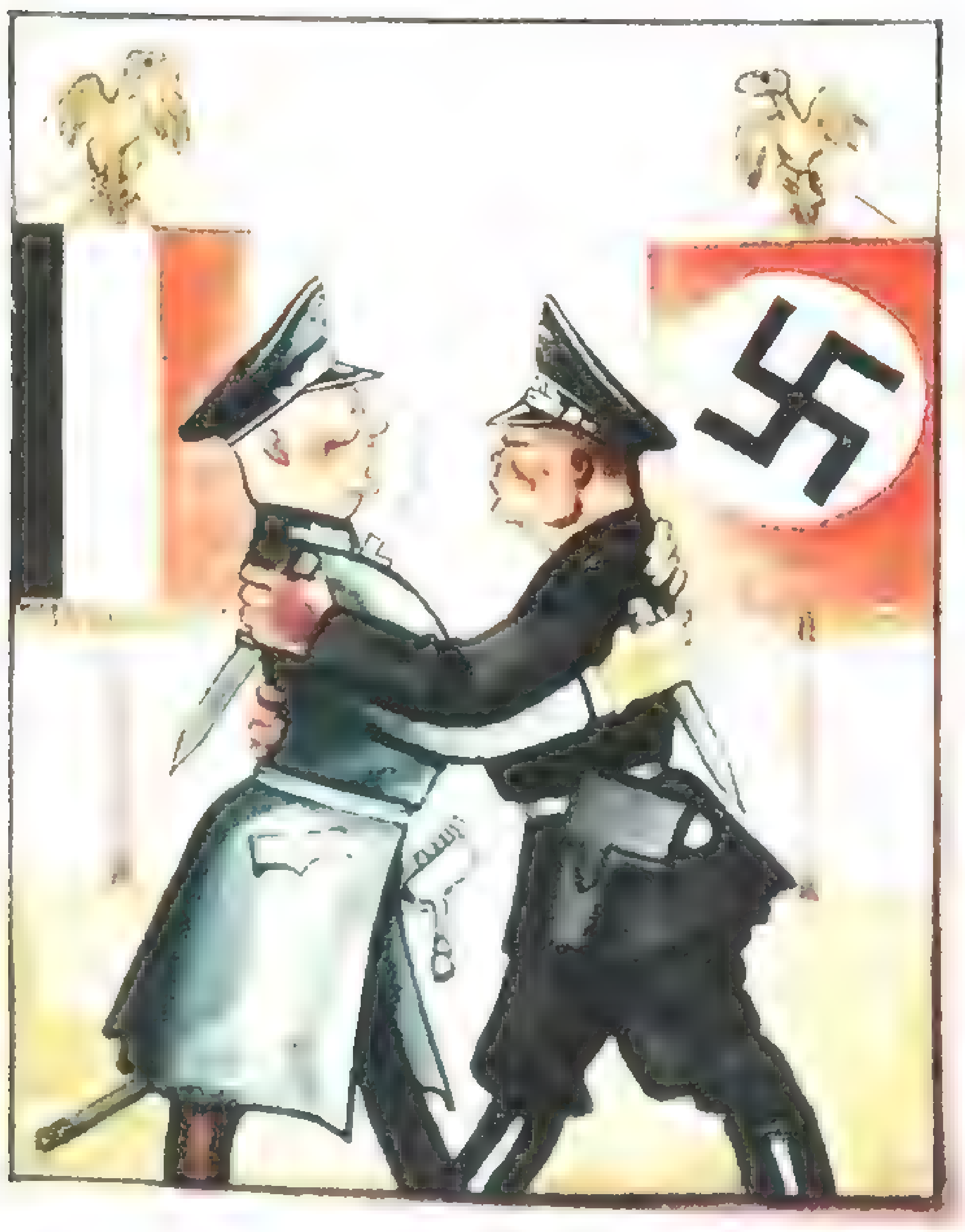
DERSO *and* KELEN



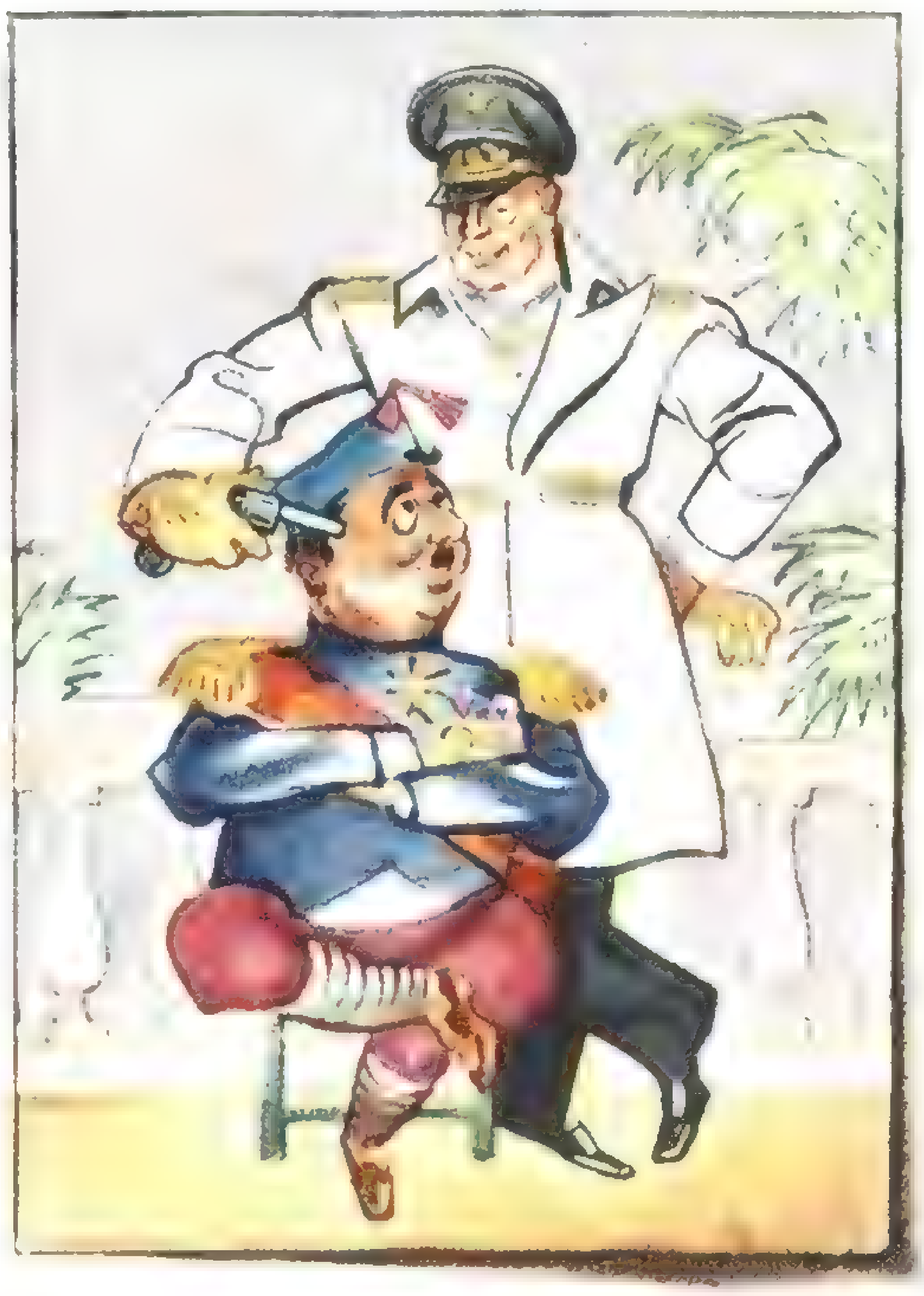
German soldier assisting at a Polish funeral (he furnished the corpse)



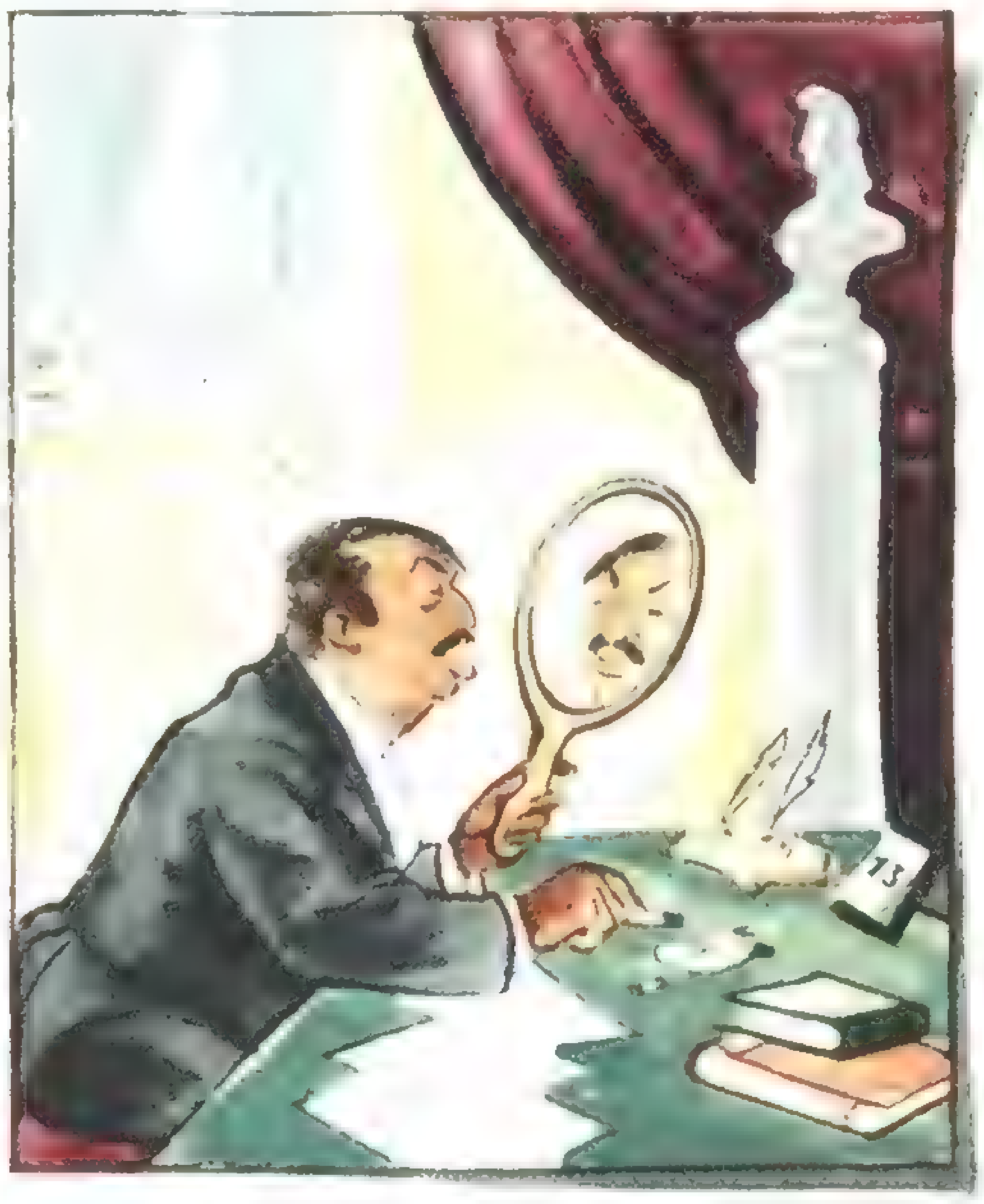
Nazi pilot planting flower seeds in the center of Rotterdam after having laboriously cleared the ground



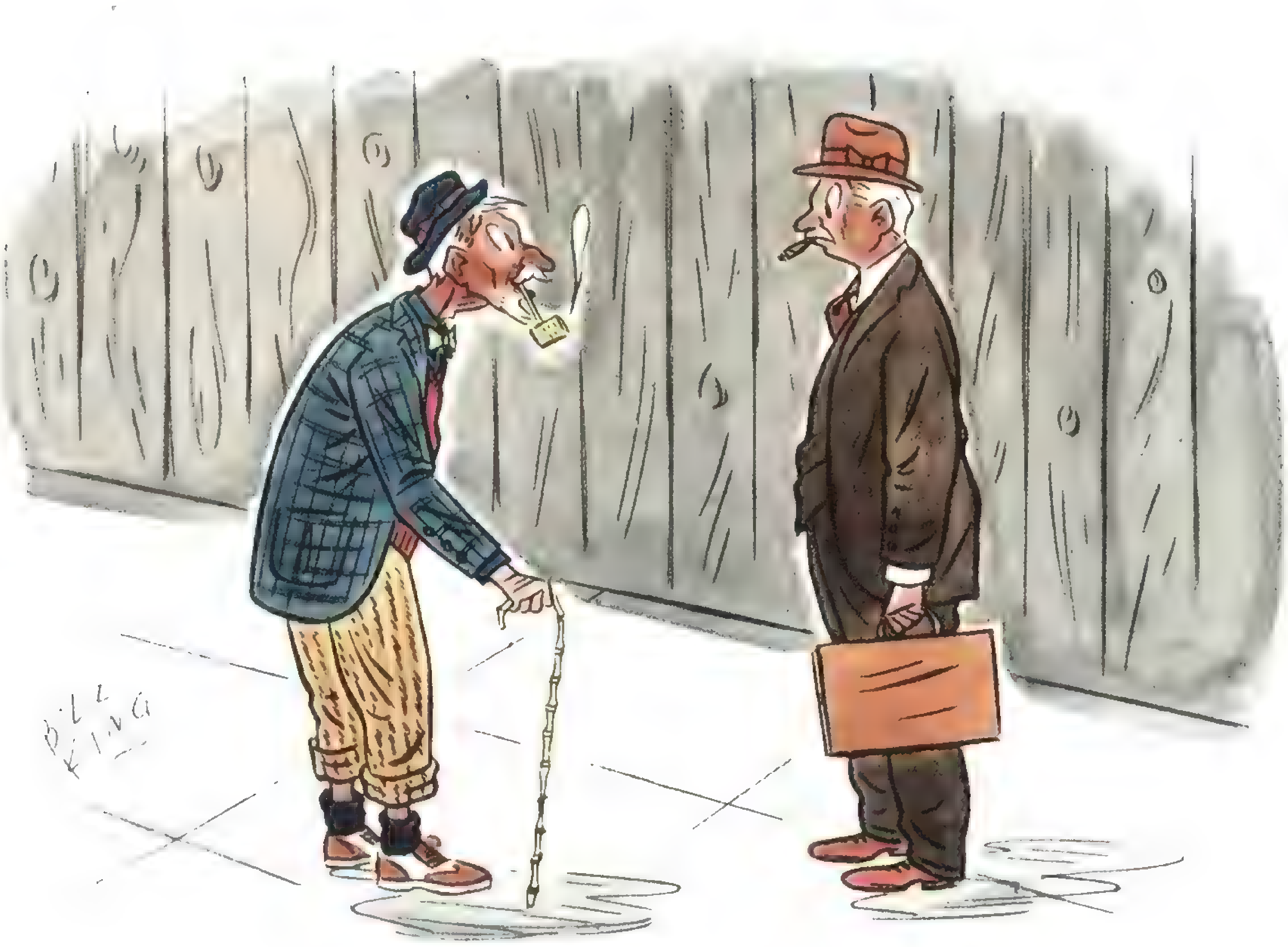
Nazi Reichswehr and Gestapo soldiers fraternizing with their arms around each other



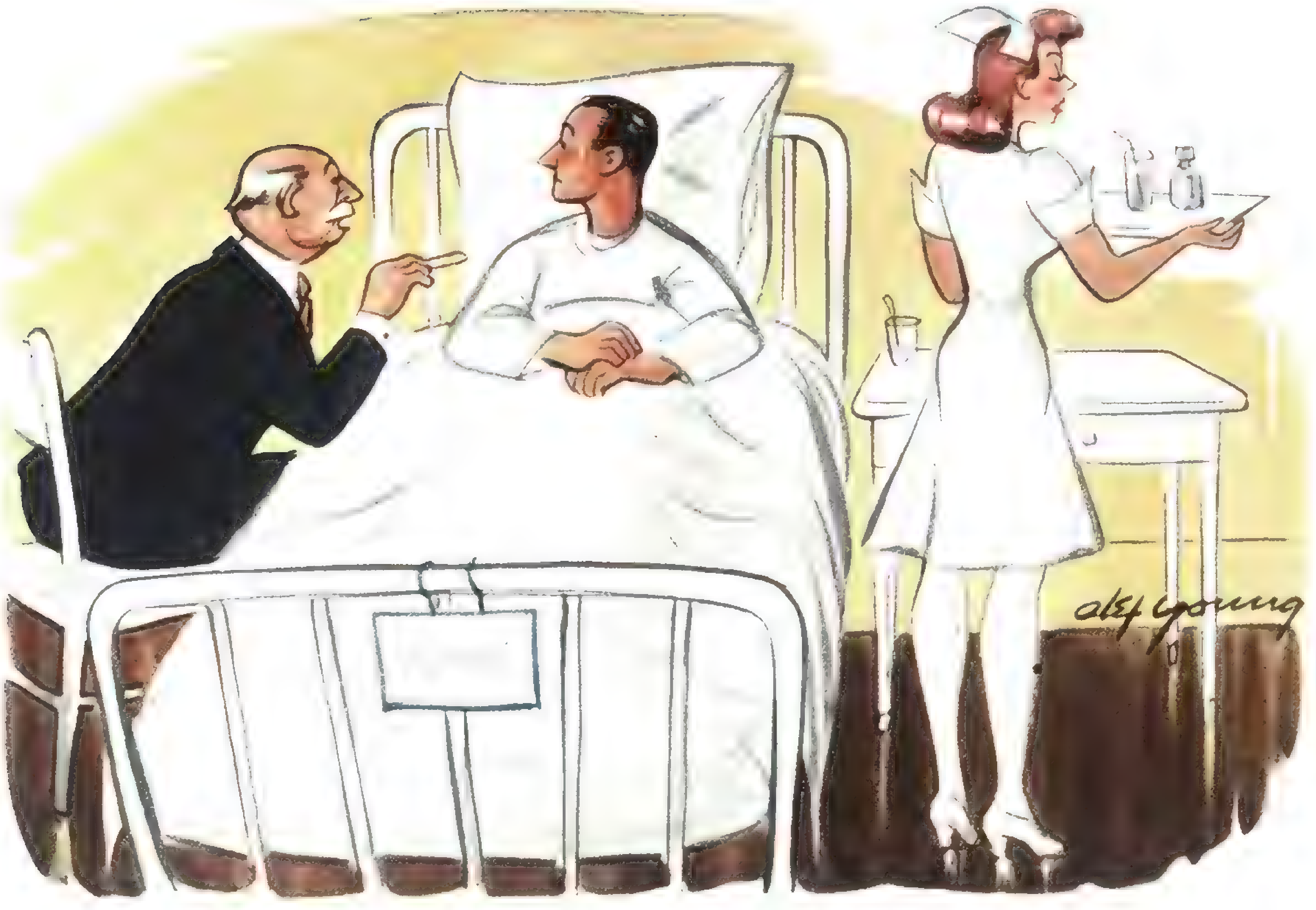
Franco of Spain beaming at his close friend the German ambassador



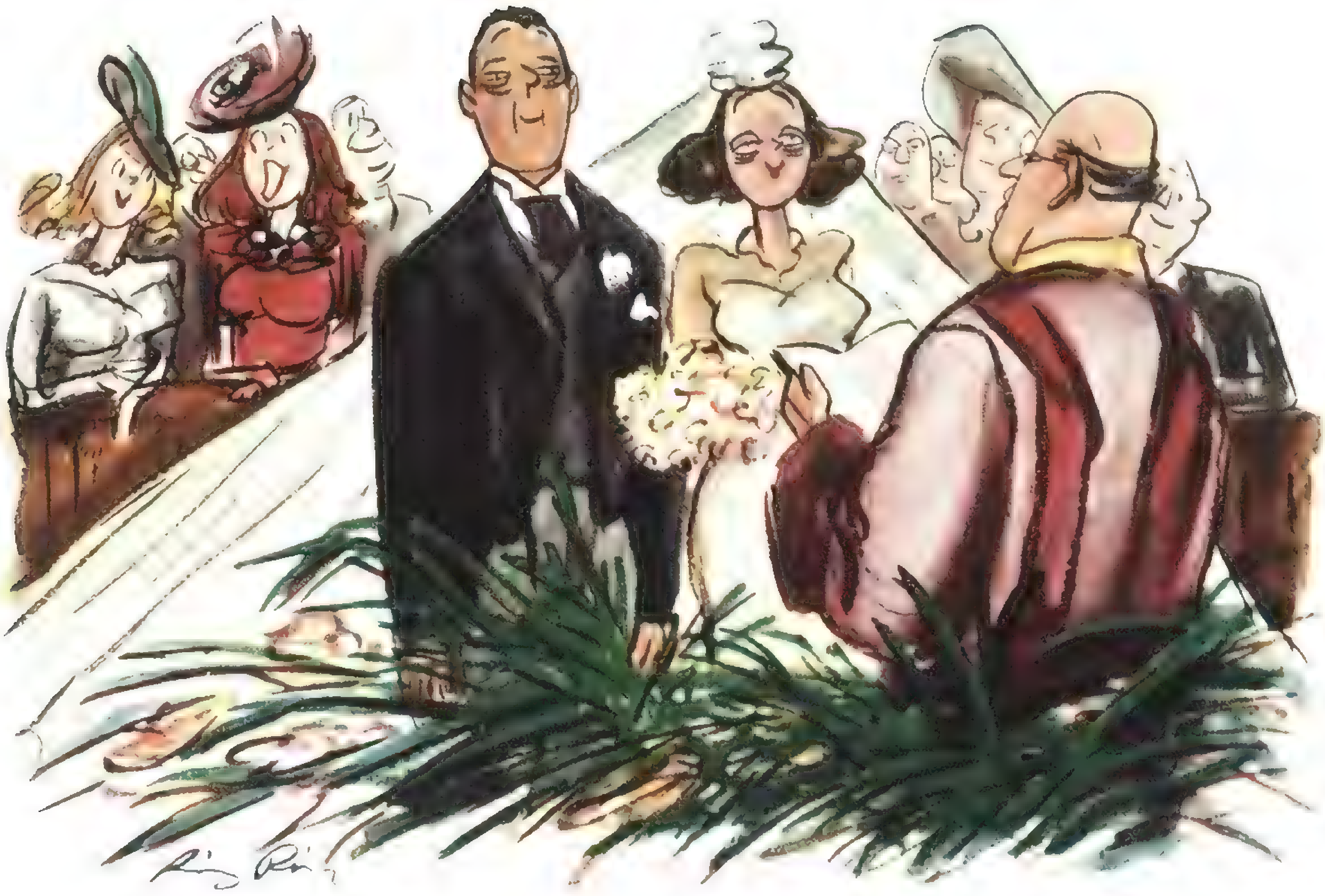
Snapshot of Pierre Laval and (only) friend



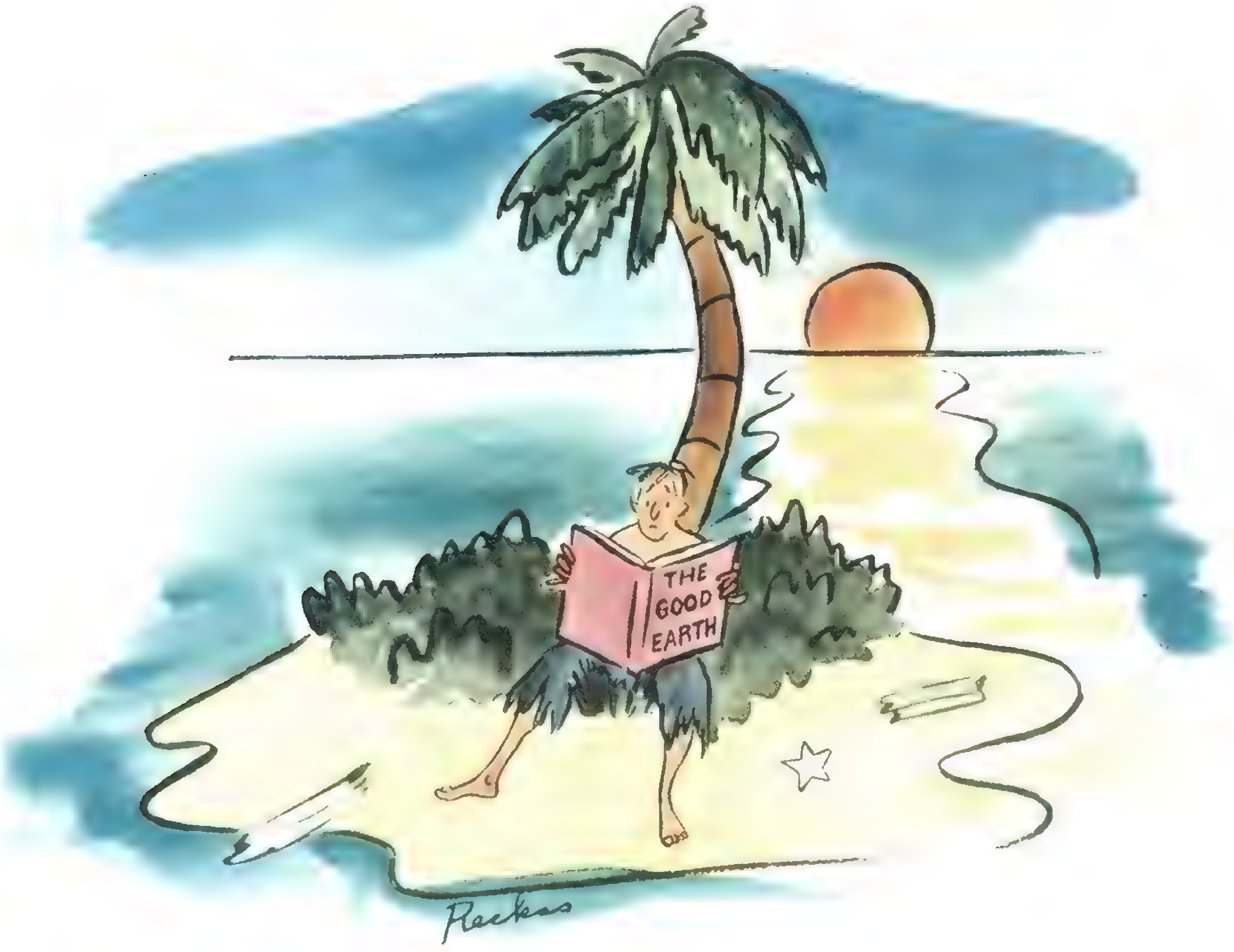
"My grandson was drafted today"



"Now, Mr. Bixby, say, 'Ah,' without looking at the nurse"

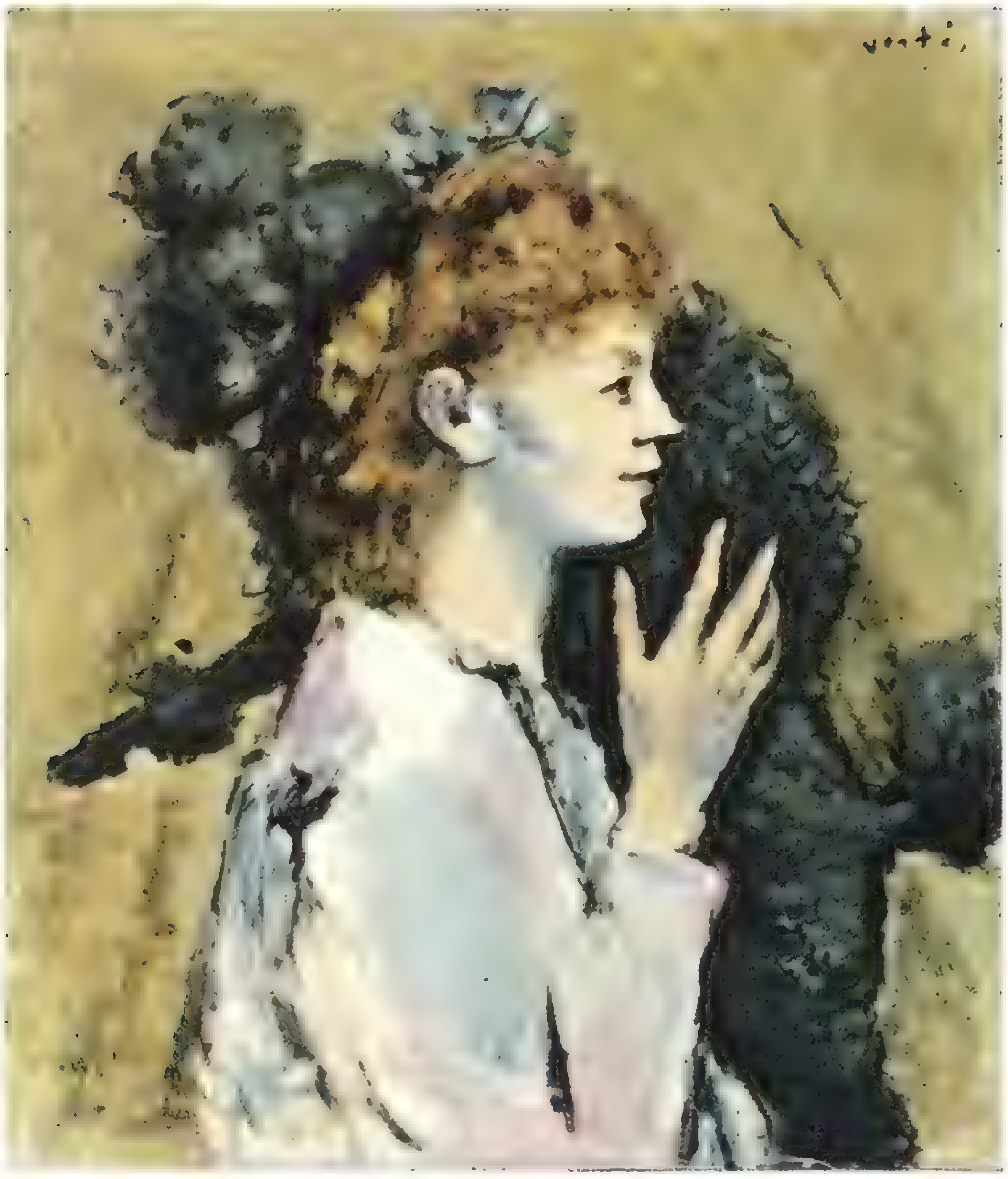


"Of course they're tired—look how long she's been chasing him"

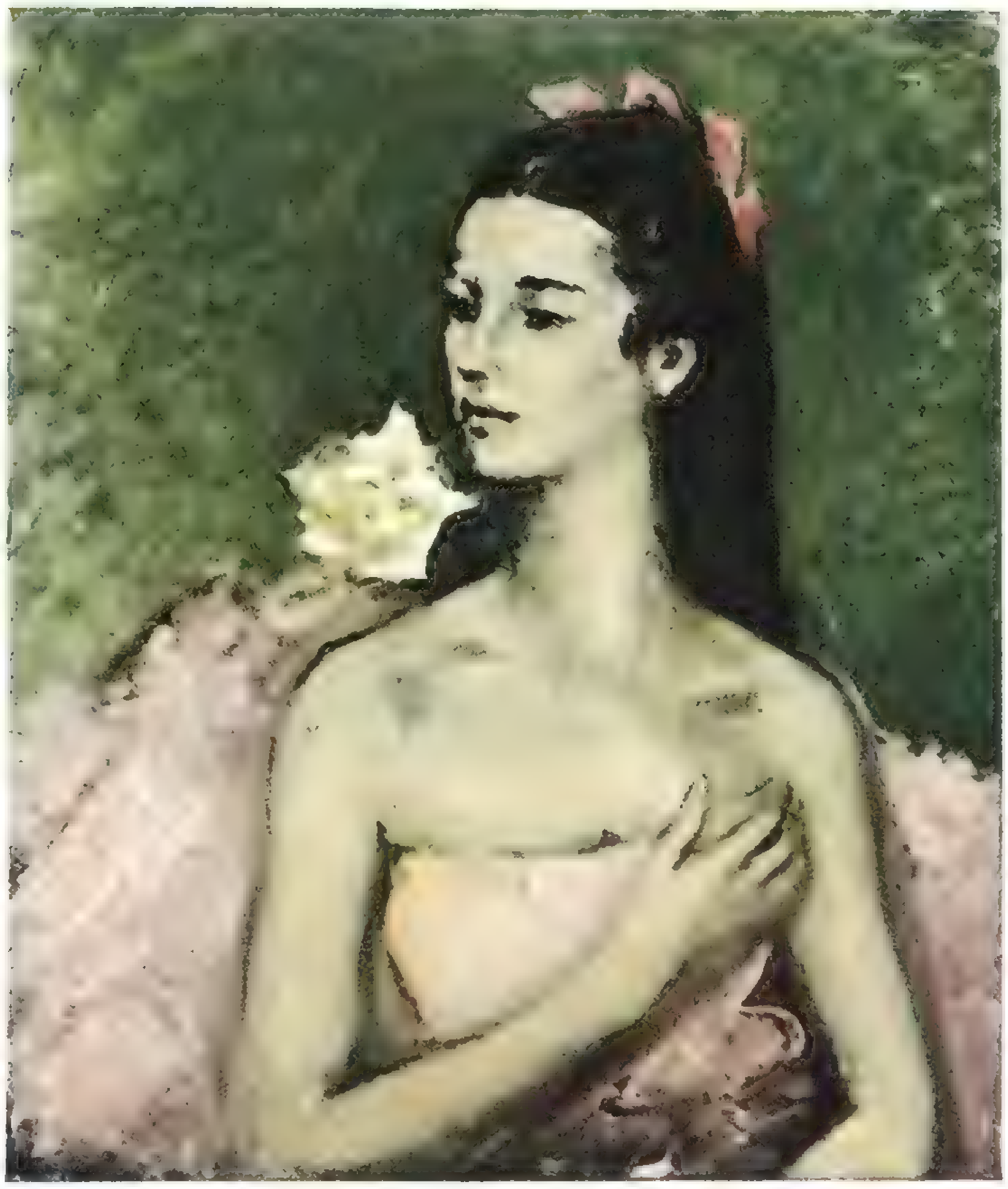

THE GOOD EARTH

From the Current Exhibition

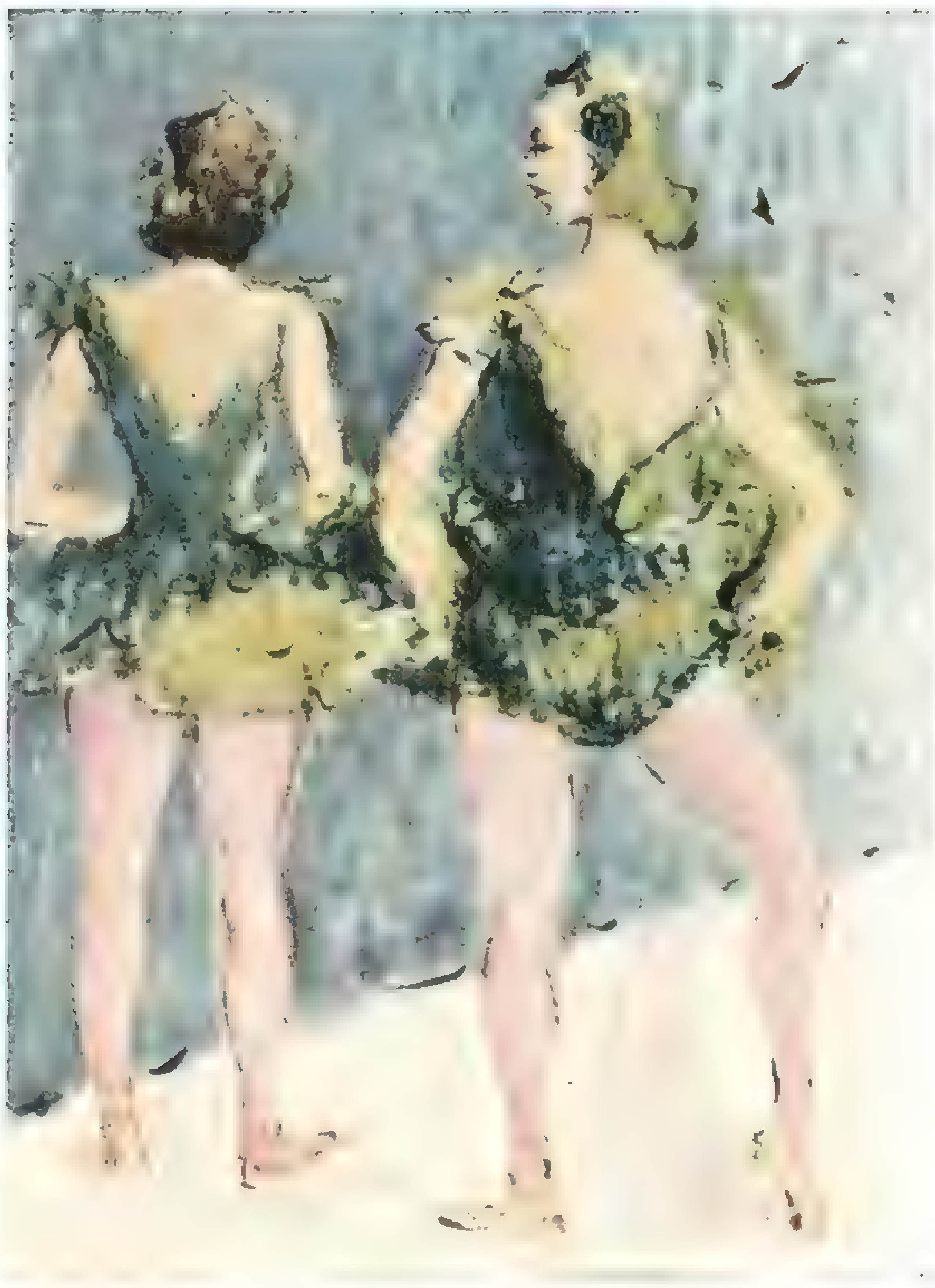
by MARCEL VERTÈS



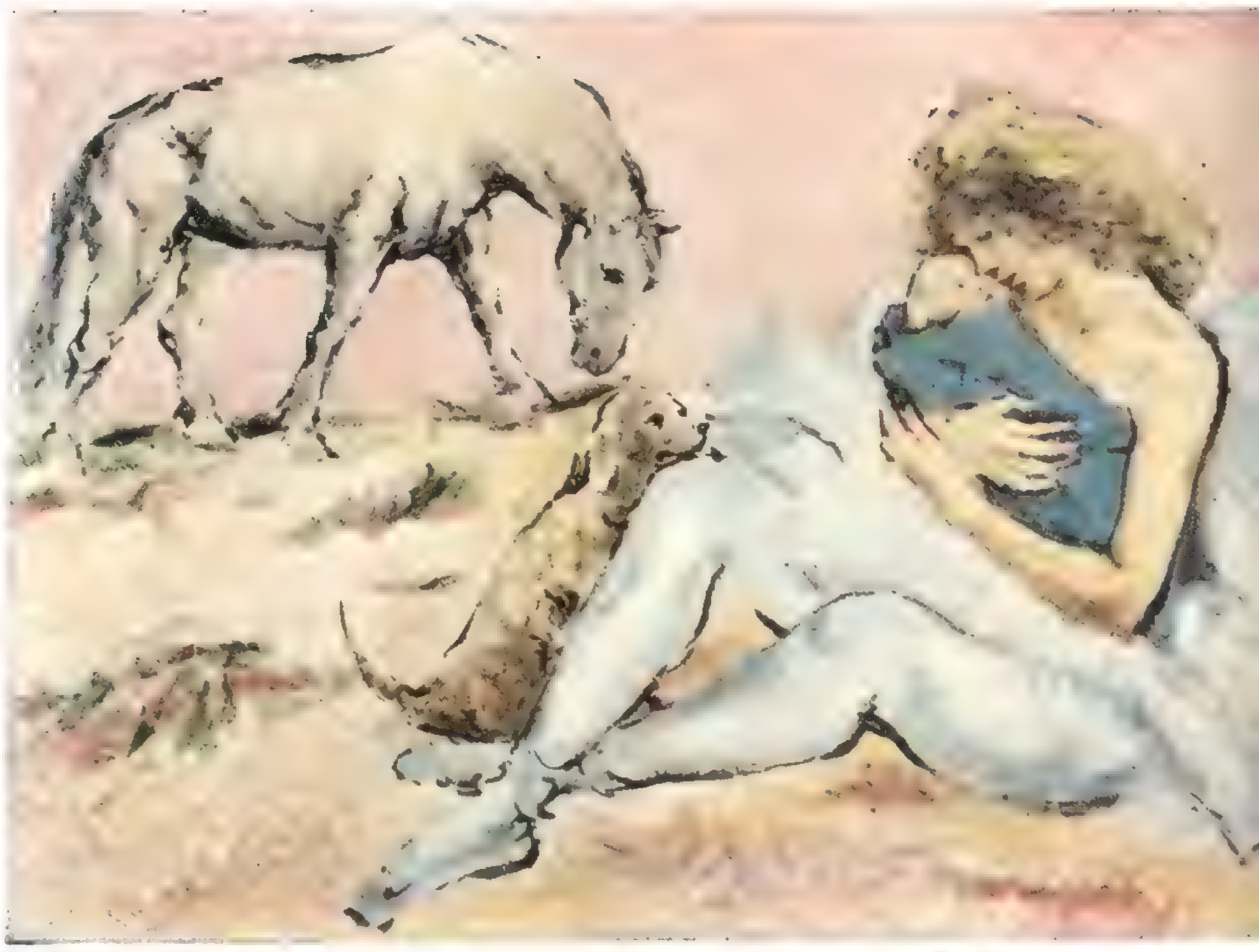
WOMAN WITH POODLE



ROSITA



BACKSTAGE



HAPPY LIFE

Four of the paintings now on view at the Gallery of Modern Art, 18 E. 57th Street, New York City. These representative pictures support M. Vertès' tenet that "It is the duty of an artist to give others what is pleasant and what is beautiful in life."

The Many-Sided Vertès

Fleeting glance at the manifold career of Marcel Vertès proving art has other than a canvas face

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

MARCEL VERTÈS, who began in last month's Esquire a new pictorial feature devoted to women's fashions, is one of the most versatile artists alive. He is supple, intelligent and sensitive. He creates art in many facets and many media, art susceptible of many adaptations, but all the manifestations of his skill and talent are bound together by the silken chains of his subject matter—Woman. The art of Vertès inhabits the world of theatre and promenade, of café and restaurant—the world that is shaped and colored and perfumed by women. His art breathes most freely in the world which women of elegance inhabit. Even the colors typical of his palette, so suggestive of Spring and Autumn, have by themselves served to inspire designers for women's wear. He is the artist of Cosmopolis. Remove him from the world which the presence of beautiful women makes fragrant in all the senses, and you take the air from his nostrils. Now, this does not mean that Mr. Vertès is one of those unwholesome unmanned decadents who flutter at the periphery of woman's world. On the contrary, he suggests a hearty beef-eating business man, with his stocky frame, matter-of-fact attitude and habit of getting things done. No, there is nothing aerial about Marcel Vertès. He is practical, efficient, accomplished, hard-working. He has a trade and he works at it. He is both artist and craftsman. He works through inspiration and through method.

Mr. Vertès maintains a profitable and reciprocal relationship with that world in whose air he breathes most happily. He draws upon it for his art; it provides him with infinite opportunities, inspirations and occasions for his work in color and in line, but he contributes to that world also, in ways that shall soon be detailed. In the United States, Mr. Vertès has discovered since his arrival almost three years ago, there exists what he regards as a mistaken tendency to divide art into watertight compartments. The man who paints a picture on canvas, board or paper, something around which a frame is set, is a pure artist, but the man who designs textiles, or a theatre curtain, or who draws for reproduction in magazines, is a commercial artist and is therefore at least slightly reprehensible. The distinction seems to have nothing to do with the quality of either the "pure" or the "commercial" art. "What a pity," visitors to Mr. Vertès' studio murmur, "that you must do all this commercial work to make a living!"

Now Mr. Vertès does not look at it in this way. If, says he, "I had a million dollars I would not do otherwise." The things he does are the things he wants to do, even though he is paid for doing them. His is not the dream of painting in obscurity allegedly immortal masterpieces whose final resting place will be in the vaults or on the walls of those publicly supported mausoleums called art museums. To take part in providing the envelope in which woman is garbed is to participate in the epoch and it is also to fix the epoch. Vertès is not yet ready to submit his resignation from life. A Vertès painting done for the walls of a home or of a museum is no less worthy of being set apart in itself within a frame than is a sketch for a design for a scarf or waist or dress or a piece of embroidery that the artist Vertès has created and the self-critic Vertès has approved.

This artist comes to us with a European tradition in these matters which is at variance with the more difficult attitude that he has encountered in this country. Abroad, art and fashion have always enjoyed interlocking interests. Art has profited, fashion has profited. Now that New York has become the capital of the world's fashion, there is no reason why art should not continue the mutually advantageous partnership on this side of the water. The artists who served fashion in Paris and elsewhere in Europe were not those untouchable pariahs, the "commercial" artists, but the best of the lot. Always it had been like that. For ten years Raoul Dufy served as designer for the silk manufacturer, Ducharme. Derain, for example, worked for theatre and ballet and was not above making designs for porcelain ware. Christian Bérard, among others, drew for fashion publications. Picasso's colors were indirectly contributed to textile manufacturers. And to go somewhat further back, some of the most effective color lithographs of Toulouse-Lautrec (by whom for a time Vertès was most powerfully influenced) were designed as poster advertisements for books and cafés.

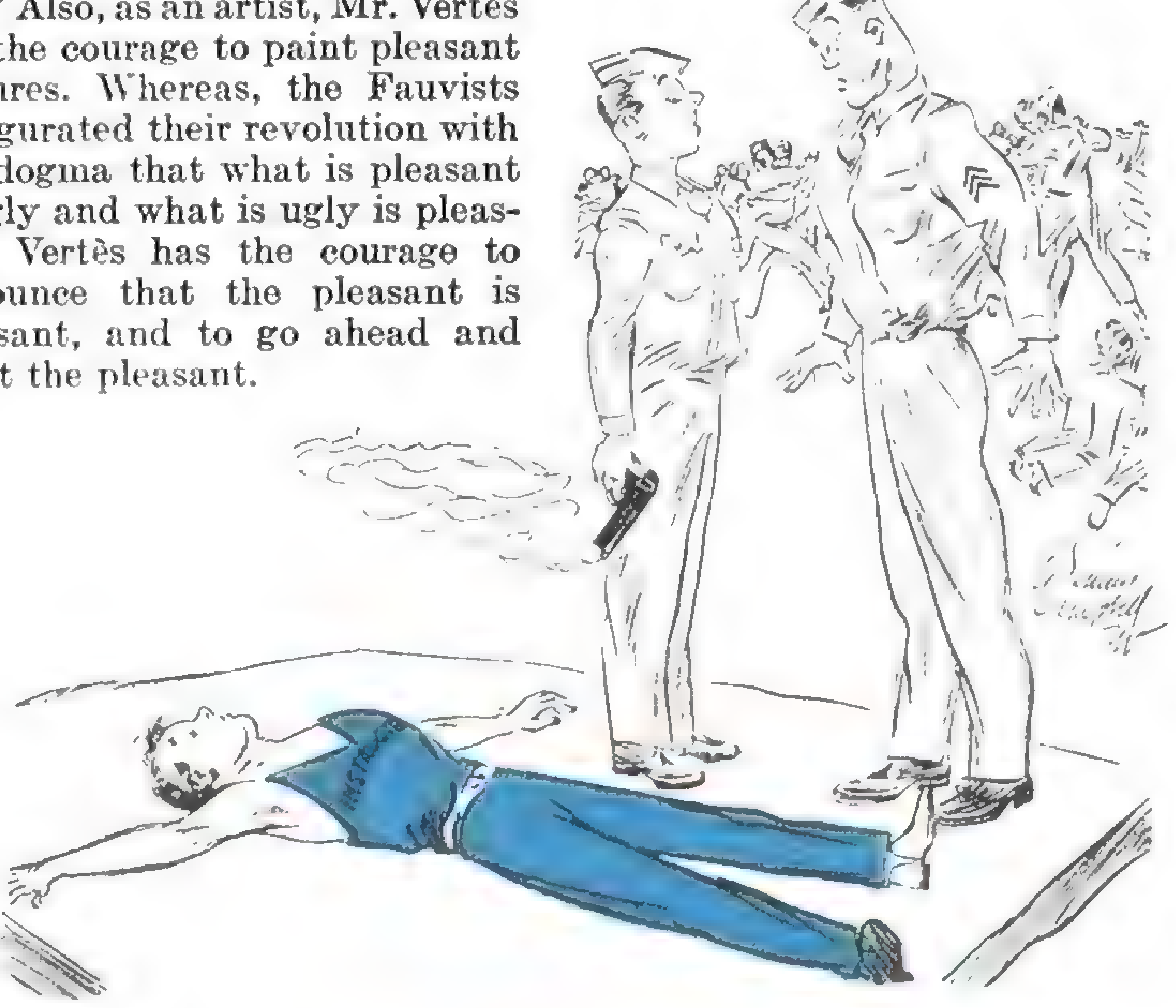
No one would say of these men: here are commercial artists going in for painting, partly because they kept a balance between the pictures they painted out of their need and desire for painting and the designs they executed for application to textiles, illustration, fashion, porcelain, etc., and also because their "commercial" work had quality. It is true, as Vertès points out, that commercial art is not something that is all commercial and has no art in it, and that pure art is not the finer thing only because of its purposelessness.

If these thoughts of the false distinction between fine and commercial art are uppermost in Vertès' mind and speech these days, that is because he is facing with some degree of trepidation the ordeal of what might be called his American debut as a fine arts painter. When these words are printed there will be on view at the Gallery of Modern Art, on East 57th Street in New York, an exhibition of oil paintings, gouaches and drawings, an exhibition toward which the artist Vertès has been working for the past eight months. On the walls of the gallery there will *not* be on view twenty canvases which the artist burned last summer because Mrs. Vertès convinced him that they did not achieve his standard. Mr. Vertès works hard and is rigorous with himself, spending much time in research and in preliminary sketching. "Work that seems easy may have come out of great suffering." Also, as an artist, Mr. Vertès has the courage to paint pleasant pictures. Whereas, the Fauvists inaugurated their revolution with the dogma that what is pleasant is ugly and what is ugly is pleasant, Vertès has the courage to announce that the pleasant is pleasant, and to go ahead and paint the pleasant.

Therefore, the probability is that you will want to look at Mr. Vertès' paintings because, curiously enough, they were made to please. At least they were made to please us here and now. The artist's show girl is a show girl and not a depressing drab. That is, the artist, realizing the show girl's function of resting the eyes, has attempted to transport the show girl in her basic function to his canvas. Mr. Vertès asks, directly and by implication: If a thing is unpleasant, why regard it, why paint it, why perpetuate it? Tragedy is easier, not harder, than comedy. Charlie Chaplin is a greater artist than any dozen tragedians who can tear a passion to tatters. It may seem almost perverse for an artist these days to try to please the public, but Vertès pleads guilty. "The duty of an artist is to give to others what is pleasant and what is beautiful in life." Beyond this, Vertès conveys no dogma, no philosophy. He works the sunny side of the street.

The artist's stage fright is caused by apprehension over what may seem to the critics a change of roles. Vertès has by this time achieved a classification. By exhibiting a gallery full of paintings he confuses the classifiers. For him, all his work constitutes vary-

Continued on page 93



"Well, Sarge, he asked me what I'd do if some Jap started using Jiu Jitsu on me!"

The Wolf Hunter

Like most Canadian trappers, Poleon led a lonely life and he was eager to welcome his friends to a dinner of stewed rabbit

by WILLIAM BYRON MOWERY

• FICTION •

In his trapper cabin north of Great Slave, Poleon Boileau heard the drone of an airplane, above the blustering Arctic storm. He stopped tending his kettle of stewed rabbit and listened, fork upraised. The drone swelled to a mild thunder as the plane sped low over the cabin.

Poleon frowned. "Hell-damn! W'at for is Cliff kissing de spruce tops wit' his skis lak dat?"

He recognized the plane as one of the freighters which were carrying radium ore from Great Bear out to the city country; and the engine rhythm told him it was the sturdy old Bellanca which Cliff Fields piloted, with Otto Kiefl as mechanic.

The motor sounded even, the plane seemed in no trouble; and Poleon knew that the veteran Cliff had whipped plenty of Arctic storms. But still he was uneasy about his two friends. He couldn't understand why they were flying so dangerously low. Or flying at *all* in such blizzardy weather.

In his warm, snow-banked cabin Poleon was stripped to the waist, wearing only leather trousers and his fancy, red-quilled moccasins. A powerful six-footer, just turned thirty, the kindly big *métis* had crow-black hair from his Timber-Cree blood, but all the rest of him was sunny-hearted, voyageur French. Throughout that North country his buoyant nature, along with his perpetual singing, had got him the name of "Big Happy."

But on his lonely fur path that season, Poleon's rolling baritone had been stilled. Through the winter twilight of those snowy wastes, he had carried with him the unbearable knowledge that Mareea St. Denis was married to Cesar Ludec, at Grass Isle. He had loved Mareea for years, and her marriage had sent him reeling off into the wilderness by himself, feeling that *le bon Dieu* had turned His face away from Poleon Boileau.

Unexpectedly Poleon heard the Bellanca again. It had circled back, and was skimming over the frozen lake toward his summertime canoe landing. With great relief he listened to it sit down safely and ski up to the first spruces.

Never doubting that his visitors were Cliff and the German, Poleon reached into the big cupboard where, bachelor-like, he kept everything from his button box to the wolf bane; and got out two more plates, cups and knives, eager to give his friends a warm meal of his famous stewed rabbit.

In spite of the storm outside, all the signs pointed to an early Saskateechee, or Rivers-Going-Out. In the willows the feather-footed ptarmigans were pairing off, and in the aspen swamps the caribou fawns—those the Sib wolves hadn't pulled down—were galloping through the yards to strengthen their awkward legs. Poleon had already baled his peltry for his spring trip to Resolution. But this year it would be a sad, empty trip—he would buy no pretty things for Mareea or take her to the *métis* dances there. She was Cesar's now. *Le bon Dieu* had given her to Cesar.

Poleon's four big *paquetons* of peltry, stacked against the east wall, were mostly wolf skins. The government had sent out a call for wolf fur that season to make warm uniforms for its ski-troop battalions; and Poleon was a little proud of the three hundred fine prime pelts he was taking in. The wolf packs of that region, tinged with Siberian blood, were a vicious breed. In the yards of the antlered bands Poleon had seen so much cruel evidence of their havoc that he had found satisfaction in making havoc with *them.*

As he was carefully stirring caribou back-fat into the kettle to make up for the leanness of the rabbit meat, the door of the cabin opened. Snow came swirling all the way across the floor and crawled around Poleon's moccasins. It was this trifle which first told him that something was wrong. Only *cheechakas* left a door open that long. Seasoned Northerners slammed quick.

He turned around, and a "*Sacredonc!*" fell from his lips. His visitors weren't Otto and Cliff but five strangers.

Their leather clothes and wolf-fur parkas made them look like true Northerners, and for one moment Poleon thought they were just some party who'd glimpsed his snug cabin and wanted shelter till the storm kicked over. But in the next breath he saw that their rifles were tilted at him. And then some subtle odor of foreignness told him they weren't Northerners at all, or Canadians, or Americans, but strange men from across the seas.

"Stand quiet," their leader ordered him. "Put up your hands."

Poleon obeyed, staring bulge-eyed at his sinister visitors. They were all young, the leader no more than thirty; but Poleon felt instinctively they were dangerous men. It wasn't the guns or hopeless odds, but something he could not pin down. Something puzzling—and *frightening.*

With an automatic in his hand, the leader stepped across to Poleon. He was a hard-faced man with gray eyes and an icy smile like the fang-showing grin of a wolf. He poked the cold gun against Poleon's ribs, slapped him for belt weapons, then backed off and kept him covered while the others gave the cabin a going over.

One of them lifted Poleon's expensive rifle from the wall peg and smashed the bolt action. Another appropriated his belt ax and big skinning knife. They gathered up his skis, the broken rifle, his double-bit ax—anything which he could possibly use as weapon or club—and threw them outside in the drift. They even took away his long-tined cooking fork. Altogether it was the most thorough job of disarming a person that Poleon had ever seen. It left him utterly without weapon. And on top of that he was covered by the blue automatic, which pointed at his heart and never wavered an inch.

All this time Poleon had been slowly puzzling his unwelcome visitors out. They had the rolling gait of seamen, and the arrogant way of officers, and the hardness of men who dealt death and took it; and he knew that he was facing five young officers of the dreaded Nazi pig-boats. Whether they had escaped from prison or their boat had met disaster in the icy seas beyond Hudson and they were trying to get back to Germany, he didn't know, and it didn't seem to matter.

In his eyes they didn't appear to be of the same blood as genial, apple-cheeked Otto Kiefl. They seemed to be from some country he'd never heard of. Some country of savage, inhuman heart.

The leader, whom the others called Erdmann, motioned at the simmering rabbit. "Go on with the cooking, breed," he ordered. He spoke very good English. Much better than the Canadian-born Poleon. That was because a good part of his childhood had been spent in the shelter of an English home, in a town called Coventry.

Poleon was getting his wits back. "Okay, frien'," he agreed. He tried to excuse their roughness and their destruction of his property by telling himself that as aliens in an enemy land they were compelled to be drastic.

Erdmann demanded: "You're expecting two visitors, breed. Who?" His sharp eyes had noticed the extra plates.

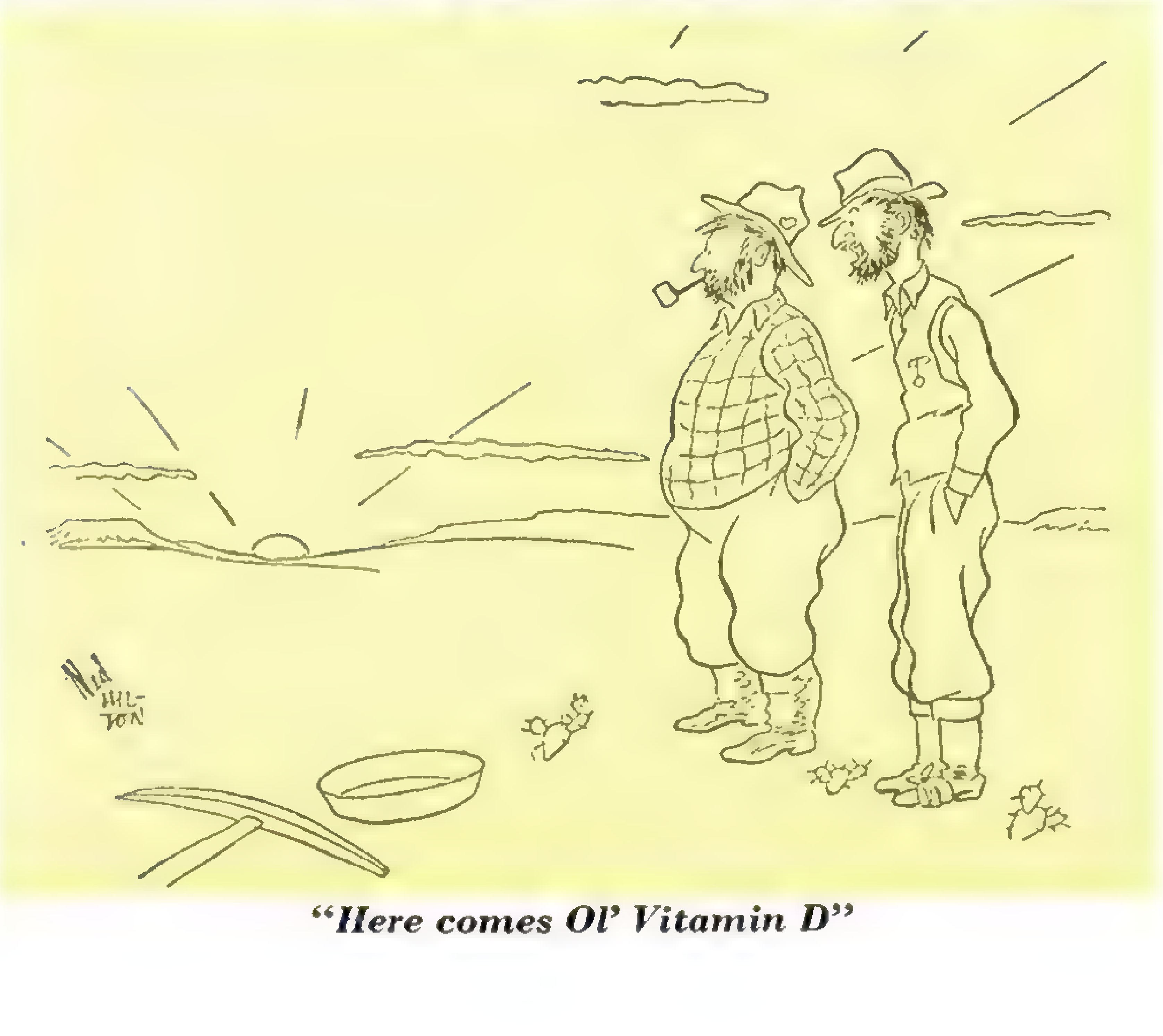
Poleon said: "De mens w'at you took de Bellanca from. Dose two—I been frien's wit' dem a long tam—are dey safe and soun', *hein?*"

Erdmann answered casually, "They were shot."

Poleon whirled around to Erdmann, gasping. "Dead?"

Erdmann nodded. "Attend to your cooking."

Bewildered misery spread slowly



"Here comes Ol' Vitamin D"

over Poleon's face. His old friend Cliff, and good-humored Otto, dead—he couldn't comprehend this staggering thing all at once.

In his grief for Otto and Cliff, he did not realize how ugly an omen it was for himself that Erdmann should tell him about the killing. It meant that this party did not care what he knew—he would tell no tales. As soon as he served the meal, his usefulness would be over.

He asked Erdmann, "Was it a fair fight, dat shooting?" He hated to believe that these men had killed his two friends in cold blood.

"A fair fight?" Erdmann repeated. His smile was scornful. "War isn't a game of marbles with us, breed. 'Fair' or 'unfair' is simpleton talk. We're free of that; we're above that." With a jerk of the gun he bade, "Hurry up the meal."

Poleon obediently turned back to the stove, but all his good will toward his visitors had vanished. He was beginning to hate them.

As he reached into the cupboard for a ladle to replace the long-tined fork, a sudden fear struck him. Cliff and Otto, en route back down north, had stopped either at Resolution or Grass Isle when this storm came on. These Nazis would never have showed up at Resolution, with its three hundred people, its dozen Mounted Police. But Grass Isle had only Cesar's free-trader store, a stop-over cabin for airmen, and the cabin where Cesar and Mareea lived.

He swung to Erdmann. "W'ere did dis shooting happen?"

"At Grass Isle," Erdmann said. "But put that rabbit on the table. After fighting a plane through this storm, I could eat it raw." He gave the automatic an ominous little flip.

Poleon didn't notice the warning. His big body had gone weak with fright—for Mareea. He asked jerkily, "Dere at Grass Isle—did you keel Cesar Ludec?"

"That breed with the funny little store? Yes."

Poleon lifted the kettle of rabbit to the side of the stove, where he could ladle it into the plates. The hot handle burned his fingers, but he didn't feel it. The dreadful question of what had happened to Mareea numbed his mind. At best Mareea was alone at Grass Isle, terrified, a blizzard raging, and without a man's protection.

And he was thinking of Cesar too. In the space of one minute all his year-long jealousy of Cesar Ludec had vanished. Cesar no longer was the rival who'd taken Mareea away but the friend with whom he'd partnered for three winters and who'd always been fair and open and honest. Now Cesar was murdered—one against five; ought not his partner see that his killers paid for that?

A slow massive anger began to gather in Poleon. It was like the anger that burned in him when he looked upon the cruel work of the Sib packs. Besides Cesar, there was Otto and Cliff. And maybe other men back along the trail of these slayers. And they would go on shooting people and breaking up homes unless they themselves were slain.

Poleon knew that he ought to deal with them as pitilessly as he had dealt with the wolves that winter. But he could not quite bring himself to lift his hand against fellow humans. It was so huge a question, so confused in his heart—he closed his eyes and asked *le bon Dieu* to show him what he must do.

Erdmann motioned at the other men to begin eating, but he himself still held the gun on Poleon. The four of them pulled up the wall bench and chairs and sat down to the meal, eagerly. How they could laugh and chat and eat so soon after blotting out three lives was beyond Poleon. Truly they were a sinister breed of men, godless, ruthless, and a world apart from Otto, their countryman. They believe themselves above the laws of man and even of *le bon Dieu*.

"What's troubling you?" Erdmann asked. "Was that breed a friend of yours?"

Poleon was silent. As he reached to get the salt in the cupboard, he shook with anger, like an avalanche that hung at trigger edge.

Erdmann saw his shakiness but misread it. "You'd better be scared, breed: you and all the fools like you. Those two with the Bellanca wouldn't shoot first; that's why they're dead and we're alive. And that's how it'll be with all our enemies, with their silly notions."

Poleon turned his head to Erdmann. "W'at kin' of a fight is it?"

"A fight where you've got to be hard or die! We don't give mercy and don't ask it!"

For one fraught moment Poleon looked squarely at Erdmann. Then he said, "Okay," and reached into the cupboard again.

He knew now that they intended to shoot him, in a few minutes more, but he went ahead with his work, calmly. He filled the four plates himself and set them in front of the men so that they would all begin eating at nearly the same time. Then he turned and faced Erdmann, as though waiting further orders. But his big body was tensed, his right foot was braced for a lunge. He knew that with luck he would have a second when that automatic wouldn't be covering him.

His fright and shakiness had all passed away. He could even ask about Mareea in steady tones:

"De *métise* girl at Grass Isle, she is alive, *m'sieu?*"

"If she hasn't frozen to death in the woods," Erdmann answered. "That fool you call Cesar put up a fight so that she could get away. He had courage but no sense—he could have got away himself."

As Poleon whispered a "*Merci*" to *le bon Dieu* for Mareea's escape, he heard one of the four men stop eating, utter an oath, and start for the water bucket. Another stopped eating. Then the man crossing the floor staggered and went down. Erdmann, startled, moved his head to see what had happened; and the automatic swerved a little to one side.

It was the break Poleon had been waiting for, and he sprang at Erdmann.

With his left hand he seized the gun and tore it away before the Nazi could squeeze the grip safely. His lunge overbalanced Erdmann and they fell to the floor, grappling at each other's throats and rolling over against the wall.

Lithe and powerful, the big Poleon could have crushed his enemy in a few seconds, but deliberately he let Erdmann battle on with him. One of the Nazis at the table had jumped for a rifle and swung the gun at the fight, but the man could not shoot for fear of killing Erdmann. The other three men were down—limp on the floor. The Nazi with the rifle was wobbly, his sands running swiftly out.

With his last strength this Nazi tottered closer, to get in a shot; but the gun drooped, he sagged, clutched at a chair, and fell.

Poleon saw him topple. With one big hand grasping Erdmann by a wrist, he reached for some *babiche* lacing on a wall peg, and tied his enemy up, hand and foot.

Dazed and trembling, Erdmann looked around at the four men, then at Poleon. "Th-they—they're dead," he gasped.

Poleon slowly nodded. "Wolf bane," he said. He noticed the automatic lying near and put it into his pocket. "You asked for it."

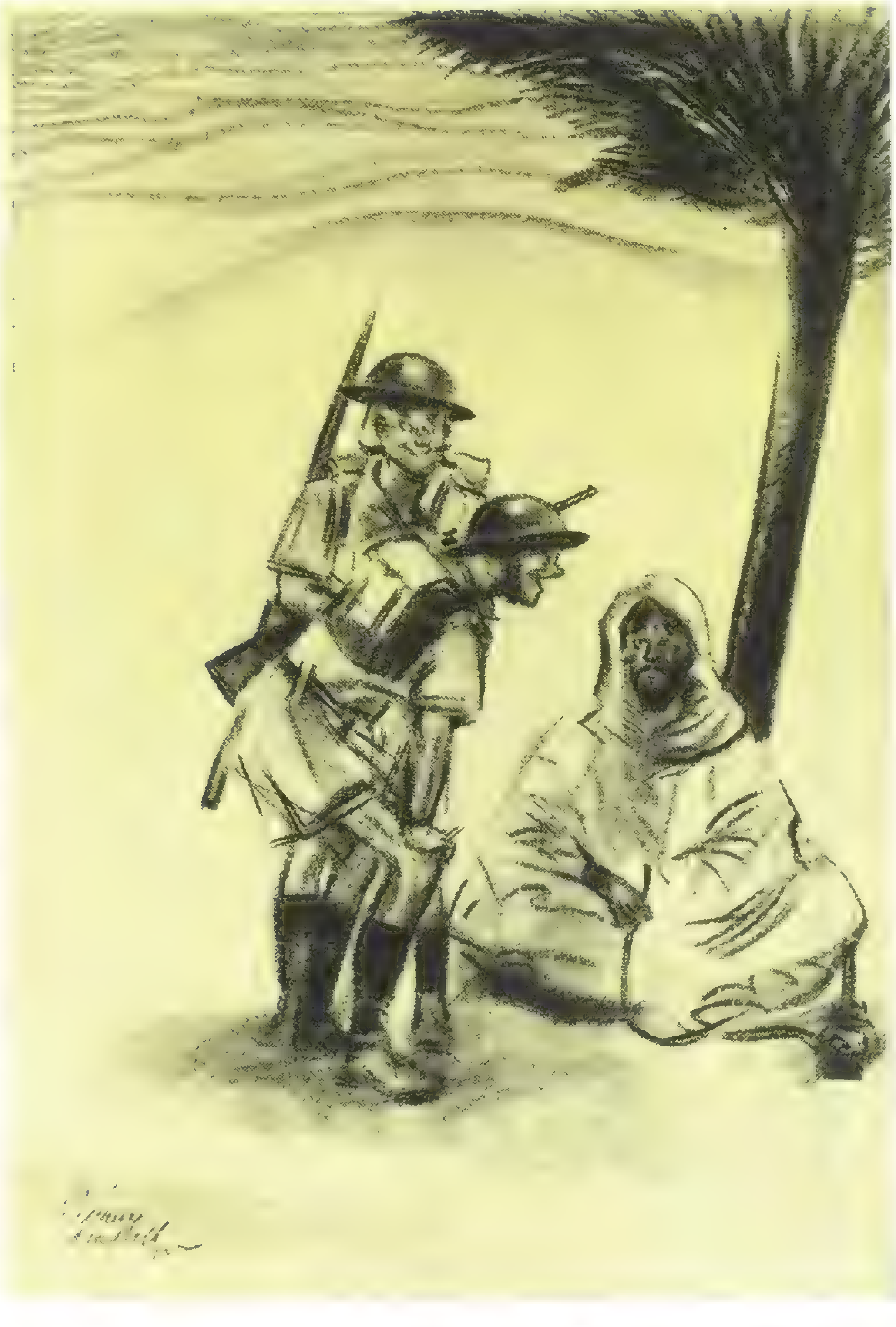
"*I*—?"

"You said be hard or die. You said you don' give mercy and don' ask any. Dat's w'en I said 'Okay'—and dumped de wolf bane into de kettle instead of de salt!"

With a long look at the still figures on the floor, Erdmann shrank back against the wall, with all the arrogance and the hardness ebbing out of him. Poleon saw the fear of death on his face, and in kindlier tones he said:

"Don' worry. I'm not keeling you. I'm giving you de mercy dat you said you didn' ever want. 'Sides, you're going to fly me back to Grass Isle. Immeeditly."

He got up and began putting on his heavy clothes for the trip. The thought of Mareea in this storm made him hurry. In a vague way he was realizing that now when the Saskateechee came again and the aspens were soft with buds, he would be with her once more, as it had been in other springs. To be going back to Mareea, after the long black months of the winter just passed—it seemed almost as though *le bon Dieu*, in the slow majesty of His ways, had always planned that it should be so. #



"Say, where do we find gay crowds, bright lights and girls around here?"

A Fighting American

Wide-eyed, clear-sighted Tom Hamilton, natural-born leader of men, puts zing in physical training of sea-borne fliers

by ROBERT E. HOOEY

•SPORTS•

THERE is a striking analogy between competitive athletics played the American way and all-out war, fought with the United Nations on the offensive. This fact the Axis is learning to its sorrow.

This truth always has been known to Commander Thomas James Hamilton, head of the U. S. Navy's pre-flight training section, who was chosen football's "Man-of-the-Year" by the Football Writers' Association of America. The nation's sports writers credited Hamilton with doing more than any other individual to keep football at a near-normal tempo in 1942.

Tom Hamilton is, paradoxically, a living legend at Annapolis and among Annapolis men now at close grips with the enemy in every part of the world. Now thirty-six—his birthday was December 26th—he has gone a quiet way to a measure of renown achieved by few men his age.

To start to describe this man, it is not exaggeration to say that he is the epitome of a fighting American, with a will-to-win temperament ingrained by competitive athletics. He is offense-minded, clear and quick thinking, and largely the product of the thousands of challenges he has met and beaten at study, in athletics—as player and coach—and in the service.

As head of the Navy's pre-flight and physical training section, Bureau of Aeronautics, Hamilton now handles the most important assignment of his life. As to his physical appearance, most striking on first acquaintance are his wide-spaced, inordinately large and calm eyes. All the Hamilton men—and he has four older brothers each in the service now—have the same eyes. The five brothers also have the same distinguishing large features, square jaws, and the Hamilton nose, inclining toward the bulbous.

The two older Hamiltons, John and Don, were in World War I. John now is a lieutenant in the Army ordnance department at Fort Lewis, Seattle, while Don is a lieutenant commander in the Navy supply department at Boston. Bob Hamilton is lieutenant in charge of the Navy Training (recognition) School at Ohio State University, Columbus.

Howard Hamilton, former secretary of the Arts College at Ohio State, is on leave as lieutenant in charge of the academic department of the Navy's pre-flight school at Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

Endurance, fortitude and generalship were Tom's long suits as player and coach. He wasn't particularly fast for a ball carrier. To build his great stamina, he swam at every opportunity during athletic off-seasons and lived pretty much like an ascetic. Even now he seldom smokes or takes a drink. When he can find time (which is seldom), he'll go five or six hard games of handball or take a long jaunt with gun and dog.

When Pearl Harbor became black headlines, top-ranking Navy officialdom didn't take any overtime in the huddle. The Navy had to have a reservoir of prospective aviators, and Lieutenant Commander Thomas J. Hamilton (commander since last September) was designated as the man to set up the organization.

His qualifications were exceptional: a born leader of men, proved capacity for organization, outstanding scholastic and athletic record as an undergraduate at the Naval Academy, and steady, although unspectacular, promotion in service since going to sea in 1927.

The athletic record that played such a large part in the molding of this young commander's career is familiar to sports followers. Hamilton was a nine-letter man at the Naval Academy. He won three letters each in football, basketball and baseball.

In football he was quarterback on offense, fullback on defense, and entrusted with all conversion attempts by drop-kick. In his three years of varsity, he never missed a conversion try. He was quarterback of the great Navy team which fought from behind to tie Army 21 to 21 in the 1926 epic at Soldiers' Field, Chicago. His three drop-kicks that day enabled his team to tie.

Later he was head coach of three Navy elevens, 1934-36, that won 19 out of 27 games—including two victories each over Army, Notre Dame and the University of Pennsylvania.

With characteristic energy, Hamilton stopped the clock in his office, rolled up his sleeves and went to work when appointed to head up the Navy's pre-flight program right after Pearl Harbor. As he conceived it, and as it was approved by higher-ranking Navy men, the pre-flight schools' program should be divided into three phases:—athletics, academic and military.

He placed strong emphasis on athletics because one of his chief responsibilities was to provide a steady stream of prospective Navy aviators, each man with a hardened body and nerves of steel—men who could take it and dish it out! And from four pre-flight training centers established by his direction—at the Universities of Georgia, Iowa, North Carolina, and St. Mary's in California—1,800 young men have been going up for primary training in the Navy Air Corps every three months.

"I believe that football," he declared, "is the nucleus about which to build the physical fitness and athletic school programs of our

Continued on page 114

THE DUTCH NATIONAL ANTHEM

THERE was an atmosphere of unrest in the cities and villages of the Netherlands. Strange groups thronged the streets. Most of these men wore uniform clothes, vest, pants and short coats made from rough gray cloth. They called themselves "beggars," and demanded religious and national liberty from their king. But this king in distant Spain, Philip II, was the representative of a tyrannic power. As religious persecution increased, the "beggars" entered into open rebellion against the regime of the inquisition. They senselessly smashed images, destroyed altars, drove priests out of churches.

The king replied by more violent excesses. He sent the Duke of Alva as his representative to the Netherlands, and from then on the executor worked day and night, people were hanged, beheaded, burned, quartered.

The country was in turmoil and mourning. Its most talented leader, Prince William of Orange, lived as an exile abroad. In 1568, he succeeded in gathering an army to break the reign of terror in the Netherlands. However, his foe Alva avoided open battle assuming that shortly the prince would lack money and supplies to carry on, which proved to be true a few months later. William was forced to disband his army. Only a small group of faithful soldiers followed him to aid the French Huguenots in their struggle for freedom of religion. This undertaking, based on the hope that the Huguenots would in turn support the fight of the Netherlands, also ended in failure. Disguised as a peasant, the prince had to flee France; as a defeated, impoverished man he returned to his native Dillenburg in Germany.

In this hour of despair, when freedom for the Netherlands seemed a Utopian dream, the song *Wilhelmus van Nassouwen* was written to the *Tune of Chartres*, a favorite of the French Huguenots. Its author is said to have been Marnix van St. Aldegonde, a nobleman and general in the armies of Prince William. The initial letters of the fifteen stanzas spell the name "Willem von Nassov"—and loyalty to his leadership. It is a nostalgic message from the prince to the people of the Netherlands, a condemnation of tyranny, in justice and violence, and an appeal to persevere. It avoids criticism of the Spanish king and puts all blame on his bad advisers. Even so, the lofty hymn stirred the Netherlanders and encouraged them to hope that Spanish tyranny would not last forever.

Eighty years later, the Netherlands, after a hard struggle, obtained independence, and the song *Wilhelmus* kept its popularity as a token of the liberal Dutch spirit. It resounded when the powerful armies of Louis XIV swept the country and William III of Orang backed by a jubilant people, rout the enemy. In the eighteenth ce tury, the *Wilhelmus* accompani the victory of Prince William over the French invaders. At t beginning of the nineteenth cent ry it greeted King William I, wh he, ending his exile in Englan landed in Scheveningen, drove o Napoleon's troops and introduc a free constitution.

Today again, the *Wilhelmus* f fills its historic mission. Again t country is under the heel of an o pressor. Again, the ruler is in ex And once more the Dutch peop who sing their beloved anthem their churches and homes, f comfort in its promise: "This l will not endure."

Some time ago the crew of Dutch merchantman returned England. Their ship, one of t many Dutch vessels which sail the service of the United Nation had been sunk by a U-boat. Th captain had not returned. A N torpedo had severed both of legs. While he ordered the crew abandon ship, he refused to ent the life boat. Bidding farewell his comrades, he said: "I am t far away from any doctor. Go luck to you." As the ship d appeared through the crest of t waves, the Dutch sailors hea for the last time the voice of th captain. He was singing t *Wilhelmus*. —WILL SCHAB

Wilhelmus van Nassouwen.

Piano conducteur.

Geïnstrumenteerd door
Orchestrée par Sem SCHUIJER.
Marnix van St. ALDEGONDE.

Andante Maestoso

Uitgave van
Edition J. Philip Kruseman, 's Gravenhage Holland

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The H. W. Gray Co., Inc., 159 East 48th St., New York, N. Y.

Made in U. S. A.

WILHELMUS VAN NASSOUWEN

The Dutch National Anthem

William of Nassau, scion
Of a Dutch and ancient line,
I dedicate undying
Faith to this land of mine.
A prince I am, undaunted,
Of Orange, ever free.
To the king of Spain I've granted
A lifelong loyalty.

I've ever tried to live in
The fear of God's command.
And therefore I've been driven
From people, and land.
But God, I trust, will rate me
His willing instrument
And one day reinstate me
Into my government.

Let no despair betray you,
My subjects true and good.
The Lord will surely stay you
Though now you are pursued.
He who would live devoutly
Must pray God day and night
To throw His power about me
As champion of your right.

Translation by PROF. ADRIAAN BARNOUW

Eight 21-Gun Salutes

For *This Is the Army,* Eddie Condon, Agnes de Mille, George Jessel and others who excel in entertainment

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

SOME of my friends go further than the President, who believes that you can't be good in print three times a week. They think, or at least they say, that "it must be hard to find something to write about" once every month, in the field of the lively arts. That's their nice way of putting it; and I won't make it any better for myself by proving, immediately, that *finding* the things to write about is definitely not difficult.

Because in the past month alone I have reserved for further discussion, if anyone cares to listen, the following absolutely topnotch, first-rate, extraordinary events and people in the lively arts:

1. *Saludos Amigos.* Until Disney's Mexican film comes out, this is the final word in animations; it is the greatest Disney; it has all of Disney's virtues, in the highest degree, and in perfect combination; it has none of the important defects of some of the later overblown Disney "masterpieces." This is the Disney of the carefree early days; it is inventive, organized, funny, charming, dramatic, colorful; it's what children want Disney to be and what critics hope he always will be. It is the most beautiful product of the Disney studios; it is full of things Disney hasn't tried before; it is, if I haven't made it clear, one of the perfectly conceived and executed works of our time.

People who are absolutely certain that the arts won't flourish under a centralized government might note that this picture was underwritten by a section of our "bureaucracy." In a sense, you and I had a financial interest in this picture; had it failed, we would have made good the cost.

Moreover this is a propaganda film. It introduces cowboys to gauchos and Donald Duck to Joe Carioca; it is a supreme example of constructive political thinking.

And one of the funniest burlesque travelogues, also.

2. *Rodeo, by Agnes de Mille.* This American ballet, danced chiefly by Russians, was as smart and witty and satisfying a job as had been done in a long while; there were half a dozen ballets in the great seasons of the 1920's which were not half so well-planned and gay. Miss de Mille is, as always, someone to watch and her own dancing is full of satire, sentiment, and grace. Music by Aaron Copland, reminding you of his *Billy the Kid,* not because he quoted himself, but because the general situation is the same; he is a fine writer for the theatre.

3. *Eddie Condon's Swing Concerts.* These are scheduled to go overseas to entertain the services. There couldn't be a better choice. About a year ago Eddie Condon, under the management of Ernest Anderson, began to give swing concerts at Town Hall in New York; we picked up the group to do some television shows (and believe me, brother, they were something, because you can get shots as tricky as the flutter of a long-held note or the zing-and-muting of cymbals). Since then I've heard a number of Condon's concerts, always with mystification and pleasure. Condon plays the guitar and walks around while his geniuses do their work, and points a long finger at the man who is to take it up next; apparently he organizes the music, because the men who work in other places come together in perfection of co-operative effort; Virgil Thomson put his finger on the supreme value of these meetings when he said that everything done by one of the musicians corresponded to—and had something relevant to do with—what all the others were saying. In short, these ad libbers listen to one another, and not merely to themselves.

This leaves out the fact that they are pretty great individuals. I am not a specialist and I am not romantic over swing players, dead or living. I think Buddy Freeman is an amazing saxophonist—and am surprised to find that the sax is not an essential instrument in swing bands; when Buddy Freeman plays it's like a great concerto. Zutty Singleton fascinates me because I think he's a great drummer and know he's a fine performer; Hot Lips Page seems to please as much with his singing as with his cornet, but I don't go for singing with swing. And if these are not considered in the great line of Ellington and Goodman and Armstrong—you will find some enthusiasts who abandon the hot jazz classics entirely and go in for obscure people heard only in out of the way joints in small cities. Swing is a fanaticism, more than an enjoyment, to many people. I merely like it; I enjoy hearing it grow; but it is not my religion. I lived through the era when smooth jazz was considered the last word in degeneration and also the first word in the new American culture. It wasn't either. And swing isn't all the romanticists crack it up to be—but it's great music.

4. *Tom Howard and others.* The first three programs I heard in this cockeyed comedian's series, *It Pays To Be Ignorant,* struck me as being the funniest new thing on the air in years. And by all odds the funniest single half hour. (Fred Allen doesn't aim for that kind of fun; he has had for years the wittiest and generally the most satisfying program; but he can't do unsubtle humor and make it funny; luckily he doesn't have to try more than once in a season or so.)

The formula for the program seems unvaried. Sample question: After what Civil War president is the Lincoln Tunnel named? Sample result of the question: 1. May I guess? 2. Washington. 3. Comment on Washington as the most honest man that ever lived; response to that, "Then why did they close the banks the day he was born?" And so on, including Lulu McConnell flirting with a stranger, Howard calling Shelton names, endless backtalk, rowdy and foolish, until the question is forgotten, at which point Howard pays off, adding a few insults to his sponsor. On another program, Shelton failed to tell what color the Christmas is in a song about a White Christmas. Howard gives a cue: it's the same color as a thing we often see at Christmas. We often say, "It would be more like Christmas if we had—what—on the ground?" "Our feet," says Lulu.

When Howard runs into a covey of bad old jokes, the spirit sags. But when the going is good, this show sounds like the maddest impromptu—and yet it is well-paced and unselfconscious—presumably because it's a script show. If it

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AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Elaine Shepard

IT will be a great surprise to everyone who knows her, including herself, if Elaine Shepard doesn't make awfully good at something. She spares herself no pains. Several years ago she took a seven-month secretarial course, not because she was interested in a business career but because she felt she would be able to walk into a producer's or agent's office with more self-assurance, knowing she wouldn't go hungry if he said no. She even learned to operate an elevator so that she can impress her escort by seizing the controls if something happens to the regular operator.

Miss Shepard wants to be a famous actress and, in her effort to attain that ambition, has somehow become a top-ranking model. She has made two expeditions to Hollywood. The first resulted in roles in several Westerns but was spent mostly in posing for the magazine illustrations that won her the title of Hollywood's bathing suit queen. The second found her spending so much time posing for RKO's publicity department that she demanded her release. Any third foray will necessarily carry a guarantee that she be given a chance to do some acting, at which she is incidentally quite adept.

As a model, Miss Shepard would have all sorts of laurels to rest on if she weren't the restless kind. She was sent to Florida and Mexico on de luxe assignments and has been awarded various accolades by James Montgomery Flagg, the Institute of Human Art and the Professional Photographers Association. She also posed for an advertising illustration for "Take A Letter, Darling" that was banned by the Hays office. In the meanwhile, Miss Shepard is studying Spanish, takes her mending to the Stork Club, wears specially designed gowns at openings to steal the show during intermissions and taps an impatient foot.

Miss Shepard on Men: "Most men never learn even the elementary rules of courtship. They'll undo six months' progress by such high school errors as failing to send flowers upon occasion, making a play for somebody else's girl in full view of their own and in general getting the right idea at the wrong time.

"But it's difficult for me to take men seriously anyway. Any man who would marry a career girl is a fool and who wants a fool for a husband?"

Vital Statistics: *Model Agency:* John Robert Powers. *Home Town:* Olney, Ill. *Age:* 24. *Height:* 5′ 9″ with heels. *Weight:* 120. *Bust:* 34. *Waist:* 24½. *Hips:* 34.

JAMES VILES PHOTOGRAPH

The Esquire Sports Poll

Fans give ball players the O.K. sign for season; Dick Wakefield of Tigers and Ed Stanky of Cubs prize rookies

by **HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON**

▪ SPORTS ▪

THE QUESTIONS

I

Do you believe that there will be resentment against ball players carrying on in the game this year? . . . . *Yes* ☐ *No* ☑ *89.71%*

II

Which do you regard as having the greater athletic skill: a great pitcher, or a great batter? . . . . *Pitcher 71.37%*

III

Do you think that the longer series resulting from the new schedule will cause depreciation of interest or attendance? . . . . *Yes* ☐ *No* ☑ *78.34%*

IV

Who do you think will be the outstanding player of the year? . . . .

National	*American*
Mort Cooper *St. Louis, p*	*Joe DiMaggio* *New York, cf*

V

What is your guess as to who will be the outstanding rookie of the year? . . . .

National	*American*
Ed Stanky *Chicago, ss*	*Dick Wakefield* *Detroit, rf*

VI

How do you think the teams will finish in the 1943 pennant races?

National		American	
1. St. Louis	5. Chicago	1. New York	5. Detroit
2. Brooklyn	6. Pittsburgh	2. St. Louis	6. Chicago
3. Cincinnati	7. Boston	3. Cleveland	7. Washington
4. New York	8. Philadelphia	4. Boston	8. Philadelphia

Ted Williams Pfc. Willard H. Marshall Johnny Pesky
GEORGE H. McQUINN Johnny Hopp Bobby Doerr
Charlie Keller
Stanley Hack LARRY FRENCH
Harry Danning Thomas
Gus Mancuso Danny Litwhiler Al Hollingsworth
Don Gutteridge Pvt. Ewell Blackwell Dolph Camilli
Phil Marchildon Spud Chandler JIM BAGBY JR.

Sparks from baseball's hot-stove league pop in this Poll.

Never let it be said that hope departs from the bosom of the baseball fan. That's part of the plan of benevolent providence. Heaven sends winter to Philadelphia to give fans a chance to grab the crystal ball by the seams and curve it into the tomorrow, in fond expectation that the Quakers some day again will have a club in the first division.

In dark days of war, Philadelphia fans confidently look forward to happier times. The dear little brats in the city's schools are taught that shortly after Washington and his army spent their dreadful winter at Valley Forge the Athletics won the World Series. It cheers up the kiddies to learn that once upon a time Philadelphia could be mentioned in connection with baseball without the nation busting out laughing.

Truly a nation shall not perish from the earth as long as school tots of the city in which the Declaration of Independence was signed open classes pledging allegiance to the flag, with the flag being backed by icons of Washington, Lincoln, Franklin and Connie Mack.

This month's Poll was taken among the usual categories of sports writers, sportscasters, and the general public, plus the major league ball players, and the soldiers at MacDill Field, Tampa, Florida; Moore Field, Mission, Texas; and Napier Field, Dothan, Alabama.

The Special Services officer at MacDill Field is Captain Frank E. Rokusek, whose name will stir memories of graying football fans. Frank was captain and end on the University of Illinois 1924 team which had as its luminary Mr. 77, Red Grange.

MacDill Field, which was named in honor of Colonel Leslie MacDill who was killed in a plane crash at Anacostia, D. C. on November 9, 1938, is the largest bombardment training base in the Southeast. When bombardment crews come out of this field, which is only three years old, they go directly to the combat zones. Flying Fortress crews, trained in the early days when MacDill was a heavy bombardment base, have struck the enemy with such devastating high altitude precision bombing that the B-17 became the surprise weapon of our first year of war.

Since June, the new Martin Marauding B-26 medium bombers have been the instruments with which MacDill crews have been writing history. General Doolittle landed the first B-26 on MacDill's runways. Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, too, has been a visitor and marveled at the progress of the husky young base. Major General Clarence L. Tinker, who lost his life in the Battle of Midway on June 13, 1942, was MacDill Field's first commander. The present commander is Colonel Thomas S. Voss, who assumed his duties just before the field was converted from a heavy to a medium bombardment base, and MacDill owes him much for its progress and improvements.

Located fourteen miles northwest of Mission, Texas, in wild brush country, Moore Field was started in September, 1941. The field is named for Lieutenant Frank Murchison Moore, native of Houston, who was killed while on a combat flying mission in France in 1918. It was at Moore Field that Lieutenant Colonel G. P. Culver conceived the idea for the synthetic gunnery range that is now in general use. In this phase of gunnery training, the cadets fire BB pellets from air-operated machine guns fixed to Link trainers at moving paper targets in the shape of enemy planes. This teaches the students the proper "lead" in firing at enemy planes. In 1942 this single engine fighter school turned out more fighter pilots than any air force in the world boasted just a few years ago. Commanding officer at Moore Field is Lieutenant Colonel Frank G. Jamison, a West Pointer of the class of '32.

The summed answer on the first question indicates that the emotional reaction will govern approximately 10% of the public.

"Baseball should be continued as far as possible in 1943," insisted **Max Moseley**, Montgomery, Alabama, *Advertiser*. "It's simply a must for the civilian morale as well as for the soldiers. I don't think that there will be any resentment for the ball players. All that are eligible are in the services. The others have some handicap or have children." **Nolan Skiff**, Pendleton, Oregon, *East Oregonian*, said: "Resentment should be at a minimum, since virtually all men eligible for combat service will be in the service. Every soldier knows that baseball has contributed heavily to the war." **Eddie West**, Santa Ana, California, *Register*, thought: "The public's attitude will depend on the way things are going abroad. If our forces are making progress all well and good; if we suffer reverses the general public, including Ben Boxholder, will be short-tempered with men making a soft living wearing rompers."

"I get letters from soldiers and sailors all over the world," wrote **Danny Litwhiler**, hard-hitting outfielder of the Phillies, "asking me about baseball and telling me they hope we continue the game. They thrive on baseball talk and arguments. Major league baseball contracts approximately 500 ball players. Movie and stage actors, circuses, etc., carry thousands of men. Yet nothing is heard about them. Why let baseball down?"

Don Gutteridge, who played such great ball at second for the Browns last year, supplied similar testimony, reporting: "I have talked to a lot of soldiers, sailors and marines and I have never heard a word against baseball. They are all for it and think they need it."

"Those of us in the Midwest who don't get to see a big league game very often," wrote **John C. Landis**, Holdrege, Nebraska, "look at our farm labor shortage, and defense plan calls for workers, and wonder why real he-men are not working at something in the war effort." Another Nebraskan, **Dr. James F. Curren**, Humboldt, Nebraska, felt that "Any ball player that is young enough to play ball should be in the Army." **Jada M. Davis**, Odessa, Texas, *American*, who came out of the Army just as his predecessor Bob Nash went into it, spoke with authority when he said:

> Heroes fall hard. As the war takes its toll of more sons, brothers and fathers in 1943, those persons not in the armed services will be held up to criticism more and more. As a veteran of this war, the writer knows what it means not to be in uniform at a time when all able-bodied men are in the service of their country. Public heroes felt it during and after the last war. They'll feel it in the same way this time. And yet baseball should be held together at all costs. As a topic for soldiers' conversation and as a morale-builder, baseball has no equal.

"I know how people in vital war work feel," wrote **Max Macon** of the Dodgers, "because I am in close contact with lots of them. They create interest among themselves by way of sports. This is their greatest diversion. I'm sure that baseball will help the morale of the plant and factory workers. This is a very important factor during these times."

"Our workers must have recreation," agreed **Clarence H. Rickey,** Dayton, Ohio. "Keeping sport alive will lower the gambling and tavern take commensurably." **Edward F. Bradley,** Fort Madison, Iowa, *Evening Democrat*, gave this human interest data:

> Dick Klein, who as a sophomore at Northwestern led the Big Ten basketball scoring a couple of years ago, played this winter with the star-studded Great Lakes cage team. A native of Fort Madison, Klein is also a baseball pitcher of ability. He was for a time in the Eastern Michigan league with Flint prior to enlisting in the Navy. He visited Fort Madison last winter, and while here joined some of his former independent team mates for a game against the Harlem Globe Trotters. The team on which Klein played won. The fact that such players as Klein, and many others now in service, retain their interest in sports and show that interest by playing and following sports activities should be a good argument for the continuation of baseball and other sports during the war. Klein was one of three pitchers with the Fort Madison Red Sox three years ago. All three are now in some branch of service. In addition, the first baseman is a paratrooper, the shortstop a soldier, the second baseman is in the Army Air Corps, and all the outfielders are in service. But there is a continued interest in baseball, even though the town no longer has a representative team. In letters home, our former players inquire about local sports activities.

Jack Dwyer, ,Manchester, Connecticut, *Herald*, said:

> There should not be any resentment against ball players who take the field this year. Radio broadcasts and home town papers supply servicemen with too many interesting moments to take the game away from them. Lots of ball players who are rejected for service will still be able to play. I think it's about time the big leagues send old time stars such as Babe Ruth *et al.* to semi-pro centers to keep interest in the game alive. In this section of the country it would be a great help.

The "break-down" on this question was as follows:

	Yes	No
The Public		89.66%
Sportscasters		93.54%
Sports Editors		93.52%
Major Leaguers		93.33%
Moore Field		78.57%
MacDill Field		79.43%
Napier Field		80.17%

Although the vote in Question II gave the pitcher a long lead, some good arguments were put up for the great hitter. **Jack Coombs,** one of the Athletics' immortals who continues to win baseball fame as coach of the many strong Duke nines, brought out the point that: "Pitching is a science; batting is an art. A great batsman can not be made."

"A great pitcher," said **Dick Cullum,** *Minneapolis Times*, "may be an awkward, wholly unathletic person incapable of any physical activity beyond the knack of throwing a ball. A great hitter needs smooth coordination between eye and muscle and a general athletic makeup. You see many great pitchers who cannot do anything but pitch. You seldom see a great hitter who has not other athletic skills."

"A pitcher has to face at least nine batters," pointed out **Bill Woodside,** Paris, Texas, *News*, "while a batter often faces only one pitcher." **Wallace Buell III,** Providence, said: "A pitcher is the greater athlete because his job requires more stamina and cunning." **Budd Sweeney,** WHKC, Columbus, Ohio, pointed out that: "A good batter will average better against the best pitching—a better draw; witness Babe Ruth and others who've built up teams with their batting power."

The question on the longer series in the new schedule should be dedicated to the ODT with the compliments of the club owners who'll save money with the compact schedule. By pasturing steaks and chops on the hoof in the outfield and giving the players victory garden patches on the outsides of foul lines, the magnates should be able to reduce expenses further.

"Instead of decreasing interest," claimed **Floyd Olds.** *Omaha World-Herald*, "the longer series should increase fans' desire to see the games. Often in a two or three-game series, fans are disappointed when a certain pitcher has no chance to work against the particular foe. In a four or five-game stand, this will be corrected." **Dwight Pelkin,** Sheboygan, Wisconsin, *Press* agreed that the "longer series will cause greater fan interest since each series will loom higher in importance, and also since each one will be more of a 'series' to decide issues."

Mort of the freres Cooper and Joe of the freres DiMaggio, had canters in winning out as the players most likely to be the outstanding stars of the season. M. Cooper, the tall, thin right-handed Independence, Missouri, native was twenty-nine years old March 2nd. It'll be his eleventh year in organized baseball, his sixth year with the Cards. He ranked fifth in the won-and-lost column in the National league.

Brother Giuseppe of the DiMaggios will not be a holdout this year; you may be reasonably sure of that. Guadalcanal papers please copy.

The First Nine of each league was comprised of the following:

National League

Mort Cooper, St. Louis pitcher; Stan Musial, St. Louis right fielder; Johnny VanderMeer, Cincinnati pitcher; Johnny Mize, New York first baseman; Mel Ott, New York right fielder; Eddie Miller, Cincinnati shortstop; Lou Novikoff, Chicago center fielder; Dolph Camilli, Brooklyn first baseman, Ernie Lombardi, Boston catcher.

American League

Joe DiMaggio, New York center fielder; Verne Stephens, St. Louis shortstop; Joe Gordon, New York second baseman; Charlie Keller, New York right fielder; Lou Boudreau, Cleveland shortstop; "Tex" Hughson, Boston, pitcher; Bobby Doerr, Boston second baseman; Jim Tabor, Boston third baseman; Chet Laabs, St. Louis outfielder.

The three best bets among the rookies, according to the Poll, are Dick Wakefield, Detroit right fielder; Eddie Stanky, Cub shortstop; and George Stirnweiss, Yankee infielder. Stanky was the sensation of the American Association last year, being a key factor in the spectacular rise of Milwaukee. The autograph of Wakefield, son of the late Howard Wakefield who caught for Washington and Cleveland, cost Walter O. Briggs of the Tigers just 51,000 dollars as top bidder among many clubs. A catcher, like his dad, as a freshman at the University of Michigan, Wakefield was sent to the outfield by Coach Ray Fisher because of his hitting ability. He hit .305 at Winston-Salem in 1941 and raised his average almost 50 points at Beaumont last year where he also improved as a fielder.

Stirnweiss, whose father was a New York policeman, was a baseball star at North Carolina, before starting his baseball career at Norfolk in 1940. In 1942 his speed enabled him to steal the amazing total of 73 bases at Newark to set a modern International League record. He was flagged only ten times during the season. "Snuffy" is a throwback from the old-time ball player. While on the field, he always chews tobacco. He slides into bases head first and is a great competitive ball player —a major-league-caliber fielder, a fine bunter and a long distance hitter.

Cleveland has a fine strike-out pitcher coming along to follow in the footsteps of Bob Feller in Allie Reynolds who breezed 198 men in 230 innings at Wilkes-Barre last year where he won 18 and lost 7. Pittsburgh, with many youngsters in the service, looks hopefully on Frank Colman, outfielder from Toronto. A native of London, Ontario, Colman was called up to the Pirates late last September and immediately attracted attention with a home run off Bucky Walters inside Forbes Field.

Washington, another club that has sent many brilliant players to the armed forces, is counting on John Sullivan, shortstop from

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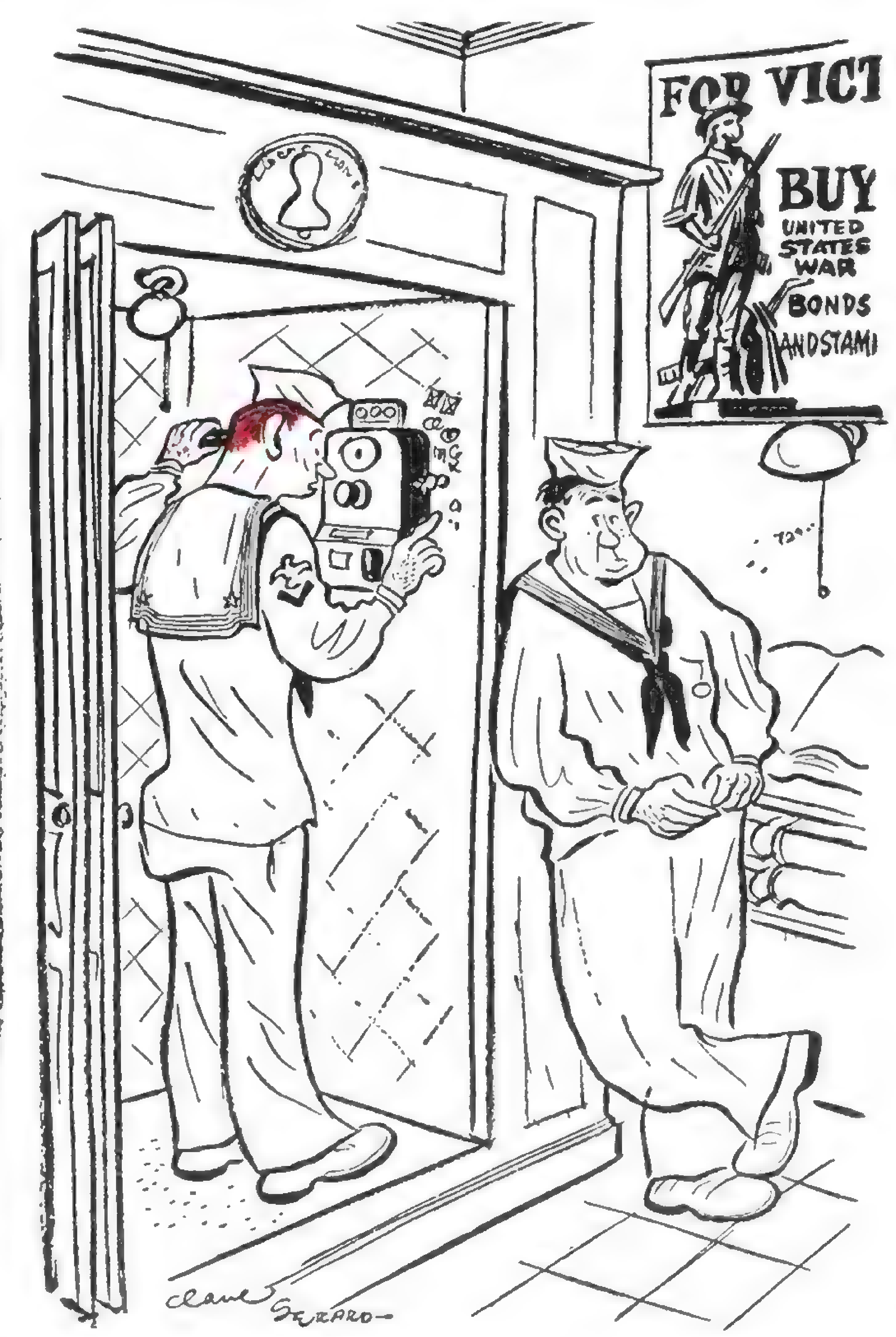


"Well, he's kinda tall and dark—but tell your sister it isn't Jimmy Stewart because he's in the Air Corps"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Puncturing Mr. Lawrence Langner's inflated claims for the peerless discoveries of the Theatre Guild

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THEATRE

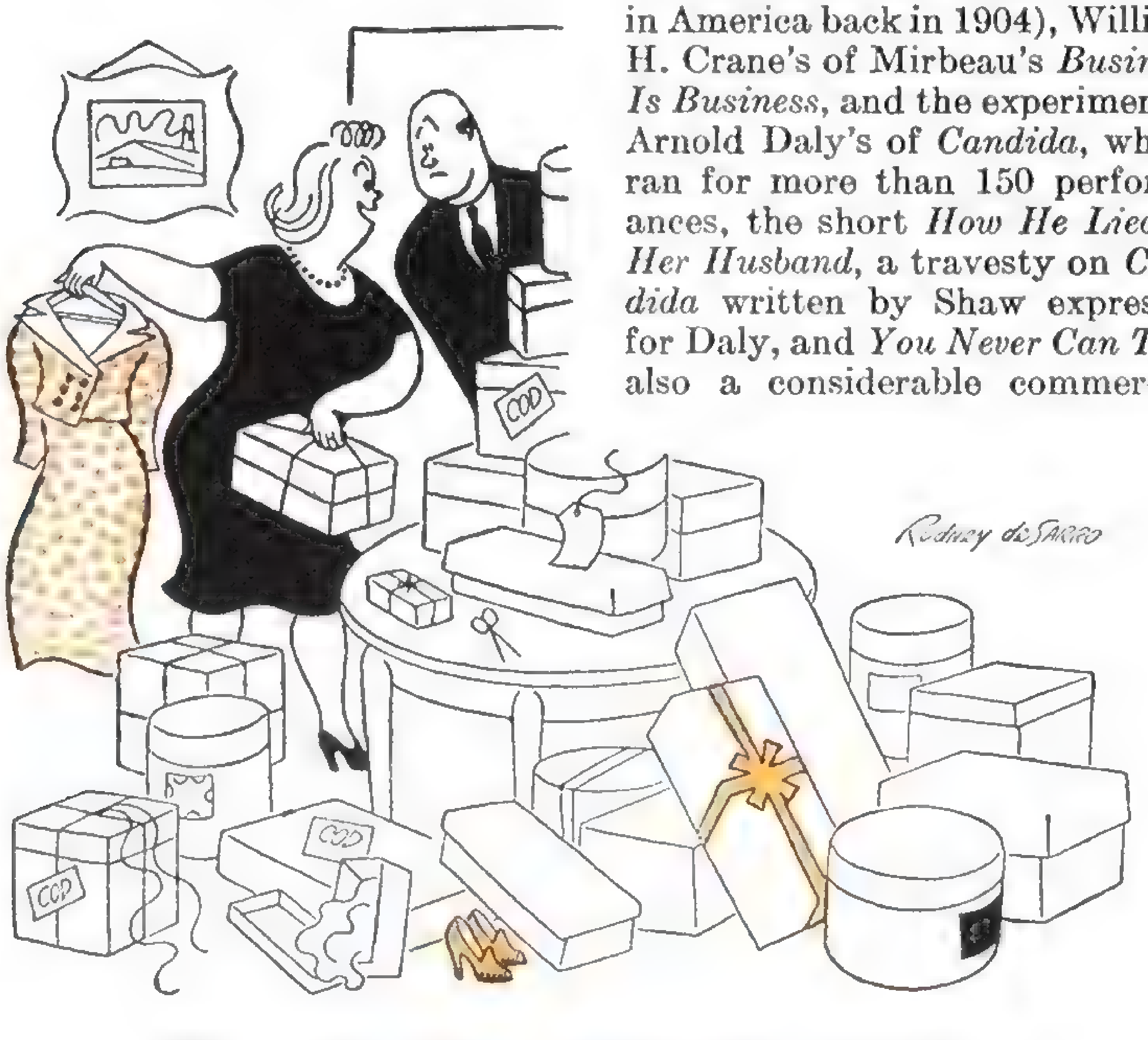
It becomes more and more evident, as season chases season, that for the good of all concerned, including especially itself, the Shuberts or some one else should take over the Theatre Guild. Whatever the result, it is certain that they could not do any worse than the Guild has lately been doing, and very probably would do a great deal better. Among other things, they assuredly would have the taste not to alienate critical and public respect by allowing their equivalent of the Guild's Mr. Lawrence Langner to publish, as he not long ago did, an unctuous testimonial to themselves arguing that they alone had been responsible for the advancement of American theatrical and dramatic art.

The Langner affidavit in point, bestowed upon the public on the occasion of the beginning of the Guild's twenty-fifth year of activity, must take rank in the history of documentary curiosæ with the Bull of Pope Innocent VIII, De Quincey's *Confessions of an Opium-Eater* and James P. Hogden's *Insanity Among the Patchiko Tribes of Equatorial Africa.* With a modesty nigh unto that of an old Rue Sainte Apolline daughter of joy, it testified to the peerless accomplishments of the Guild in every known theatrical direction, including the introduction to America of the greatest modern European dramatists, the early discovery of the best of the American playwrights, the staunch sponsorship of only the very finest in dramatic art at all times, the encouragement of all other producers toward a higher artistic goal—everything and more, in short, that even the late David Belasco's hired biographical hand, William Winter, here and there carelessly forgot to credit to his master.

I take the liberty of quoting for posterity, with brief commentaries, several of its lushest passages:

1. "In the Guild's earliest days, a play with a theme or having any social or experimental significance was usually eschewed as highbrow and thoroughly snubbed at the box-office . . . the world had been made safe for democracy, but it was still unsafe for the artistic theatre. A proselytizing job had to be done by the Guild."

Commentary: Scores upon scores of plays of the species Mr. Langner specifies were produced long, long years before the Guild ever came into existence, were not snubbed at the box-office, and found a world perfectly safe for the artistic theatre. A few examples: Richard Mansfield's productions of Shaw (1894) and Rostand, Mrs. Fiske's of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles,* Leah Klescha, Ibsen, Sheldon, etc., John D. Williams' of Galsworthy's *Justice,* to a degree William A. Brady's of Ibsen (he incidentally produced *Pillars of Society* for the first time in America back in 1904), William H. Crane's of Mirbeau's *Business Is Business,* and the experimental Arnold Daly's of *Candida,* which ran for more than 150 performances, the short *How He Lied to Her Husband,* a travesty on *Candida* written by Shaw expressly for Daly, and *You Never Can Tell,* also a considerable commercial success. Similarly all kinds of such plays as Moody's *The Great Divide,* produced by Henry Miller, Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra* (1906), Echegaray's *El Gran Galeoto* (*The World and His Wife*), produced by William Faversham, Houghton's *Hindle Wakes,* Hervieu's *The Labyrinth* (the Olga Nethersole production), Hauptmann's *The Sunken Bell* (in the E. H. Sothern 1899 presentation), Tolstoi's dramatized *Resurrection* (the Blanche Walsh production) along with his dramatized *Kreutzer Sonata,* and, literally, at least half a hundred others continued to muddle along without the Theatre Guild.



"Why, I thought you'd be glad to see that my morale is so high"

2. "Before the advent of the Guild the so-called 'literary play' or 'artistic play' had usually been amateurishly staged and acted by little coteries and groups."

Commentary: Long before the Guild was born, an abundance of 'literary' and 'artistic' plays (all the many accepted classics ancient and relatively more modern aside) by dramatists like Hauptmann, Strindberg, Schnitzler, Barker, Shaw, Rostand, Bergström, Lavedan, Gorki, Heijermans, Wilde, Curel, Maeterlinck, Hervieu, Stephen Phillips, Sowerby, Porto-Riche, Sudermann, Lennox Robinson, etc., etc., had been professionally produced and professionally acted.

3. "The Guild having demonstrated that there was a public for artistic plays . . . the so-called commercial theatre rapidly emulated the Guild."

Commentary: The so-called commercial theatre long before had proved there was a public for artistic plays. *Vide,* among countless other examples, the popular, successful productions of Molnar, Bourget, von Hofmannsthal, Fletcher's *Kismet,* the Benrimo-Hazelton *The Yellow Jacket,* Shaw's *Fanny's First Play,* Eleanor Gates' *The Poor Little Rich Girl, The Deluge,* Housman's *Prunella,* Birmingham's *General John Regan,* Pinero's *Mid-Channel,* Barrie's *The Legend of Leonara,* etc., etc., all produced by such "commercial" producers as George Tyler, Charles Frohman, Henry W. Savage, Harrison Grey Fiske, Arthur Hopkins, et al.

4. "In its early days over eighty per cent of all the plays produced by the Theatre Guild were written by foreign authors. These were the best in their field."

Commentary: They were far from being the best in their field. For example: the Irish Ervine's *Jane Clegg* was certainly not the equal of the Irish Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World,* the Russian Andreyev's *He Who Gets Slapped* certainly not the equal of the Russian Tolstoi's *The Living Corpse,* the German Kaiser's *From Morn to Midnight* hardly the equal of the German Hasenclever's *Plague,* the Italian Pirandello's *Right You Are* scarcely the equal of the Italian Giacosa's *Falling Leaves,* the French Paul Claudel's *The Tidings Brought to Mary* certainly not the equal of the French Rostand's *The Princess Faraway,* the Belgian Lenormand's *The Failures* doubtfully the equal of the Belgian Maeterlinck's *Joyzelle,* and the Hungarian Vadja's *Fata Morgana* certainly not the equal of the Hungarian Savoir's *The Lion Tamer.* You go on from there.

5. "The Guild was greatly criticized at the time for not producing more American plays, but it was its feeling that by maintaining its standards of plays, acting and producing, American plays of similar quality would ultimately be forthcoming. Its surmise proved to be correct. Soon it was receiving plays by Sidney Howard, Philip Barry, S. N. Behrman, John Howard Lawson, Elmer Rice, Maxwell Anderson, Robert Sherwood and others, while Eugene O'Neill . . . came into the fold with *Marco Millions, Strange Interlude, Mourning Becomes Electra,* etc."

Commentary: The implication is that the Guild was the first to encourage all these playwrights, O'Neill alone excepted. Here, however, are the facts—Howard was first sponsored by Brock Pemberton, the Guild then having already been in existence for all of five years. Furthermore he was also produced by Augustin Duncan, Al Woods, Gilbert Miller, Russell Janney and John Cromwell before the Guild ever took notice of him. Barry was first produced by Richard Herndon, the Guild having then been going for five years also, and it was not until the Guild had been in existence for thirteen years and after seven other of his plays had been put on by Robert Milton, Arthur Hopkins, Winthrop Ames, Guthrie McClintic and other producers that the Guild seemed to have heard of him. Behrman was first produced almost simultaneously by A. L.

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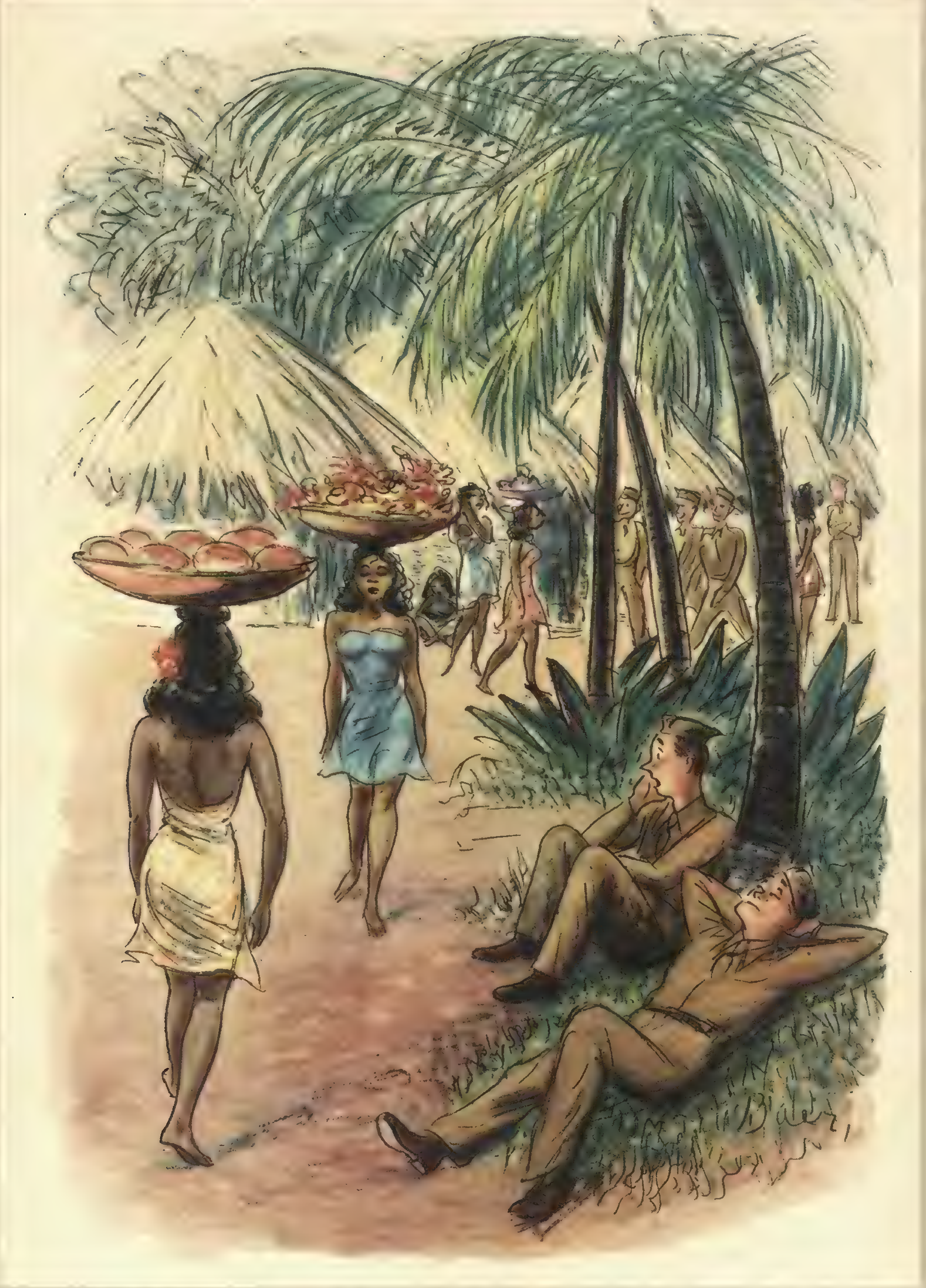
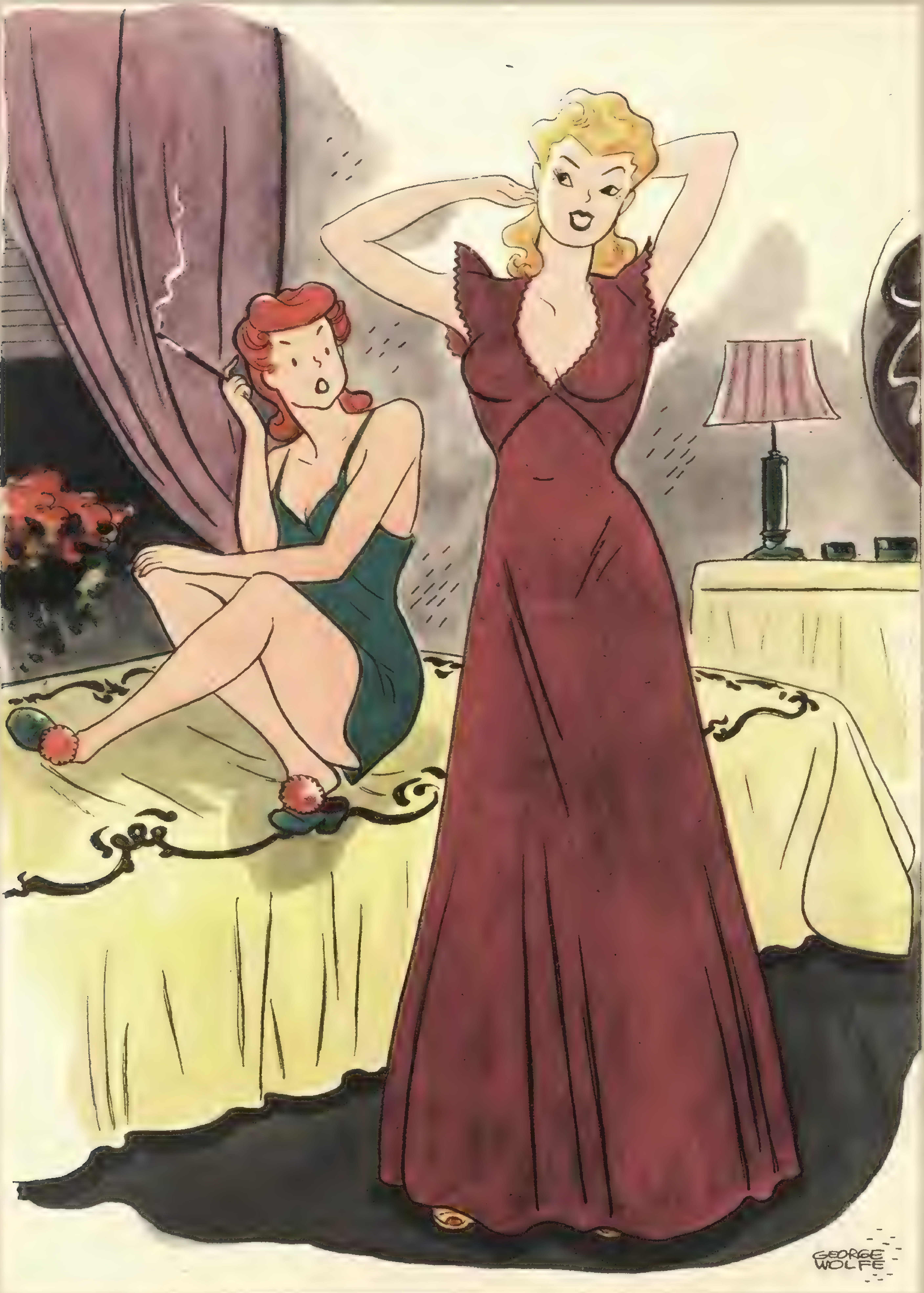
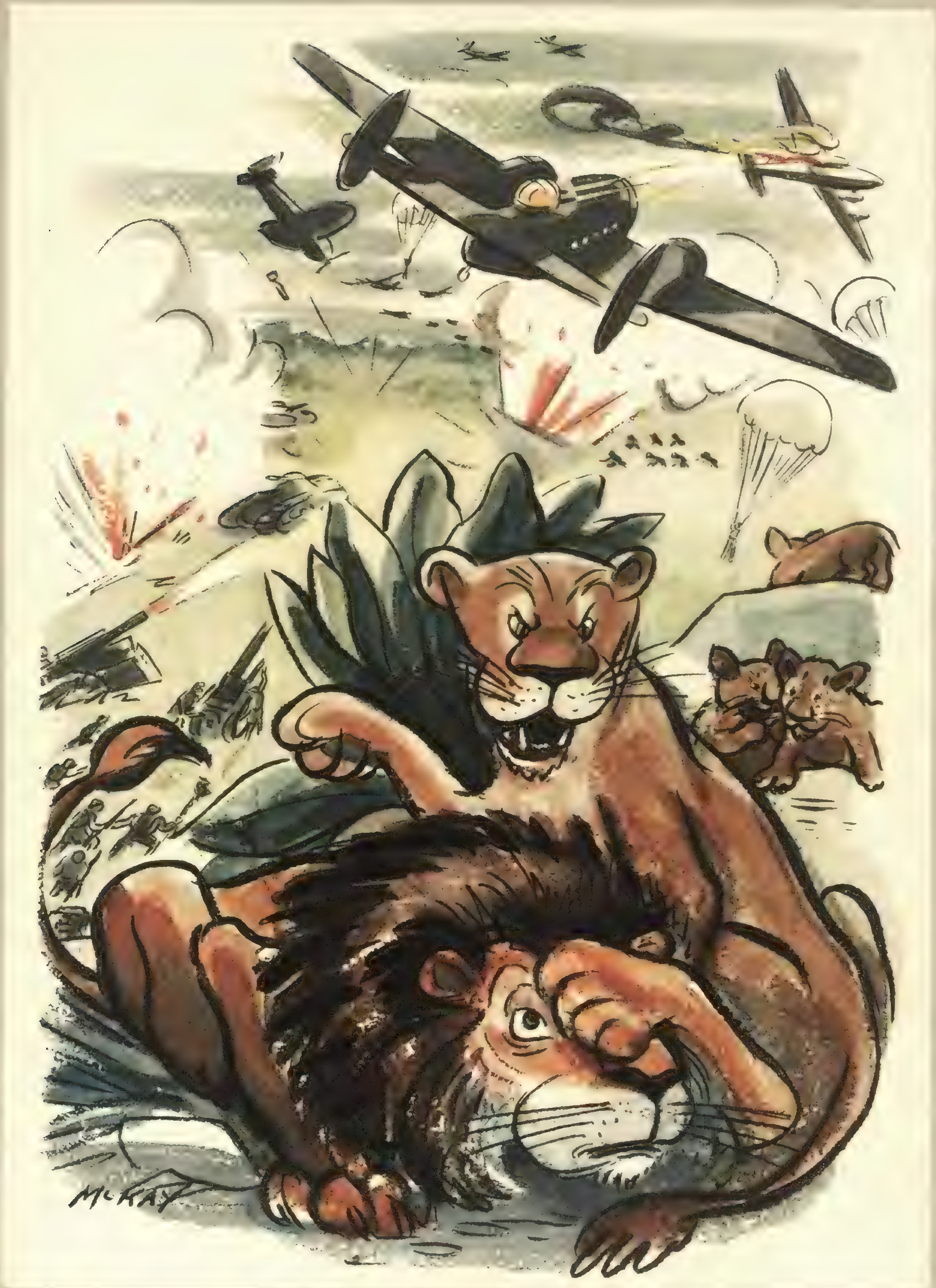


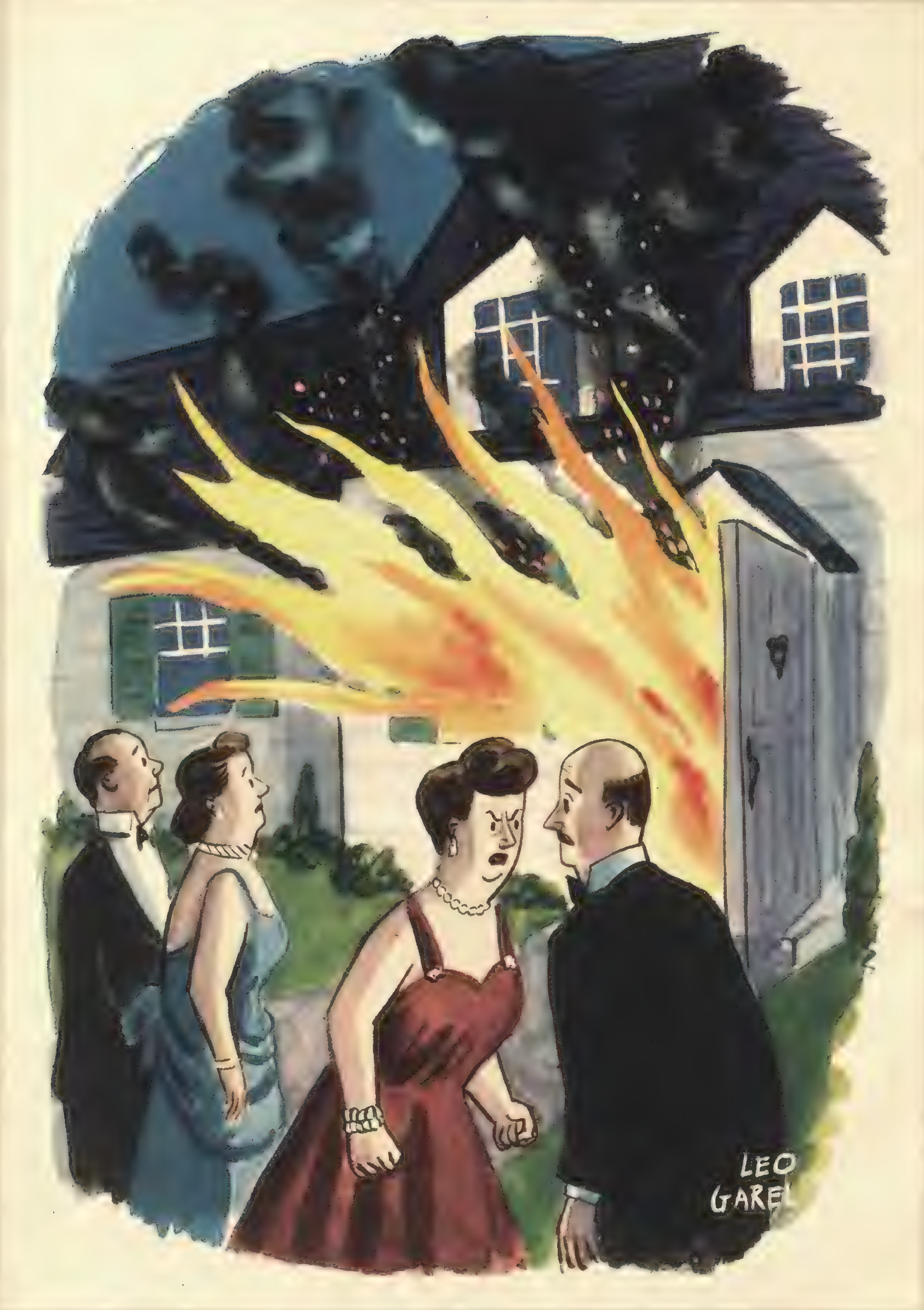
"I'm glad my wife doesn't know where I am—she might worry"


GEORGE WOLFE

"He can't make up his mind which is more thrilling—the Air Corps or me!"



"King of the jungle—phooey!"



"You and your crepes suzette!"

The World Series of Basketball

Olsen of Ohio and Edwards of Missouri guiding hands behind rise of popular national college cage championships

by MARK COX

• SPORTS •

Basketball now has its World Series, too. In each of the last two years, the annual National Collegiate Athletic Association championship tournament has drawn 70,000 customers for the three nights of the combined Eastern, Western and National playoffs, with a total of nearly 60,000 dollars being taken in for the privilege of looking on at this dramatic entertainment.

As can well be surmised, this spectacle of sport did not grow and flourish to such proportions within four years' time without the guidance of some forceful personality. In this instance it was the combined drive of H. G. Olsen, assistant athletic director and coach of basketball at Ohio State and George Edwards, cage coach at the University of Missouri. Olsen has acted as general chairman of the NCAA basketball committee from the start and Edwards took over as tournament chairman of the Western and National affairs two years ago.

It must be realized that it was not until 1936 that a concentrated effort to produce a national cage titlist was instigated. That year one of the innovations suggested for the Olympic Games was a competition in basketball. The United States, of course, wanted the best possible representative to show the world how the game was meant to be played. As a result, the American Olympic committee made arrangements for the selection of a squad by dividing the nation into sections and holding the eliminations between college, AAU and YMCA teams. The Hollywood A.C. won out and a sixteen-man squad was picked, eight coming from the championship team, and the other eight being selected from the competing finalists. In this way, America's first real basketball champion was produced, with the result that throughout the nation, there was a keen uplift of interest in a national title-holder.

At the close of the 1937 season, Madison Square Garden in New York, expanding into big-time basketball promotion under Ned Irish, a former sports writer with an eye for the future, invited some of the leading college teams into the Garden for an invitational tournament to be staged under the auspices of the Basketball Writers Association. The incentive for acceptance was a claim for the winner as the national college and university champion.

Meanwhile, out across the windswept plains of the Midwest, a group of teachers' colleges and other small conference schools had been sponsoring a tournament of their own. Now it so happened in that same year of 1937, that this meet drew more than thirty entries from the fastest small school company in the nation. The affair was a success in every respect. These promoters also claimed the national basketball title for their winner.

When the National Association of Basketball Coaches gathered in Chicago on April 4, 1938, two visitors, of direct contrast in most every respect but with a single purpose in mind, were present. The first was incisive, fluent Everett Morris, basketball writer of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, who was on hand to represent the Basketball Writers Association. The second was shaggy-browed, grey-haired Emil Liston of Baker University in Baldwin, Kansas who was present to make a plea in behalf of the small college body. Each addressed the group with fervent logic as to why his tournament winner was the rightful claimant to the title of national champion.

At the close of the discussion, George Edwards, then President of the Coaches Association, and his colleagues held a brief debate and ended up by reminding themselves they were affiliated with the National Collegiate Athletic Association and before expressing any opinions or adopting any policies, it might be well to obtain the approval of the parent body. So the coaches conferred with the NCAA and then appointed a special committee to investigate these so-called national tournaments.

After giving the matter a thorough perusal, the coaches advanced the theory that a real national tournament could well be a means of raising funds to send an American team to the Olympics each four years. And, synonymously, it would set up the machinery for determining the proper team to represent the U. S. in Olympic competition.

NCAA officials were quick to recognize the possibilities of such a plan. However, because this body was composed completely of men in the educational field, the first matter brought up was the insistence that such a tournament would not interfere with class work. That became one of the major issues in the moulding of the tournament.

The NCAA fathers, being a conservative lot, were not open to easy conviction. At about this time H. G. Olsen was appointed to his position. Being a resourceful, thorough type of gentleman, he was not one to be brushed aside by the academs and countered every stroke of opposition with a sound suggestion in rebuttal.

Finally, Olsen's efforts bore results and he and his committee set to work upon the organizing process of the first tournament that was soon to become basketball's World Series.

Gradually, the elementary plan of NCAA championship control was set up in the manner in which it now exists. The nation was divided into eight geographical districts, with the Mississippi River the dividing line. Four districts were established east of the Father of the Waters and an equal number west of it. A two-night tournament is held for the teams of each half and the two winners meet the following week in a single game to determine the recipient of the national accolade.

Opponents of the system first pointed out the problem of selecting a team to represent each district without a tournament that would necessitate pulling the boys out of the class rooms. In order to offset this, a selection committee plan was adopted.

This selection committee, composed of faculty members and coaches of NCAA schools, names the outstanding team from its district to compete in the sectional tournament. Seasonal records are the main contributing factor in selections. However, when any serious doubt exists as to which school may have the best club, a playoff game is arranged.

At one time there was the matter of two or more conference teams being tied for the title and the argument arose as to which club should be selected. In fact, in the Big Six it was once necessary for three teams to play off a tie to see who would meet the winner of the Missouri Valley for the right to compete in the Western tournament.

This situation rapidly tended to defeat the NCAA purpose of limiting time lost from school, so each conference now chooses its tournament representative in case of a tie by the process of the widest margin of points scored in conference play throughout the year.

The first tournament finally was put on the boards in 1939. The Eastern meeting was held in Philadelphia's Independence Hall and the Western event was conducted as a part of San Francisco's World's Fair on Treasure Island. Only 5,500 gathered in Northwestern University's Patten gym in Evanston to watch Oregon defeat Ohio State in the finals for the first National title.

When the balance sheet was turned in to the NCAA officials, it revealed a deficit of 2,573 dollars. That almost proved to be both NCAA tournaments—the first and last. The financial loss had to be made up from the NCAA treasury.

Those who had been skeptical of the idea at the start now became vehement in their insistence

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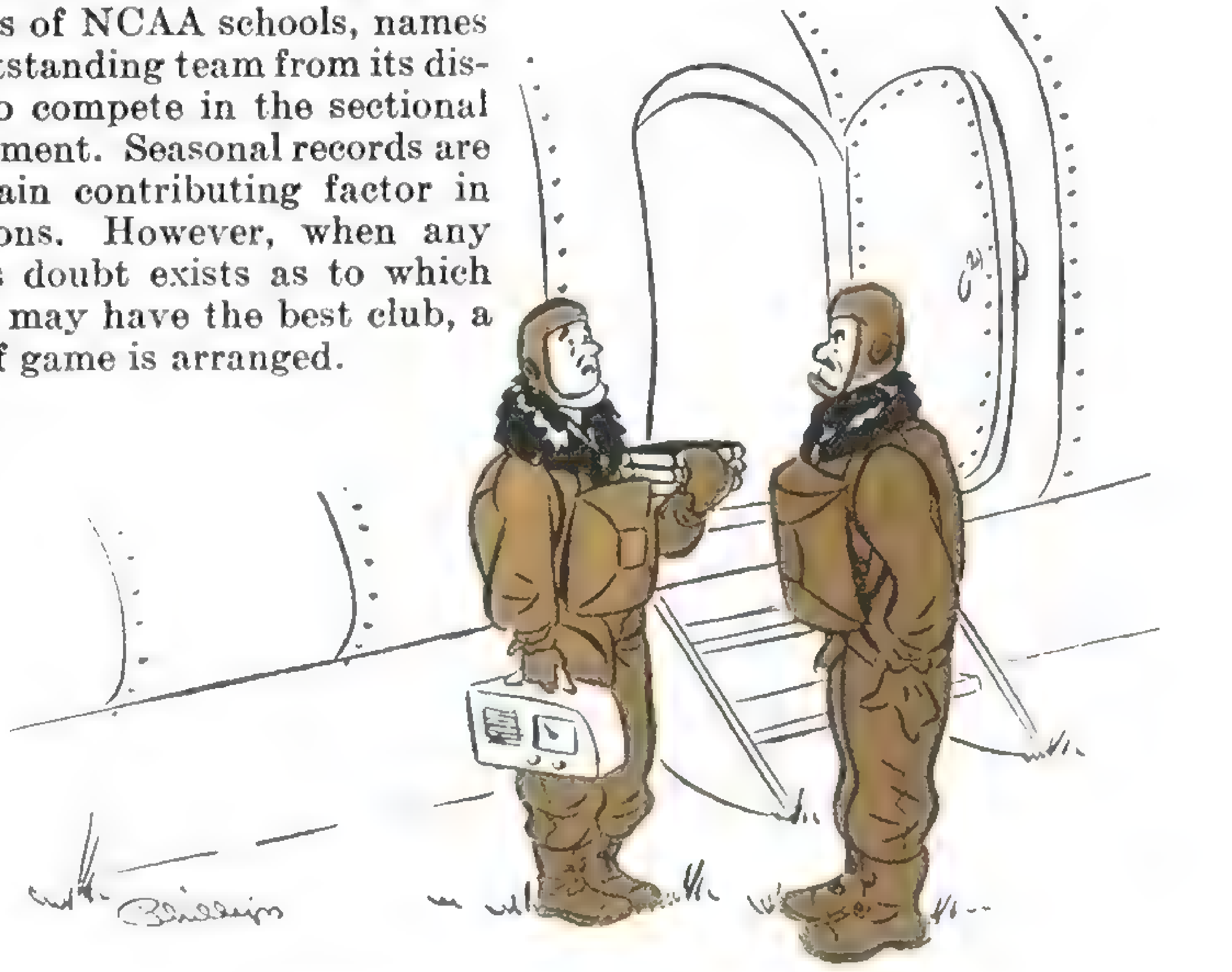

"But I get bored just floating through space"

The Yellow Fox

Whether he was real or an evil spectre that came in the moonlight, the yellow fox led the way to a vital discovery

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

As for myself it would be pretty hard to get me to believe in anything supernatural. I never saw a spirit or a ghost and even if they did exist I doubt if I could see them. Some people might. But Mary says I am too matter-of-fact and this is the thing that holds me up.

I would also never admit that a spirit could work good or evil. And yet the yellow fox, from the moment I saw him, took hold of my imagination and was the direct cause of leading me to that place where I made the discovery—the one you read about recently in the newspapers.

In the last two months we must have lost over twenty chickens. I mended the wire in the yard four times and I set two traps. Twice I heard a commotion in the henroost. And several times also, the fox stole away silently, for I heard no noise. The evidence of his visits was discovered in the morning.

Often I lay awake wishing for him to come. I had the shotgun beside the window. But when the moon was bright the fox never would show up. He was a smart one, all right.

Only once I saw him and that seemed quite accidental. Though perhaps not. Perhaps the events are closely related. Anyway, I was awakened by a cracking of small dry branches. This could not have been the fox for no fox makes any noise when he slinks through the brush. I listened closely and all was silent again. Soon, however, I heard some dull taps, as though someone miles away were driving a nail through a board. Then it stopped.

"Must be either the Thompsons or the Browns," I said to myself. "But this is a fine time of night to be hammering!"

And yet it could not be the Thompsons, for Mary's father goes to bed early. And as for the Browns, what would they be hammering at night?

I got out of bed and went to the window. It was quite dark and nothing could be seen. The moon was somewhere in the heavens, but covered over by heavy clouds which seemed moving fast out toward the sea.

As I stood at the window I heard the distant hammering again. It was hard to tell from which direction it came. The Thompsons are a mile away to the south and the Browns are almost two miles to the north. The Browns are on higher ground and from their second-story windows they get a glimpse of the ocean.

But we ourselves are in a quite secluded part of the state and far removed from the nearest town. Land isn't worth much where we are for it is good for nothing. Only the low land is cleared. The Thompsons own up to the very top of the mountain, a tract of over 4,000 acres. I merely tell you this because nothing ever happens out our way.

I looked up to the top of the mountain and watched the heavy clouds float by. They hung low and seemed to brush through the tops of the trees as they passed over the crest. Suddenly I saw a large opening in the clouds and as it moved toward the top of the mountain it grew lighter and lighter. And then the pale moon strained through this opening and in an instant. . . . There was the fox in the yard, surrounded by the feathers of his kill!

He was not a red fox, such as I had often seen, but was more honey-colored or yellow. I kept my eyes on him and slowly, very slowly, I raised the window. But he heard the sound and his head turned about quickly. I had my hand on the gun, but just as I was about to raise it to my shoulder he darted off. He jumped more than halfway across the yard in a single bound. I missed him by a second. And in another moment or two the scene before me was again dark, for the moon was once more covered by heavy clouds.

In the morning I wanted to telephone to Mary to tell her that I had seen the fox, but it was too early. Twice I went to the telephone ready to make the call, but looking at the clock, decided to wait. But as I was waiting the phone rang.

"Hurry," said Mary. "Turn on the radio. A ship has been torpedoed right off the shore."

A few minutes later I heard the horn of her car. She drove into the yard and said: "Come quickly. The Browns say they can see the smoke from their bedroom windows."

I jumped in and we started down the road.

"Saw the fox last night," I said as we raced on.

"The fox!"

"Yes. He was a big fellow and not red either. He looked kind of bleached or pale yellow. A sort of sandy color."

"Never heard of one like that."

"I haven't either."

"Where was he?"

"In the chicken yard. It was late, almost one o'clock. By the way, was your father hammering late last night?"

"What time?"

"One o'clock in the morning."

"No, he went to bed at ten o'clock."

"Then it must have been at the Browns."

"Guess it must have been."

In a few minutes we were there. But from the bedroom windows there was little to be seen. Mrs. Brown said that the murky spot in the sky must have come from the burning ship.

"While I was dressing," she said, "I thought I saw a ship way out but I paid no attention to it until we turned on the radio at breakfast to get the news. Then all we could see was the smoke."

I told them about the fox and how I happened to see him in the light of the moon. Mr. Brown said that he never had heard of a yellow fox in these parts.

"Well, I'll show him to you," I said.

From that moment on I was determined that I would have Mr. Fox, either by trap or gun.

Just as we were leaving I said to Mr. Brown: "The wind must have been our way or something, because we could hear you way over at our place late last night."

"Hear me?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes. About one o'clock. I could just hear it faintly. Hammering."

"You must have been dreaming, young fellow. We were all

DRIVE IN →
CARS
WASHED
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asleep by half-past ten."

"No. I am certain of it."

He shook his head. "Haven't had a hammer in my hand in a month. You heard it in a dream."

We drove off. But we had not gone very far when Mary stopped the car.

"You are sure you heard hammering?"

"Yes. I am certain."

"Where did it come from?"

"I don't know. But don't you believe me?"

"Yes," she said. "You are very matter-of-fact and not very likely to imagine things. Yes, I believe you."

She drove on. When we reached my place I asked: "What are you doing this morning, Mary?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"Well, I just thought . . ."

"What do you want to do?"

"I'd like to get that yellow fox if I can."

"O. K.," she said.

You can always rely on Mary. She's the best sport in the world. And so I got the gun and we started up the path through the fields.

As you probably know, or could have guessed, Mary and I are going to be married.

"Guess you would like to show Mr. Brown what a yellow fox looks like," she said.

"Yes. He sort of didn't believe anything this morning. Neither the fox nor the hammering."

I examined the damp places along the path leading up to the woods for signs of any tracks, but there were none. When we walk in the woods we do not talk very much. We look about and as we see the same things, words seem quite unnecessary. The things we see seem to speak to us. They tell us that the bark is wet with forest dampness and that the moss at the roots is carpet soft. And the long graceful branches grow lacy as they reach overhead to form a gauzy net through which the blue of the sky filters down. These are things we do not have to talk about. They announce themselves in our presence.

We went to some of the old places which we knew when we were children. We visited the sand pit where Mary's uncle Joe once shot a bear and also the spring where our old dog Rover once had a fierce encounter with a hedgehog. My father had to extract the quills with a pair of pliers. But this was years ago and Rover is now long dead.

We climbed a little higher and walked along that rocky ledge which breaks into the mountainside, but there was no sign of the yellow fox or for that matter of any other bit of animal life.

When we got to the end of the ledge we sat down to rest. Mary placed her hand in mine and said: "You know, while we are hunting this sly chicken killer, I bet out there in the ocean a real honest-to-goodness hunt is on. They must be looking all over for that undersea boat that fired the torpedo."

"Yes, I bet they are."

"We might be able to see something if we climbed up to Highfield."

This was the name we gave to that grassy patch halfway up the mountain. From this place one can get a good view of the ocean.

"Let's go," I said.

It was a hard climb and we had to go through quite a bit of brush. The path was quite overgrown but in two places I noticed small broken twigs with the leaves still green on the ground.

"Someone has been through here recently," I said, pointing to the ground with my gun.

At last we got to Highfield and went to the crest from which one got the best view of the sea. But there was nothing to be seen; only the green treetops before us, the blue beyond and beyond that the great pale sky. We sat down on the grass and looked out in silence. For some long minutes neither of us spoke.

At length Mary said: "I wonder how it is that the fox became such a symbol of evil."

"What do you mean by evil?"

"Well, in many countries they believed, and still do believe, that a fox has the spirit of a demon and that this demon spirit can enter into women, or even men. With the fox spirit in them, people become possessed."

"What people of what countries believe all that?" I asked.

"Orientals. Japan, for instance."

"I never heard of it."

"Oh yes. Possession by foxes is well known. It is like having the devil in you. And demon foxes are much feared in these lands. They are supposed to have great powers and once they enter into the person the fox lives a life of his own, quite apart from the person. This accounts for the many strange things possessed people are known to do."

"Where did you learn all this witchery foolishness?" I asked impatiently.

"I read about it in books."

"And how do these Japanese women ever git rid of the fox demon?"

"They go to a Shinto priest, who talks to the fox spirit and commands him to leave at once. The exit of the evil fox spirit is sometimes quite violent and causes the victim to cry out."

I put my hand to the gun. "Let that fox only show his head and . . ."

"Look," said Mary. "Do you see something blue over at the top corner of the field? I've been looking at it now for some time, but can't make it out."

There was something quite blue against the rock and foliage. It was tubular, like a length of stovepipe, only a little larger. It was quite motionless.

We walked over and discovered the object to be a roll of tar paper in its fresh blue paper wrapper. It was of good quality, the kind that is often used for the roofing of barns or smaller farm buildings. We looked about but could find nothing else; but this one thing seemed enough to occupy our thoughts. How did it get there? How could a roll of tar paper get halfway up a deserted mountain?

Larian
MR. DRA
A.L.I

"I'll be right home, dear—just as soon as I'm shot dead in this scene!"

We just looked at each other. There was nothing to say.

When we finally reached home we were late for lunch but we explained it all by saying that we were out for the fox and determined to get him. And while we were eating we turned on the radio. But there was no news of any importance.

"I am more sure now that I heard hammering last night."

"Yes, it must have been," Mary replied.

"Something strange is going on," I whispered.

"Yes."

"What shall we do?"

"I don't know."

"Would you be afraid to go up later, say after supper, just before dark?"

"No."

"We could get there before it got dark and just sit around and wait to see what there is to see."

"Yes," she said.

"And you won't be afraid?"

"No."

"You're a fine sport."

"In fact, I wouldn't let you go up there alone for all the world."

"Why not?"

"Just so. I fear the evil fox spirit might enter into you," she laughed.

We said nothing about our proposed adventure but gathered some things together. We took an old blanket out of the car because the ground is pretty damp at night. We got two flashlights and our coats, and I put about six extra heavy-load shells into my coat pocket.

During supper we said nothing. And we stayed around the house for a few minutes after supper was over. Then we said that we were going out for a walk. The family are used to us by this time. Guess they will be glad when we are finally married and late hours and romantic walks are over.

It is quite a little jaunt to Highfield. It must be almost two miles and a steady climb most of the way. Before we got there, twilight was upon us and we were forced several times to use our flashlights. We were anxious not to use these at all so that we would not make our presence known to anyone who might be in the vicinity. At any rate we used them very sparingly indeed. Just a quick flash on and off to bring our feet back onto the path.

At last we came to the field and this time made our resting place fairly close to the mysterious roll of tar paper. We spread the blanket and settled down for a good long time. Out at sea there was nothing to be seen.

At length we stretched out, and holding hands, watched the dark clouds in the vast sky float over

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Lauding *Thraliana, Willard Gibbs* and *Persons and Places* and lamenting the passing of the New England spinster

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

• BOOKS •

April fool! Mrs. Thrale, the friend of Dr. Johnson, writes on April first, 1777, in London, "It was a good April joke enough this year to put it in all the News papers—that if people would turn to the 5th verse of the 4th Chapter in Habbakuk, they would find out the true Cause of our War with America: the Wag who amused himself with this Contrivance walked about that morning from Coffee house to Coffee house seeing the Folks borrowing the Bible from each other with a ridiculous earnestness of Attention diverting enough." As no American house in 1943 is properly furnished without a copy of the Bible, I suggest my readers turn to Habbakuk to discover the joke.

This merry paragraph occurs on page 98 of the first volume of *Thraliana*, published for the first time in 1942 (two volumes): it is one of the most interesting works for casual reading that I know. Mrs. Thrale was married to an enormously rich brewer; he was a member of Parliament and externally respectable; she had 14 children by him and never loved him. They just "got along together" without any serious quarrels. After his death, she married Mr. Piozzi, an Italian singer; it was a love-match and both lived happily until his death. In 1776 Mr. Thrale gave his wife six handsome blank volumes, which she used as "commonplace" books, wherein she put down all sorts of meditations and observations and an immense number of funny stories, very much like the moron stories of today. These two volumes, now first edited and printed from the MSS. by Katharine C. Balderston of Wellesley, make an immense contribution to our knowledge and entertainment. Last year Professor James L. Clifford had the opportunity of consulting the MSS., and produced his admirable life of the lady—*Hester Lynch Piozzi.* She had everything in the world except *love* and with her second husband, she got that.

There is also a very touching passage where she mentions that when Lord Lyttelton was dying, he ordered the body of his wife to be exhumed so that they could lie together in a churchyard—it "made me envy even a Corpse which was the Subject of such tenderness." In addition to many good stories, not one of which is unduly prolonged in the telling, she gives two pieces of information that the reader may verify for himself. The great artist, Hogarth, told her "that the human Eye never increased in Bulk from the Day of our Birth to that of our Death." This is why children have such shining eyes. Myself, I think it is probable that the eyes never increase in size after the age of five or six; though I never thought of the matter till I saw it here. Another observation, the truth of which I doubt: "The Reason Children are so often lefthanded is because being carried on the left arm of the Nurse, their Right hand is never at liberty," etc.

She made one *bon mot* that instantly spread all over London. When she was in Paris, "A French Gentleman whose Place was near mine at the Opera asked me in a sneering manner how we should do to conquer America, adding that he fancied it would be somewhat difficult: Perhaps so replied I, now 'tis defended by Englishmen:—I remember 'twas easy enough to take it from the French."

In these two large and beautifully printed volumes, I have not found a dull page. I recommend them to all interested in the social and literary life of the late eighteenth century, and in the circle of great men whom she knew so intimately. The high price is unavoidable; the first consignment sent from Oxford for sale in America is at the bottom of the sea—submarine.

Thraliana is one of the great "finds" of the season; another is *Persons and Places: Memories of Childhood and Youth*, by George Santayana. Maxwell Perkins of Scribner's was very fortunate in getting hold of this manuscript. He got it after great difficulty "through the co-operation of several governments.". Mr. Santayana is in Rome in some kind of Catholic home. I do not need to tell anyone that this book is beautifully written, for no man living has a better command of English prose than Mr. Santayana. This book is not to be regarded as a portion of an autobiography but is complete in itself and is accurately expressed in the subtitle, "The Background of My Life." It describes his childhood, boyhood, youth, and life at Harvard; and is filled with digressive remarks on a great number of subjects, largely religious and philosophical.

Although I know Mr. Santayana very well, this book for the first time makes it clear to me why he could not go on living in America. He was born in Spain of Spanish parents; and although he came to Boston at the age of nine, all through the Boston Latin School and through Harvard College, he was really an alien. His background is totally different from that of the normal American boy. He never took any exercise in his life except walking, and he left Harvard and America and went to live in Europe because he wanted to be *alone.* Solitude, which to most Americans would be dismally monotonous, was life itself to him. His old age, as he remarks, was happier than his youth because he was alone. This book has that fascination which illuminates everything written by the author. Although it is a story of his own life and thought, searchlights are turned in almost every direction. It is an important book for those who wish to understand Mr. Santayana's character and personality. Although he went through Boston Latin School and Harvard, it is clear that he was mentally as far away from Massachusetts as if he had been living in India. He writes a portrait of his father and of his mother with absolute objectivity, so that they are created on these pages like characters in a novel. This is certainly one of the best books of 1943 and will interest everybody who read his long novel, *The Last Puritan.* Although Mr. Santayana's philosophical works were, I think, more widely read in Great Britain than in America, his one novel's tremendous success in the United States was balanced by almost indifference in England. There are some American readers of *Persons and Places* who may be annoyed by the author's complete independence; by his happiness in solitude; but I do not think that shows either conceit or selfishness. This is the preference of the truly philosophical mind. I congratulate Mr. Perkins and Scribner's in their strategic success in securing the manuscript.

Besides being grateful to Maxwell Perkins for many things connected with the publishing business, I had the temerity to ask him once about his own family background, and his reply was so interesting that I asked his permission to quote it.

"There were four girls in the family, and all old maids, still living. None of them had any complexes or psychoses. All of them were just naturally and completely good and selfless. The oldest one—for I was for some reason more or less ill as a small boy—read to me endless hours, for no reason whatever, while my head ached. They lived in New Jersey, but they were really New Englanders, and I think someone should write an essay in praise of the New England old maid, now extinct. They were plentiful in my family, and wonderful. They were not as they are represented in modern fiction. It was said that my Aunt Mary rejoiced whenever one of her sisters got married because it brought her nearer to the time when she could take care of her mother and father—which is exactly what she did, be-

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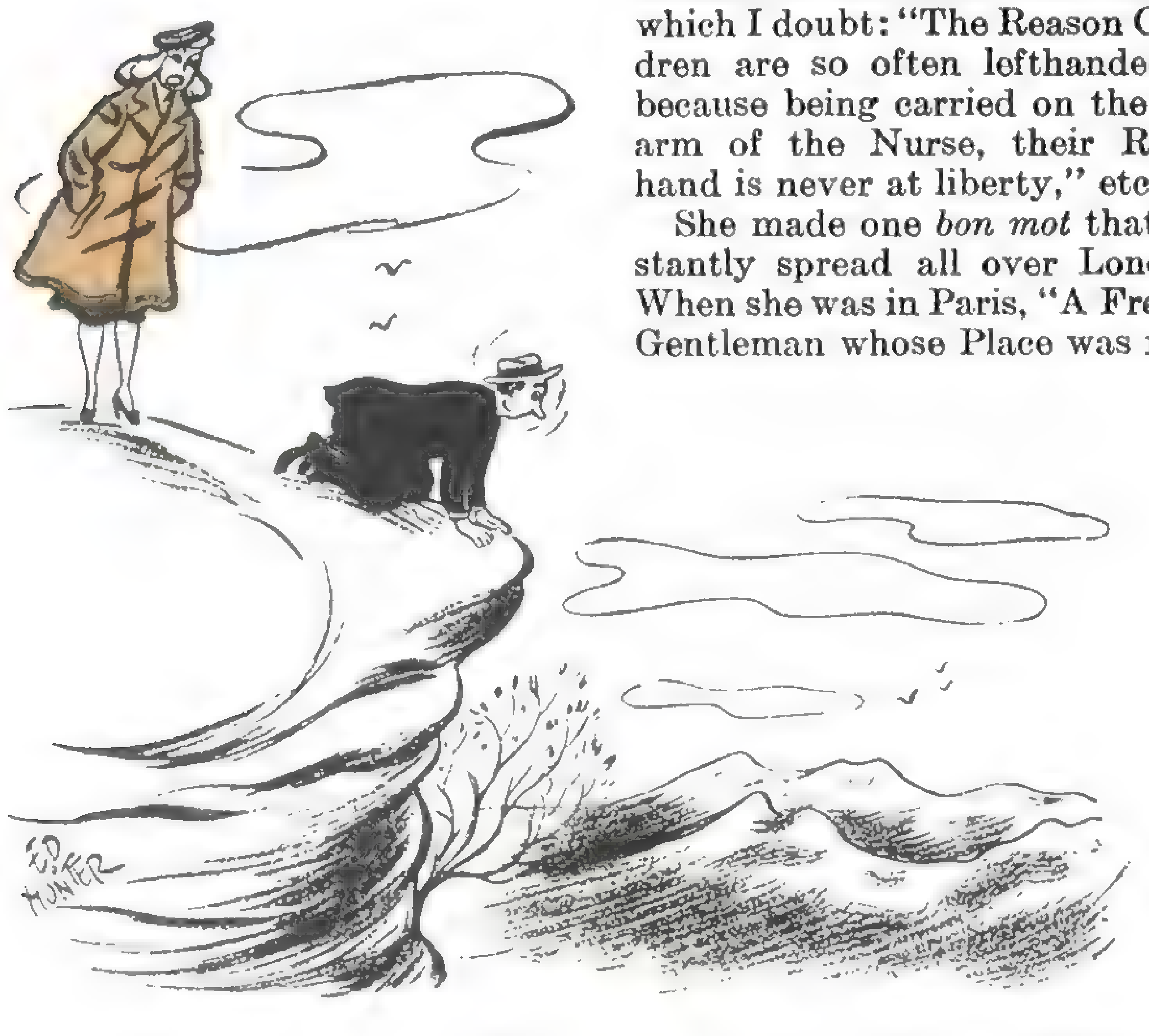
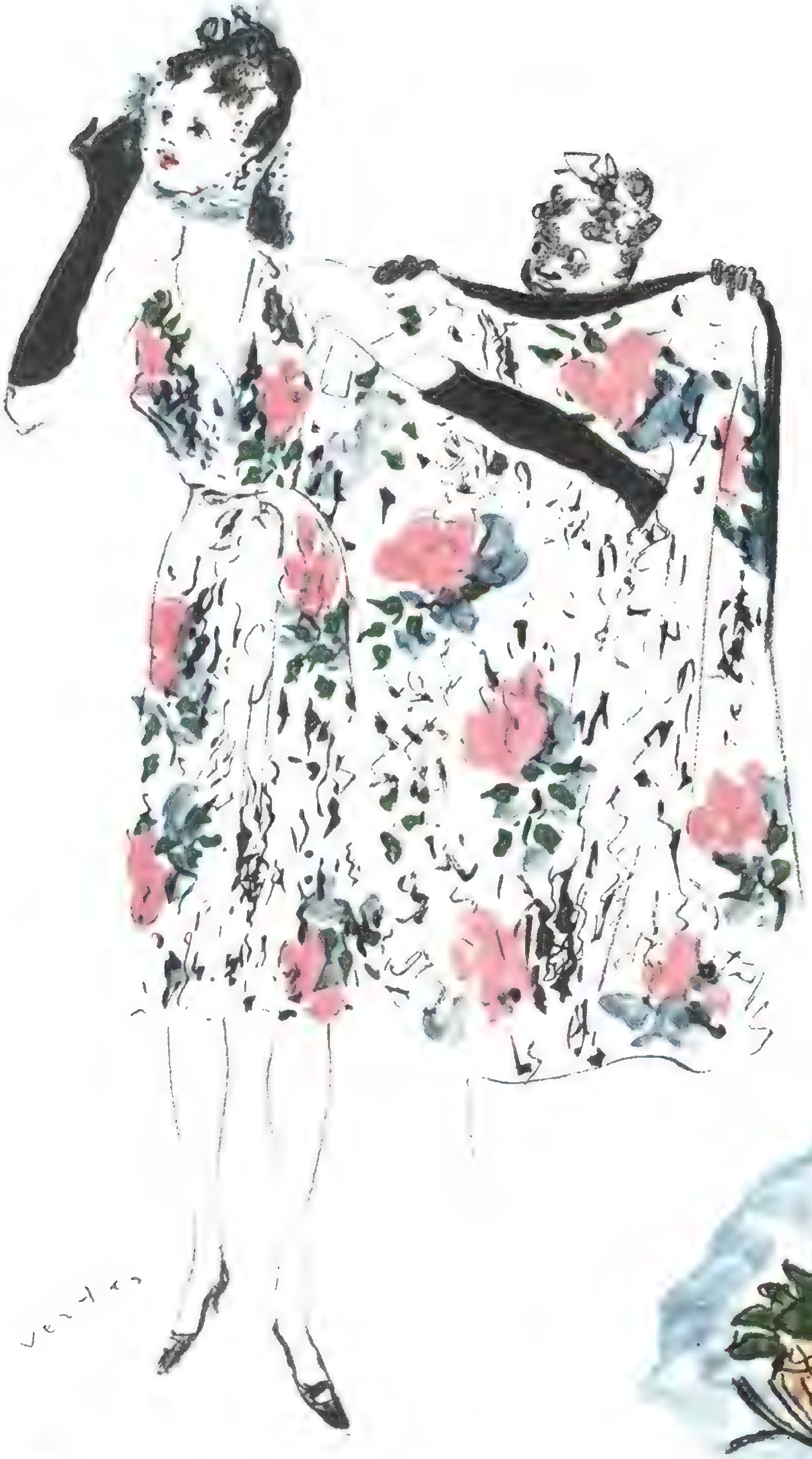


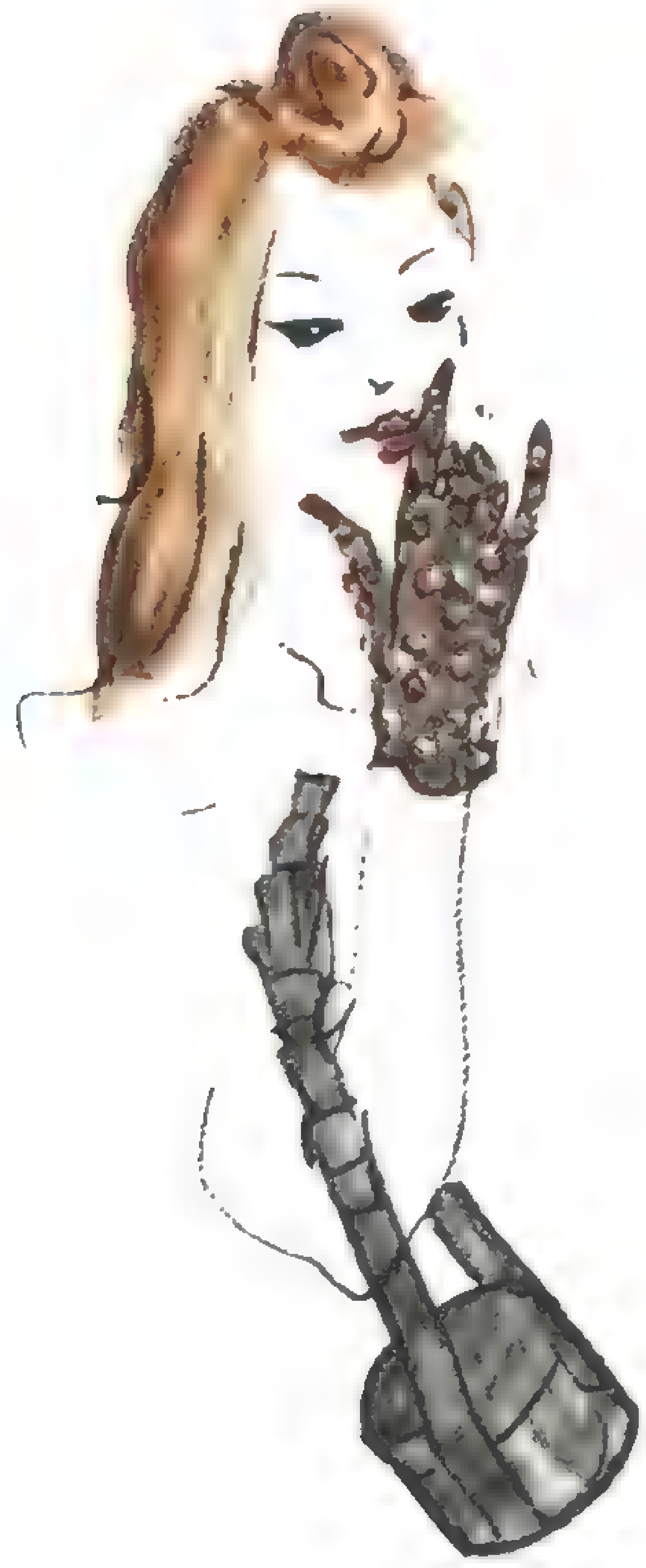
"Be careful, dear! You have our gas ration card!"

THE BELLES OF VERTÈS

"Waiting is such sour sorrow"
But even the air starts singing when you come around the corner topped with those daisies. You look like a May Queen—I guess I could wait forever . . .

"You are the woman I would like to be alone with on a desert isle"
Your hat puts me in mind of it. Spring's in the air, the bird's on the wing, and I can see you're definitely the rustic type.



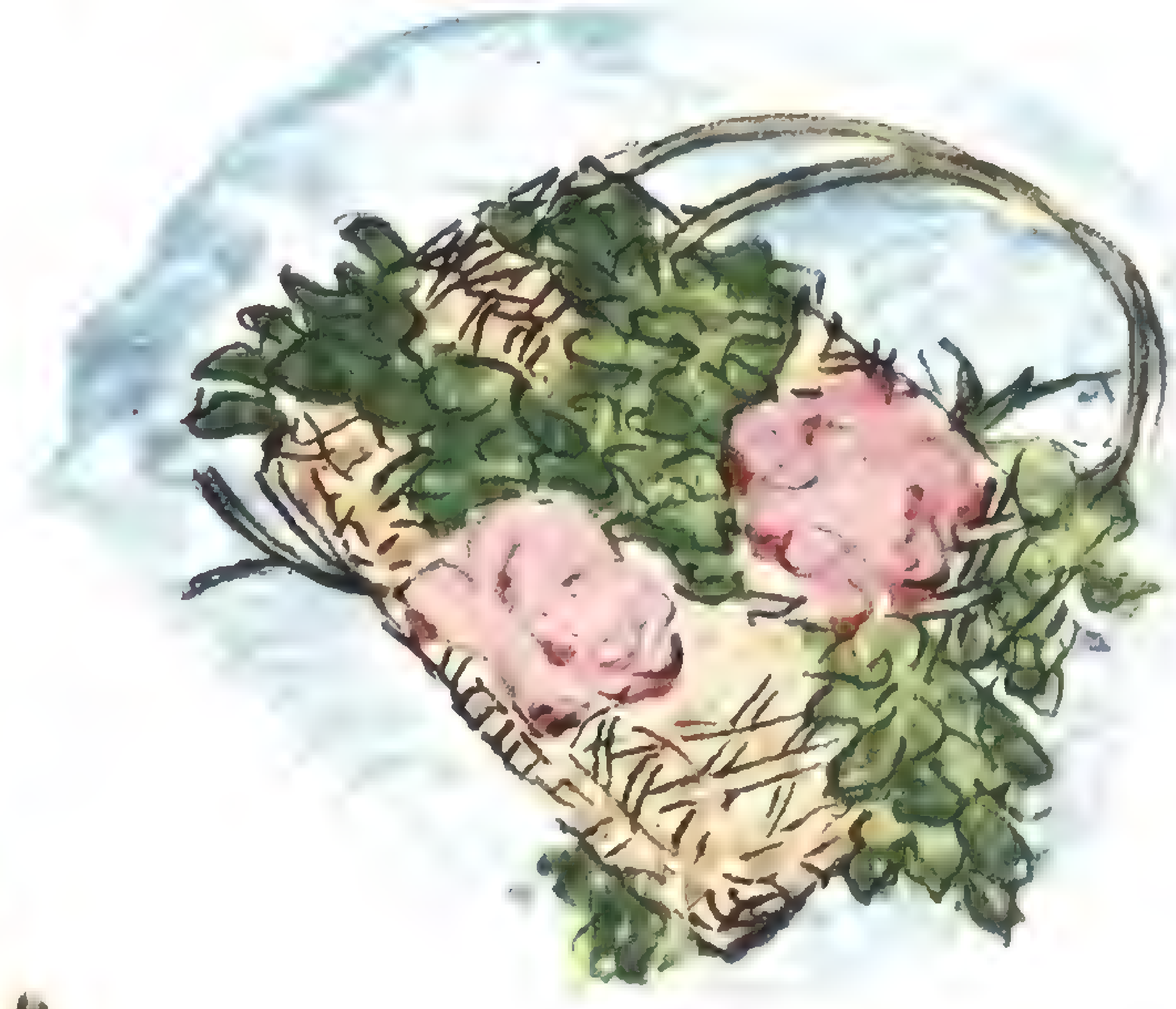


"You are cute to come home to and fun to take out"

Your purse is a snazzy little hatbox, and even your gloves have spice. They're flashing all over with bright cyclamen spangles—just how is a guy expected to keep his eye on the floor show?

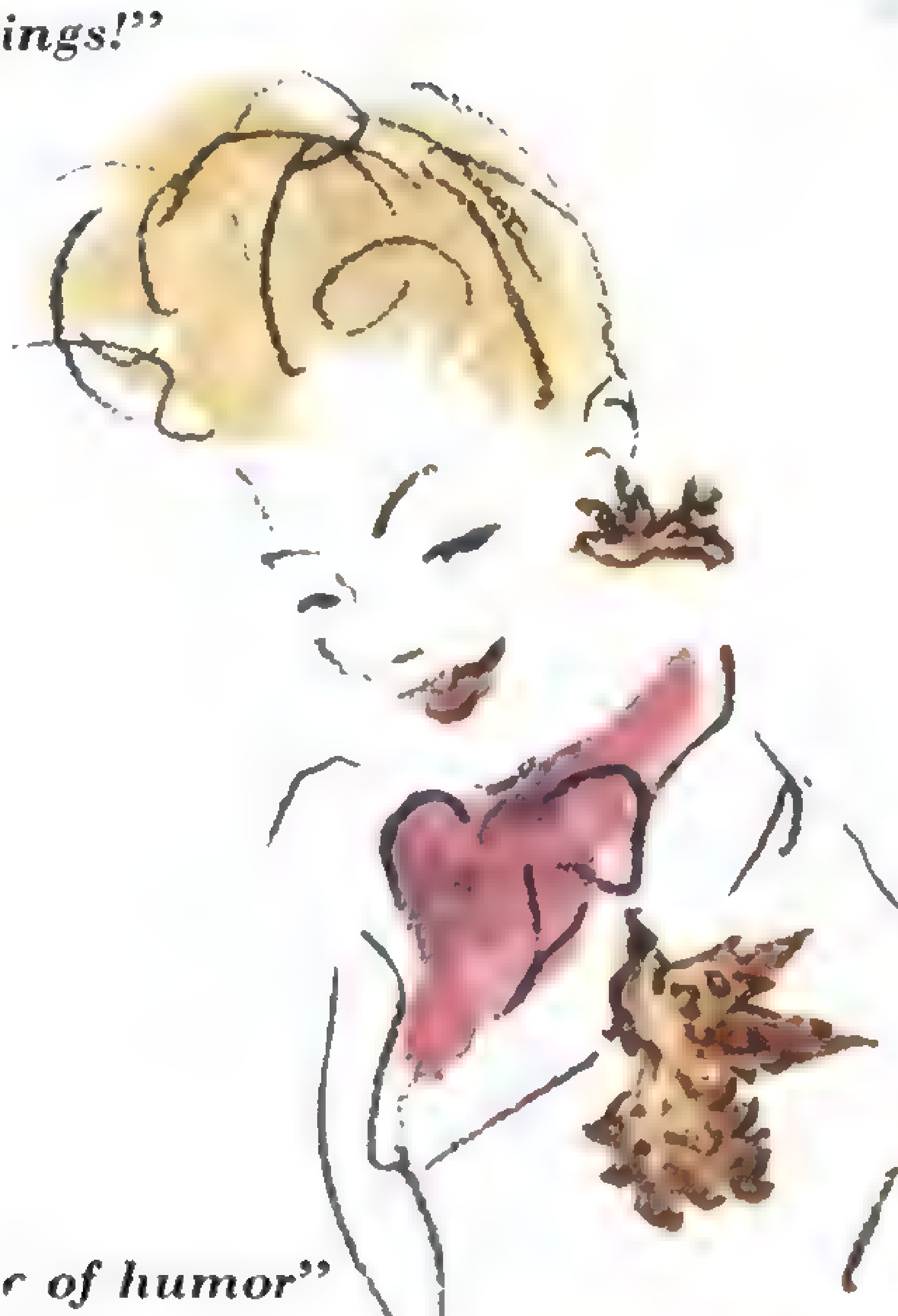
"Why, you really have etchings!"

But you, sweet innocent, take our mind right off them. The surprise ending to your evening dress is a knockout —never, never camouflage those legs again.



"There shall be music wherever she goes"

But she needs no bells to herald her coming when she carries this bucolic basket-bag. Lush with foliage, it's rich drama against a dark suit.



"A girl's best friend is her sense of humor"

So she flaunts a dazzling bird of paradise on her lapel and lets the fledglings perch on her ears. Good for grins, they're stone-studded beauties as well.

FAIR WARNING: *If you are going to let this magazine lie around where any females of your family might pounce upon it, you will be well advised to snip off that portion of this page which lies due south of the rule below. Otherwise said familiar females might find out, to their presumed possessive glee and your assumed fiscal pain, that the things which Vertès draws can be had, for cash or its equivalent.*

(For answers to Fashion queries, address Dora Deane % Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Vitamins by the Bunch

**Besides its value as pure pleasure,
wine does a lot for your digestion,
circulation and general well being**

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

No use lamenting the human stomach's loss of privacy. Routed out of its abdominal seclusion, it just isn't the mystery organ it used to be. Calorie-accounting was the entering wedge, and now we are in the hands of the alphabetical auditors, with Secretary Wickard telling us that our war-restricted diet is unfortunately a trifle below par as regards calcium and the busy B-complex elements niacin (anti-pellagra vitamin) and riboflavin (eye and skin trouble avoider and chest hair tonic).

The cheery answer to these deficiencies isn't far to seek. It's right in the cellar or at the package store around the corner. Wine! *Any* wine.

Calcium, to be sure, is only *one* of the thirteen mineral elements which medical science has declared necessary to the maintenance of animal and human life. Wine has *all* of them—especially iron, which Bacchus puts up in a readily assimilable form to make sure we get our iron ration.

The B-hive to which niacin and riboflavin belong has numerous members. Wine offers the whole swarm—particularly thiamin, the anti-neuritis agent and general morale-booster. Sometimes also vitamins C (anti-scurvy) and K (anti-hemorrhage).

Wine's natural grape sugar, dextrose, has outstanding food value which the human system takes to with alacrity. Energy is fueled, too—and more directly—by wine's alcohol.

I'm not suggesting that you carry zeal for dietetics to the point of imbibing such nutrients on the spur of a yen. But if you should happen to, here's what occurs as the wine travels down your assembly line:

Mouth, Tongue and Palate Department—Taste-buds and salivary glands are summoned to work. Gustatory gusto is set agoing. Whatever solids are headed this way will get favorable reception.

Digestive Department—Aid and comfort are imparted to gastric juices tactfully—wine's natural fruit salts, tartrates, phosphates, etc., exerting a take-it-easy influence which prevents hustle and jostle. The mere fact that stomach and owner have copped a bouquet and feel good about it, is constructive. Catching the enthusiasm, the pancreas, sub-contractor manufacturing a special line of digestive aids, steps up its output.

Boa-constrictive Department—Grape ousts gripe.

Liver—Bile flow is boosted gratifyingly. Teamed up with pancreatic response to wine, this means better ability to digest fatty foods. And, thanks to wine's dextrose, the chances of cirrhosis are statistically remoter for the bouquet sipper than for the Dry. Ditto gallstones.

Kidneys—Wine delights them. Its fruit salts stimulate. Its phosphates and tartrates outsmart acidity.

Circulation—The old pump is invigorated, spreading warmth to outlying territories. Arteries keep younger on wine than on ice water.

Nerves—If you are a nocturnal worrier addicted to thrashing in bed and feuding with your pillow, a glass or two of Port, Sherry or Muscatel will tranquilize. Tastier than a sleeping powder. Or I could put you to sleep by quoting at you for the umtieth time Louis Pasteur's bromide about wine being the "most healthful and most hygienic of all beverages."

An upstanding example of what wine can do is a hale and hearty lady of my acquaintance who was born in Alsace at a time when Prussian terrorism blighted the maternal milk supply. The family kept no cows but they had vines and casks. So little Miss Squaller was bottled on a mixture of wine, water, and sugar till she was old enough to sit up and eat her cereal, dabbed with Brandy. Today she feels that her taste for a glass of White or Red was come by sincerely.

And then there's Monty Woolley, whose infant days would have been his last had not the chef of his father's hotel come forth with chicken broth profusely laced with Sherry; which ingenious baby food, says Monty, "I was graciously pleased to accept." And what a beard has accrued from those small beginnings!

But let's be fair and admit that solids, too, have their place in one's diet if properly accompanied. Wine has the task of making you like them, be they ever so humble or humdrum. And wine has had thousands of years of experience at this very job, in thin times and thick. Hunk of bread and cheese of the goat seemed a feast to the Hellenic hillbilly as he swigged his topaz-glowing Calista. (It was rosiny, but he preferred it that way.) Certainly the well known Persian picnic menu of Omar the Rubáiyátman was simple: one bough, one book, one babe, one jug. And do you hear any complaints out of him?

Maybe it's the spring weather, but have you noticed how active the mating urge is among wines and foods these days? Oysters enamored of blonde, svelte-bodied Chablis. Omelets emotional about tall slim Riesling. Red meats finding affinities of the same hue. Fickle chicken welcoming the flattery of both Reds and Whites.

The deeper meaning of all this might have forever eluded me had I not come across a batch of wisdom uttered before the San Francisco Chapter of the Medical Friends of Wine by palate subtletist Albert M. Paul. Seated each day at the table, Mr. Paul has for years explored food and wine harmonies without once mislaying a chord. In this address he explains, getting down to cases, that dry white table wine goes ideally with fish because:

1. The two are not out of balance in sweetness, sourness, saltiness, or bitterness.
2. Fish is often dry in the mouth and the wine supplies the wetness.
3. The acid in the wine reduces the volatility of the unpleasant fishy oils. (The practice of using lemon slices or segments is your tip-off on what's needed.)

Red wines, on the other hand, are less happy in finny or shelly circumstances. Cargoed with tannins, pectins, and other solids derived from fermentation with the skin of the grape, such wines are too much on the bitter side, too rich, too domineering in flavor. But put them up against rare roast beef, which has its own hint of bitterness (obtained from the cell-lining structure), and you've got an amour orgy.

This Match-up Game can be pursued in all directions with relish and relentlessness. I play at it myself. But it has its dangers like the Glassware Game; brain-rackage of trying to think of what goes with loin of pork is as terrific as endeavoring to figure whether the mid-evening Muscatel should be served in V-stemmers or tulips. So I advise moderation.

Besides, I have heard tell of a fellow and a girl who, without previous consultation, were marooned on a desert island. He was bitter and she was sweet, yet they managed to match up quite successfully. And the same is true of foods and wines which fate brings together on dinner tables. Indeed, under wine-loving auspices there's no end to the compatibilities that creep into the picture.

In the Old World a consumer spent his life tasting, sometimes with joy and amazement, but often with chagrin. "Poor year" . . . "Ah, *this* ought to be better! Ugh! it's gone off terribly!" And so on. Each individual bottle was a separate gamble. Hence the etiquette of pouring the first shot out of the bottle into the host's glass so that he could sample and pass judgment before any of his guests was served.

Echoes and flourishes of that

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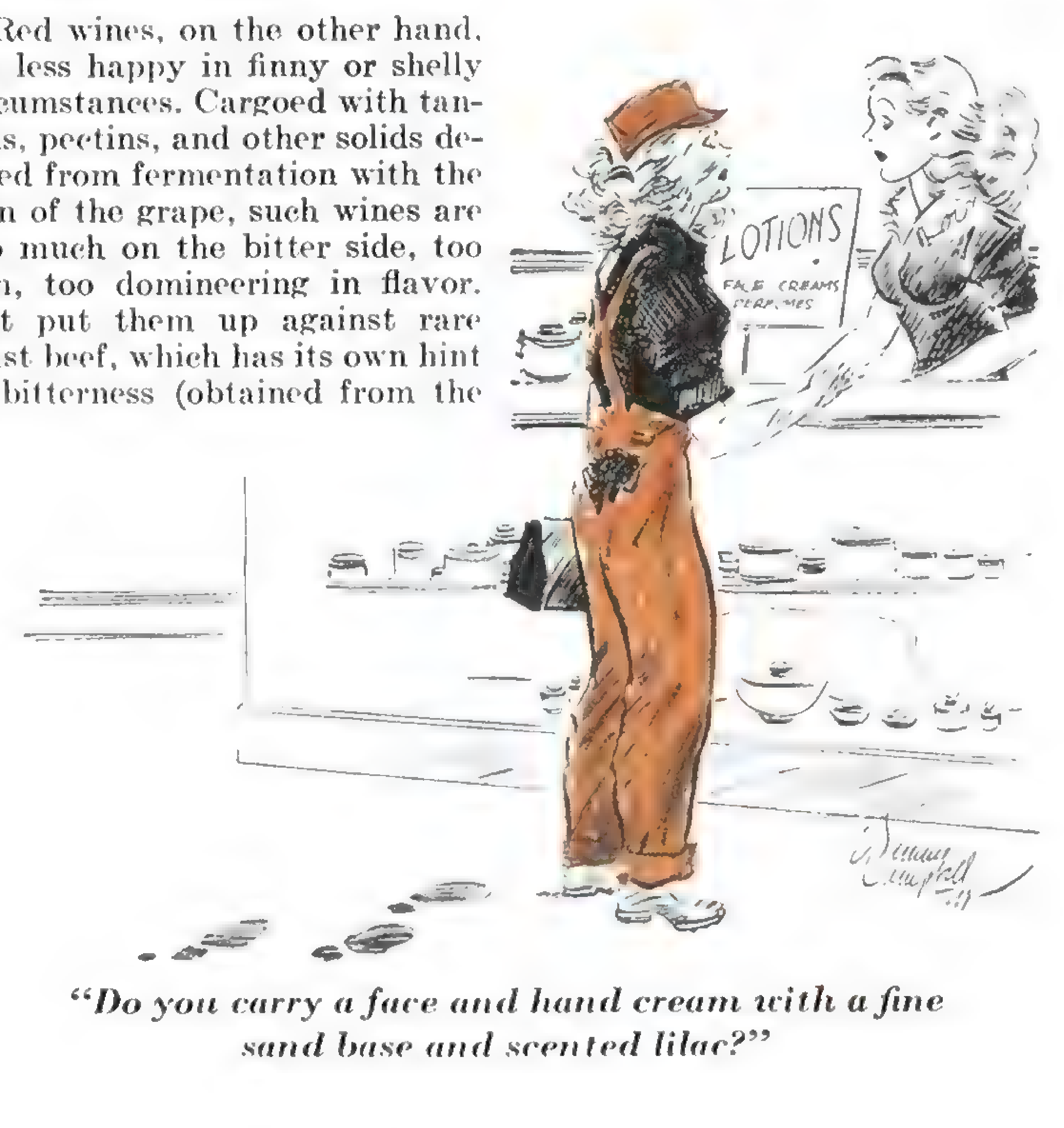
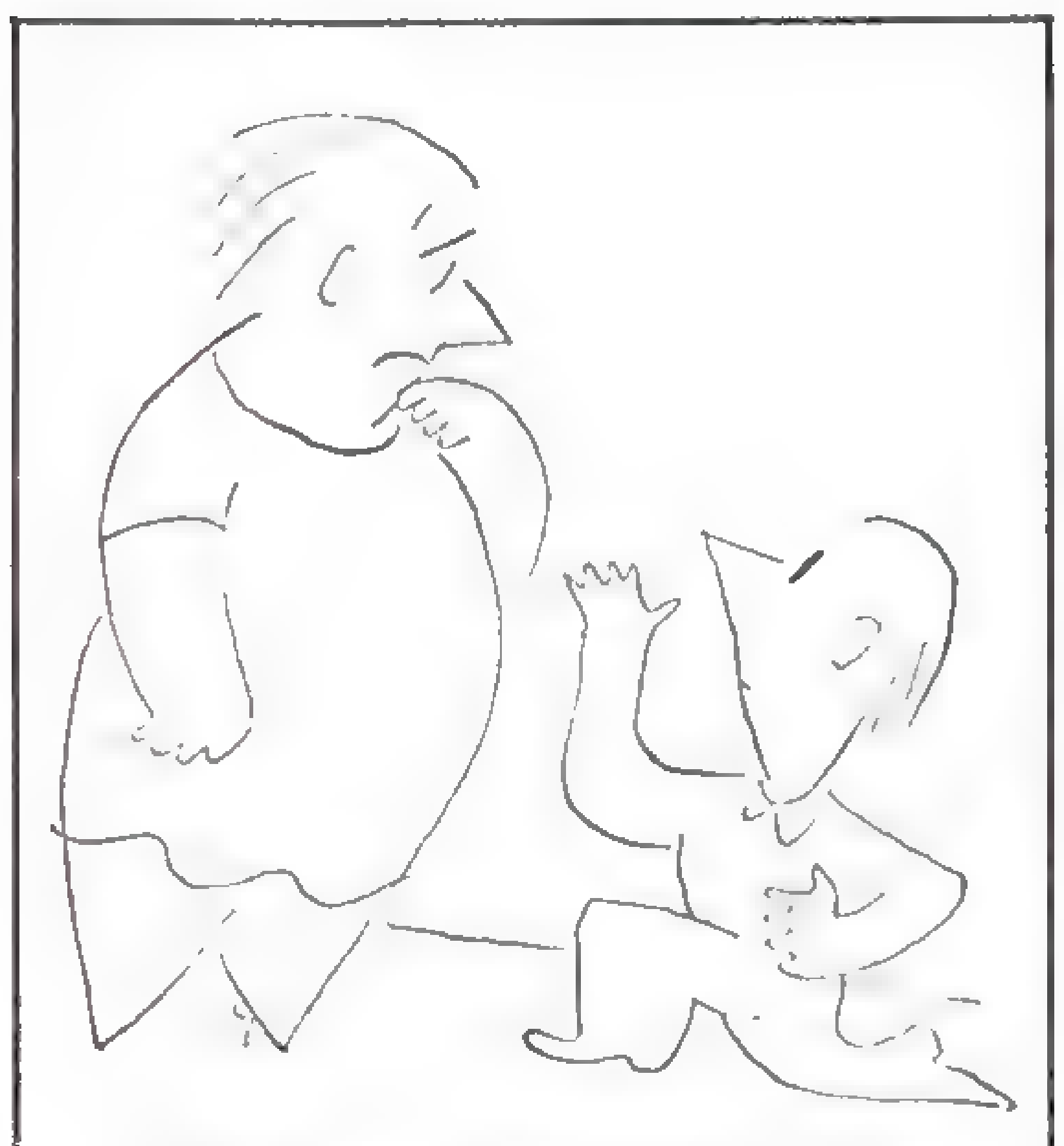


"Do you carry a face and hand cream with a fine sand base and scented lilac?"

Ad Libbing With Esquire

Idle hands find work for the Devil to do.

We have heard it said that the propaganda office does not like it when people say that one American soldier can whip two or three Japs, but if our planes in the Far East continue to knock down four and five to one . . . it's bound to get around that the Americans are superior.



"Tell me, Sam, is it love or is it the fuel shortage?"

Dear Doctor Diddle: I believe my husband married me to get control of my ration book . . . how can I tell? Dolly.

Dear Dolly: Tip over his cup of coffee—if he doesn't murder you, it's love.

Dear Doctor Diddle: What is lingerie? Cutie.

Dear Cutie: Lingerie is stuff girls used to wear instead of underwear before fuel rationing.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE DEVIL

I had a hard time arranging an interview with the Devil because I went about it in the wrong way. I searched all the dives and low places of the town without finding anyone who knew him. I was about ready to give up when I found out the curly headed blonde next door was an old friend of his.

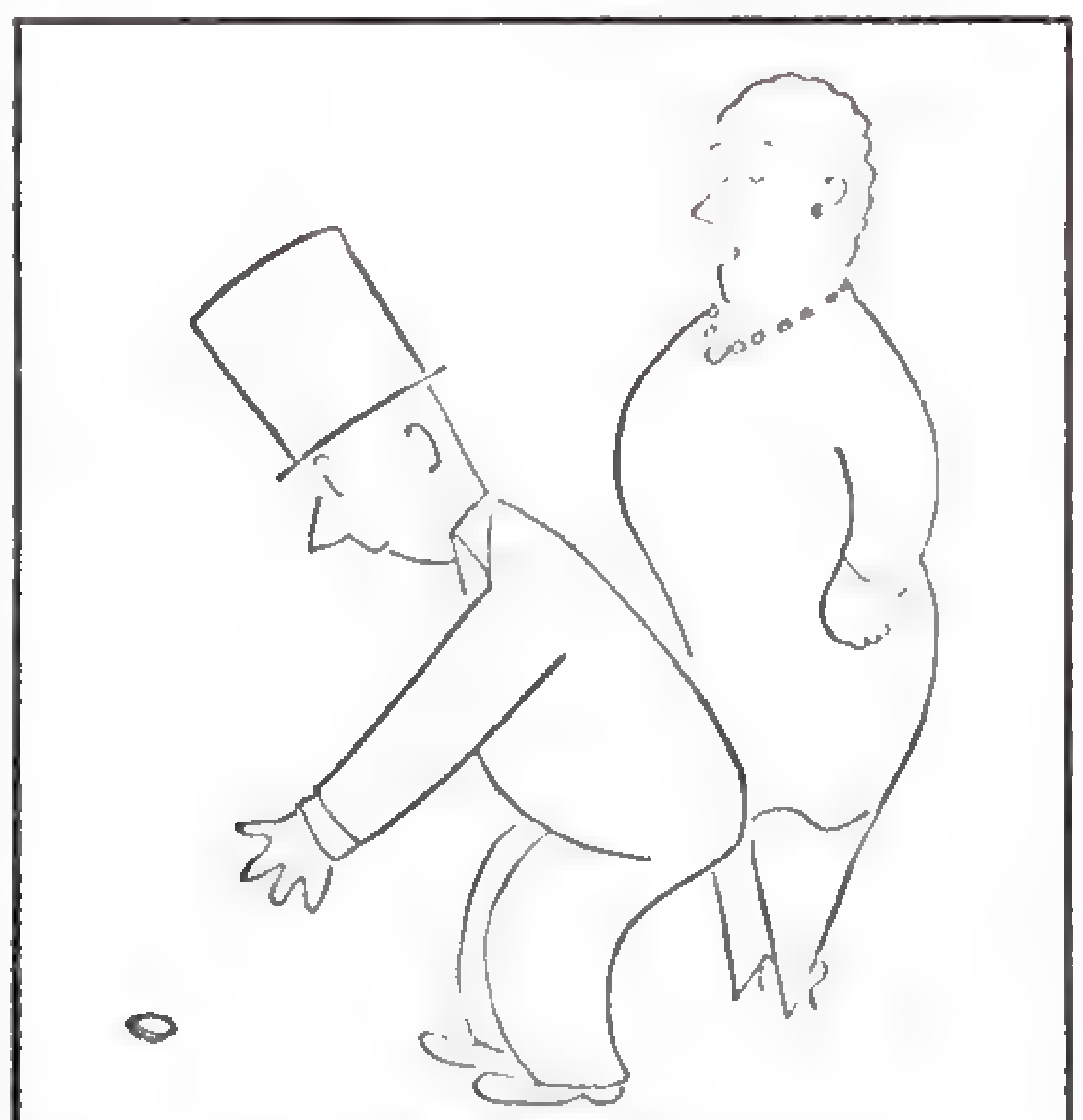
She was glad to fix an appointment for me for a price which I was glad to pay. So last midnight (the Devil sees few people in the daylight hours) I was ready with my pad and pencil and dressed in shorts. It seems the Devil meets most men in shorts.

The curly headed blonde knocked on my door. I thought we would take the subway, but not at all. The blonde took out a flash bulb, fitted it into a holder, and exploded it. When my eyes readjusted themselves, I was in a long marble hallway. It must have been a block long. I started for the other end but the blonde stopped me, saying that straight ahead lay the coke ovens. She turned into an inconspicuous side door and I found myself in an anteroom to a beautiful office. The anteroom was surrounded by a wall indented with little stages about the size of a large picture and in each little cubby hole was a beautiful girl posed like some famous painting. I wanted to stop but the door ahead of us swung open and we walked straight in to find ourselves in the presence of the Devil himself.

It was a very large room decorated in cool green colors . . . the carpet was so deep and soft it seemed you sank in it up to your ankles. And the light filtered through green venetian blinds like sunlight coming through the leaves in a deep forest. I turned to the right and there, sitting at a large desk, I saw for the first time the Devil. He was dressed in a business suit and was busy talking on the phone so I had a minute to study him. He looked so much like a famous movie star that it was startling—yes, he was the spitting image of (censored).

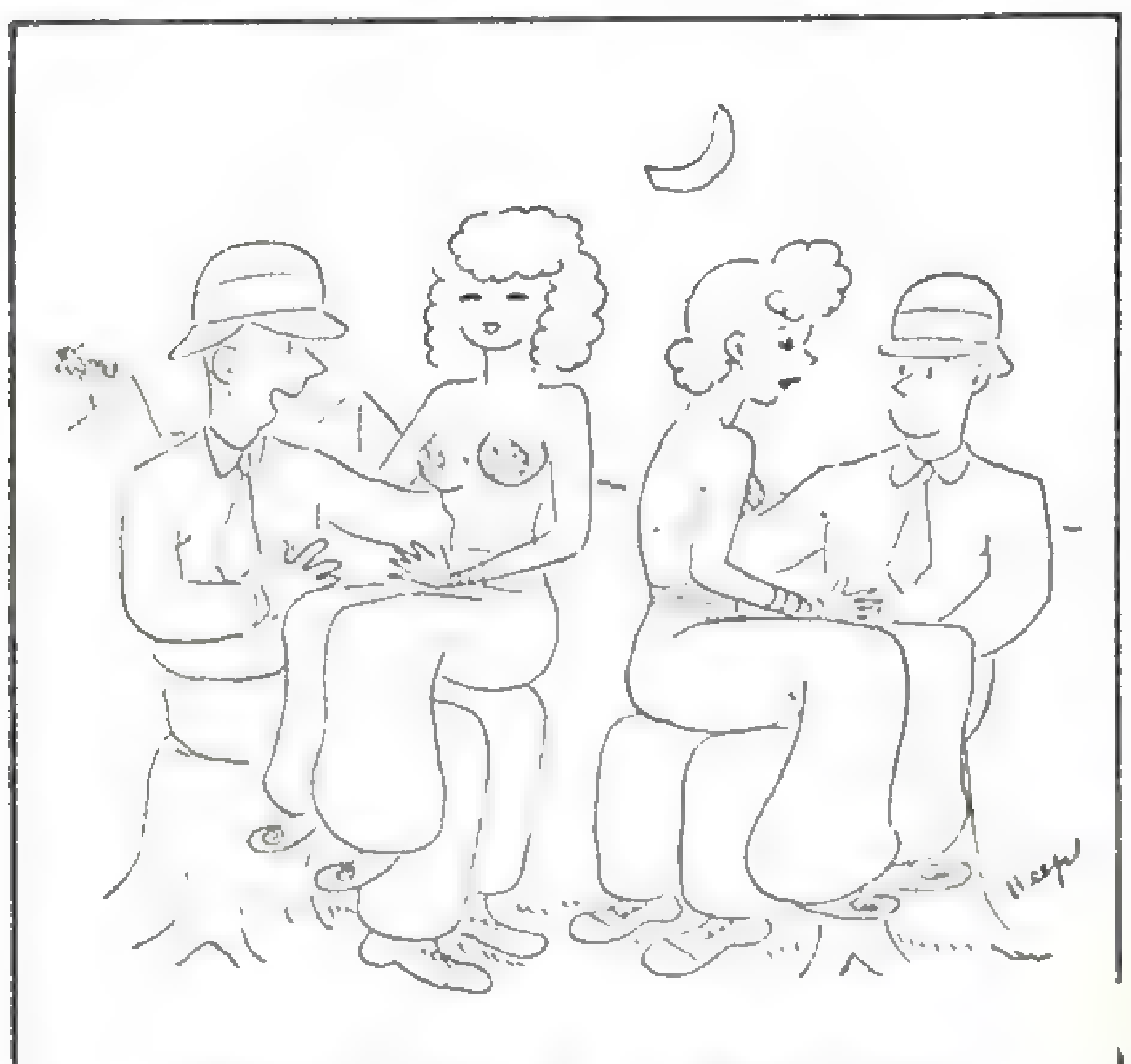
He finished his call and I asked him if he was pleased the way the World was going to Hell and he said no—that he thought Hell should be Hell and that the World should be satisfied to stay the World, but that lately it seemed to him it was trying more and more to be like Hell. He resented the intrusion and also said it was very trying. For example he said after a man has spent years on earth listening to the lies of Goebbels, and then comes to Hell, it is impossible to tell him anything he will believe. Or after a man has seen the craven example of the Duce it is impossible to disgust him with human actions, and after he has witnessed the Jap doublecross on earth he is surprised at nothing in Hell. After the grossness of Goering, plain filth leaves him unmoved, and the cruelties of Hitler surpass anything he, the Devil, has been able to dream up. So if the World couldn't rid itself of the Swastika gang within a short time he, the Devil, was going to give up trying to make Hell a place of torture, and make it a refuge for folks who were lucky enough to escape the World . . . the Devil turned to his papers and I could see the interview was at an end, so I turned to leave, and the blonde went with me as far as the elevators. There she said she thought she would stay in Hell, and when I asked her why, she said she had noticed there were fewer wolves. So I kissed her goodbye as she screwed the flash bulb into the proper socket, and was just going to grab her when she set it off. When my eyes focused again, I was back in my room with these few notes; and the hair on my chest slightly scorched where I had almost held the blonde.

. . . the end . . .

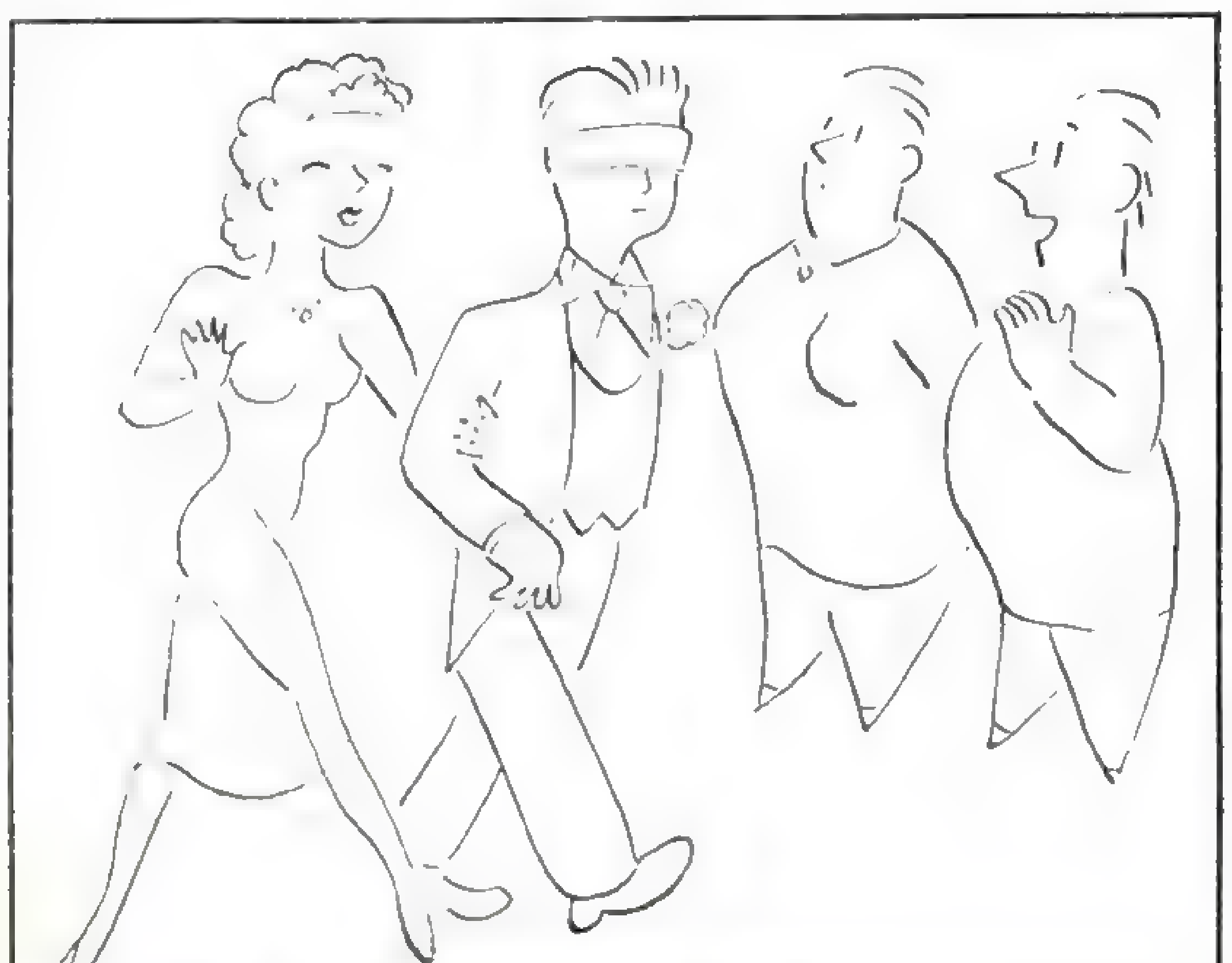


"Let it lay, Mortimer—remember your $25,000 ceiling"

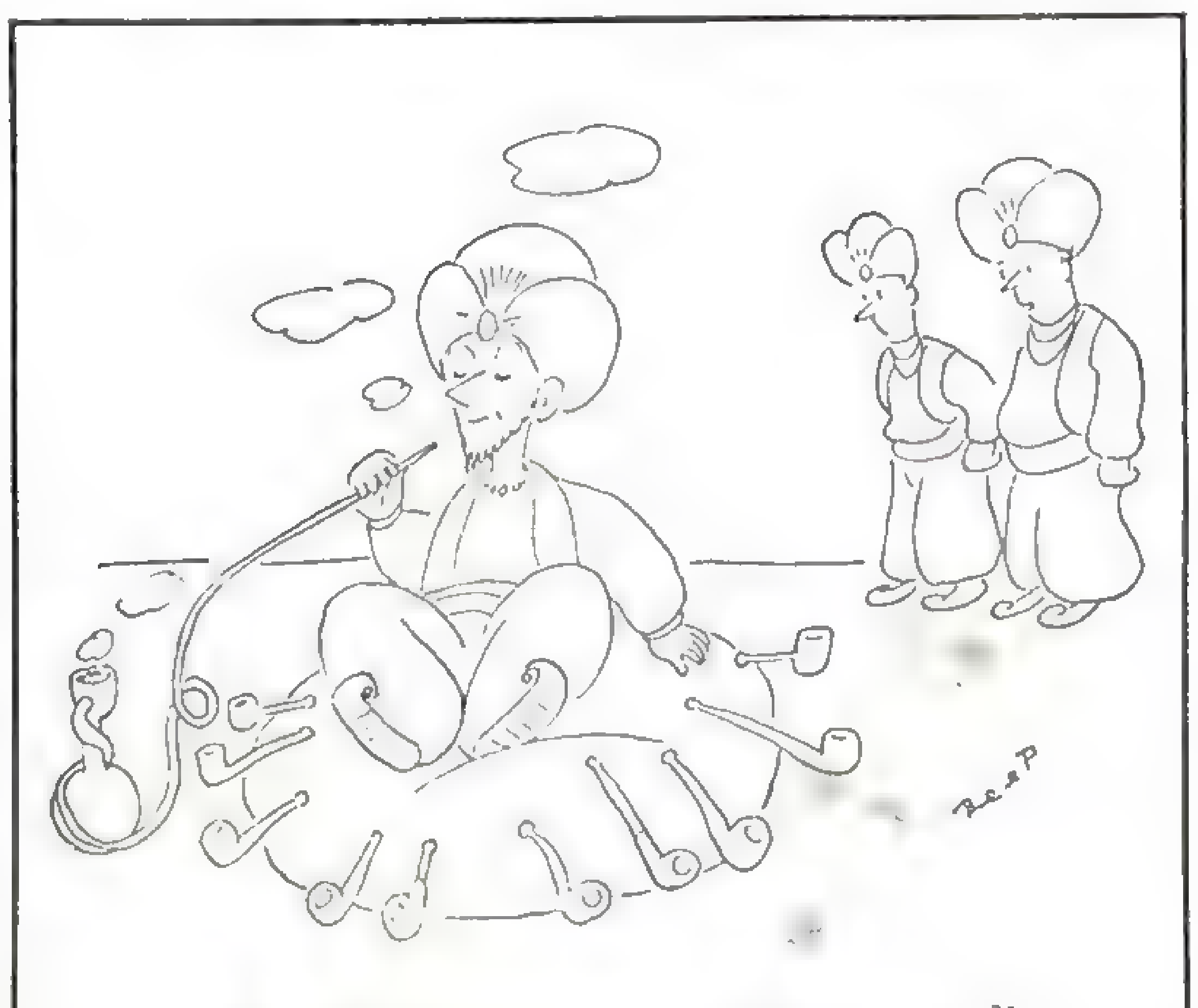
Gypsy Rose Lee learned to write
And now she wears her clothes
Let's start a fund for old strip queens
Who never mastered prose.



"Remember, Joe—obey orders—don't talk to them"



"He picked this one blindfolded—trying to change his luck with wives"



"He is the same way with women"

OUR IDEA FOR A MOVIE WITH ABBOTT & COSTELLO

When the movie opens Abbott & Costello are two hard working Stunt men. They do the things the fragile movie stars are afraid to do. Abbott & Costello rush into burning buildings to rescue the fair maiden; then the star is shown holding her in the close up. They crash cars into brick walls; then the star takes their place at the wheel, as Abbott & Costello are carried off to the hospital. When they recover they are thrown into a lion pit and battle the raging beasts. Next they sit in an electric chair with sparks shooting from them.

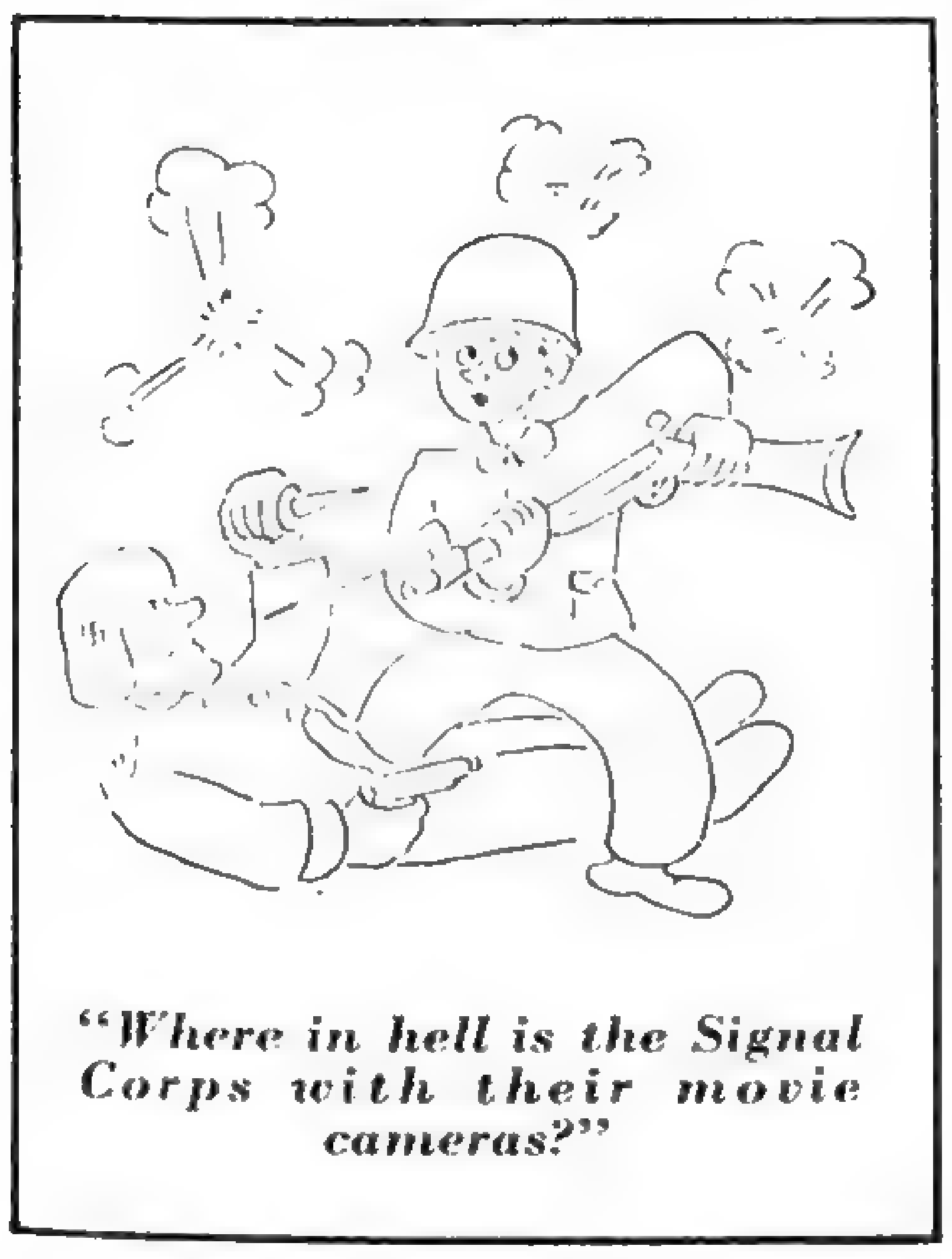
They stop raging floods—blow up bridges—leap from planes—fight duels—wrestle snakes . . . etc. . . . etc. . . .

One day they are told to jump from the rear of a speeding boat, and they consider it their easiest assignment because water is so easy to land on—but the minute they hit the water, they are swallowed by a whale.

Inside the whale they set up housekeeping with numerous aids and gadgets and are very happy for awhile, but they get bored and decide to escape. They tickle the whale till he sneezes and they are cast up on the shore. . . .

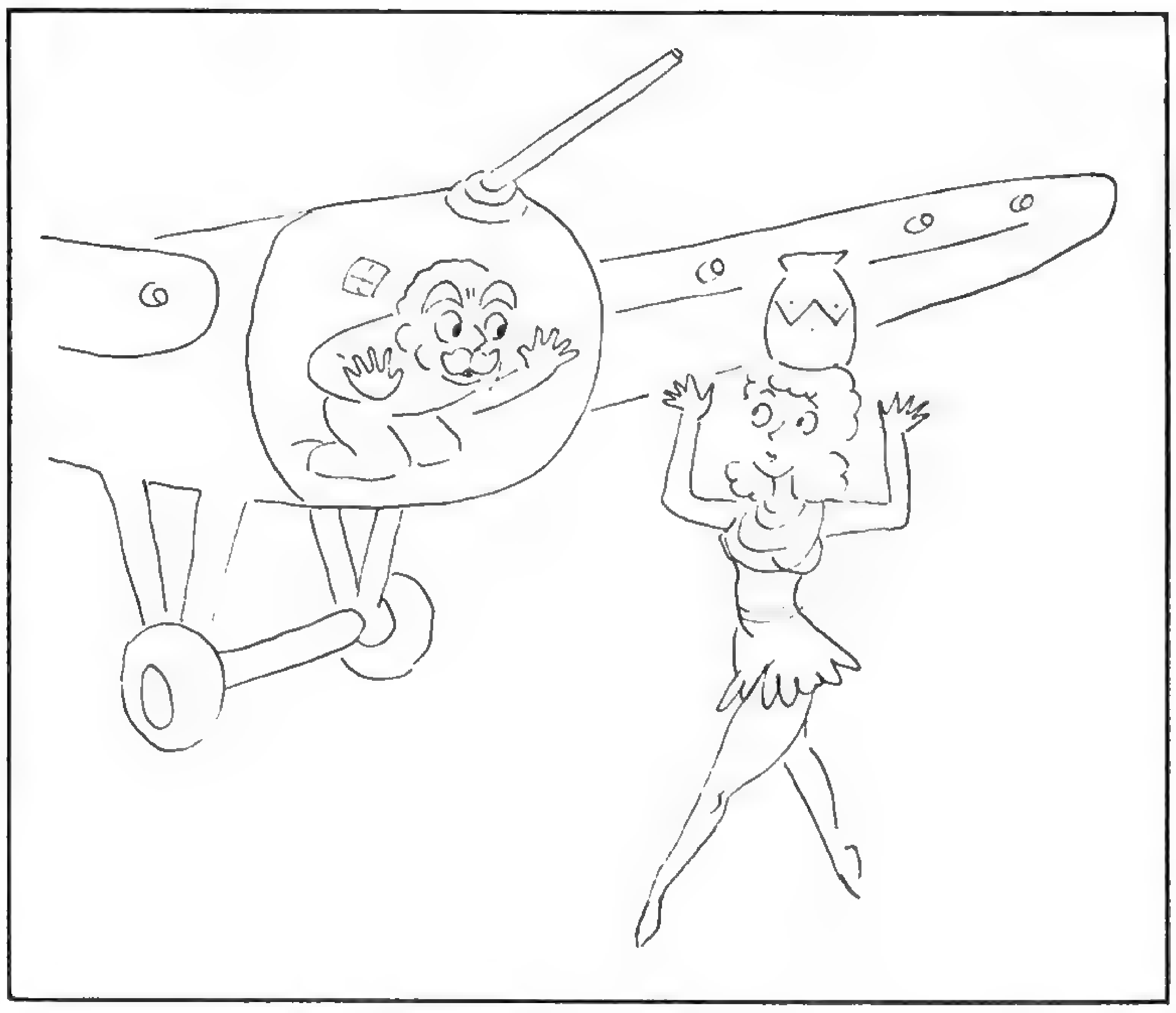
Everyone thought they were dead but when they tell their story they are famous and become MOVIE STARS.

They go to Hollywood and start their first starring picture and the first thing they do—is refuse to do stunts . . . it's too dangerous. . . . the end . . .



"Where in hell is the Signal Corps with their movie cameras?"

Funny stories will be coming out of this War but we won't hear them until it is over and the boys are discharged. Here is one from the last War . . . a friend of ours found out that the camp at which he was stationed in Texas for some unknown reason kept no record of leaves granted for getting married. So at neatly spaced intervals he got seven leaves to return to Chicago to get married. Incidentally, he was still a bachelor when he told me this story twenty years later.



Some wives are working wives and some are working husbands.

In Goering the Germans see what they would look like if they had enough to eat.

As long as people just looked at my haircuts, I ignored their questioning faces but now that they have begun to point, it's time I explained.

Our good barber is an ex-Russian soldier . . . he loves to talk about when he was in the Russian army and I love to hear him.

When he doesn't talk he gives a good haircut—a very good haircut—but when he tells some of his stories—the haircut suffers. For example, that ridge over my ear was made while he was pointing out (with my head as a battle ground) the distance between Moscow and Stalingrad.

The razor nick on my neck was made while he was mourning the loss of the young doctor who insisted on listening for the heart beat of plague-stricken soldiers.

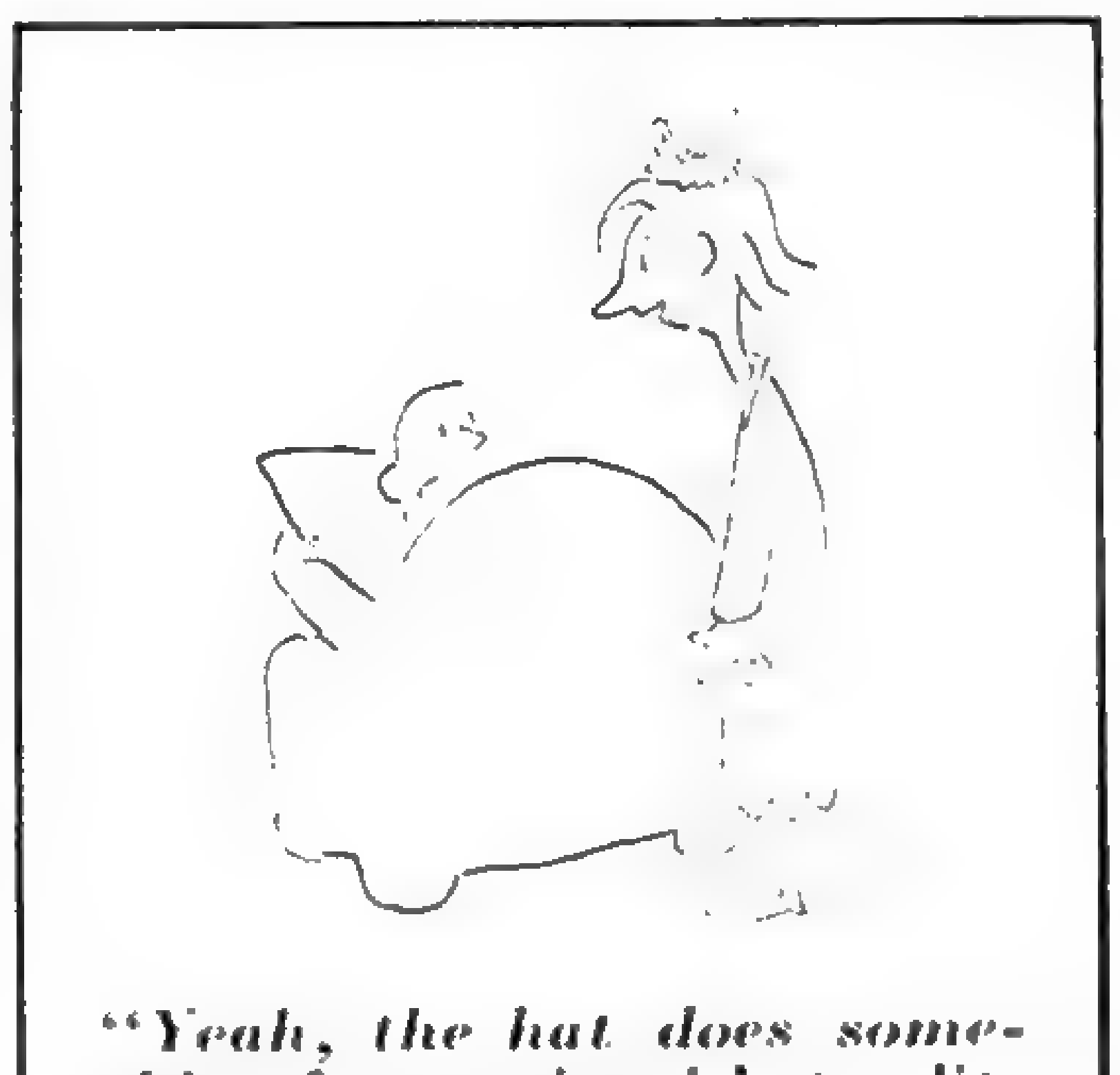
He himself had the cholera once. He was walking along the street when he felt it coming on. He went into a drug store and ordered two drops of muratic acid in a glass of cold water and drank it down; then he fainted. When he recovered consciousness he was in a strange hospital with strange people. But he got well quickly—all, he believes, because he drank the muratic mixture.

When the army found he had recovered from the cholera, they sent him with the nursing corps to a stricken area. What happened there I am going to find out when I get my next haircut.

If you need any proof that it's a screwy world, consider that Salvidor Dali has made much more painting broken watches than anyone ever did fixing them.

We recently read where asafetida was an inspissated sap worn in a bag around the neck as a charm to ward off disease. Now as an old asafetida wearer, we refute this explanation. We kids had no thought of it as a charm. We were told that the fumes rising from the stinking stuff killed the germs and purified the air—this I admit has since been proven untrue, but I still feel sure that the asafetida bag we placed on a string around our neck and under our shirt every winter did protect us from diseases by keeping people at a distance from us—and some of them no doubt carried colds. God did we smell . . .

Our Girl Friend is going to write a Mystery story. She has the setting: It's an elevator full of people. She has the characters: There is one Man in the elevator which every passenger hates for a different reason. She has the Crime: the Bad Man is killed by a tremendous jolt of electricity when the elevator stops between floors. But one thing is holding up her story: Damned if she can figure out—Who did it???



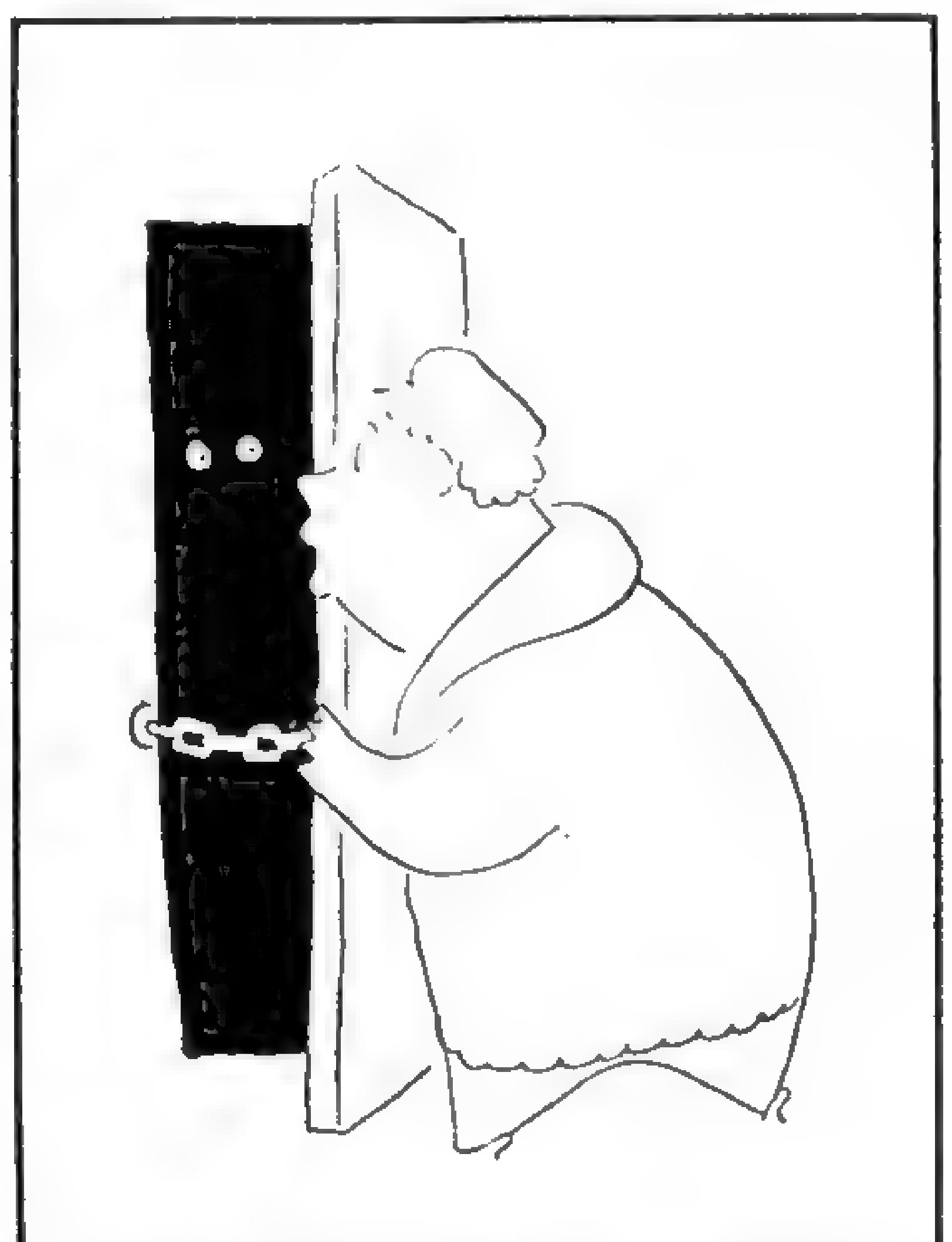
"Yeah, the hat does something for you but it's too little and too late"

A rose by any other name would smell.

Ladies in the aggregate love less well than they hate.

It occurred to us this morning as we were riding to work, jammed in a bus, that we were more than just riding—we were receiving an intensive course in Human Relationships. There we were—surrounded by the pushers, the shovers, the growlers, the smilers, the feelers, the thrompers, the dullards, the drones, the schemers, the workers that make up the human race, and we liked them—especially the little brunette with the warmest skin coloring we ever saw outside of a Varga drawing, with the sleep still heavy in her eyes. In fact we liked her so well, we concentrated on her and forgot about Human Relations . . .

Women must be surprised to find that they are as popular without silk as they were with it.



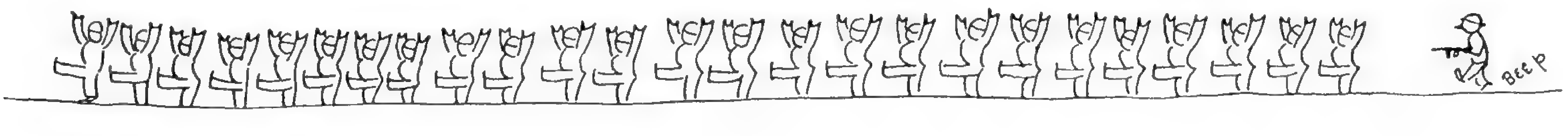
"Is you Sam or is you commando?"

It's a Hollywood story about the two partners who pooled their resources and made a picture. It made money and soon they expanded to form Shoestring Super Pictures. They signed up plenty of stars, and things were going good when one partner walked in the other partner's office and there was the company's biggest star parked on George's lap. "George," he shouted "is that ethical?"

"No," replied George, "it's Amelia."

Who remembers when a bump was a painful experience instead of a burlesque gyration?

We wish to put an end to the story about our broken tooth. It is true that we fell on the church steps one winter's evening and broke it, but we emphatically deny that we were asleep at the time. We insist the ice on those church steps was so thick and slippery that we would have fallen if we had been entirely awake. ###



Man the Kitchenette

With the wartime meat shortage, these recipes for filly stew and horse meat paté may interest venturesome epicures

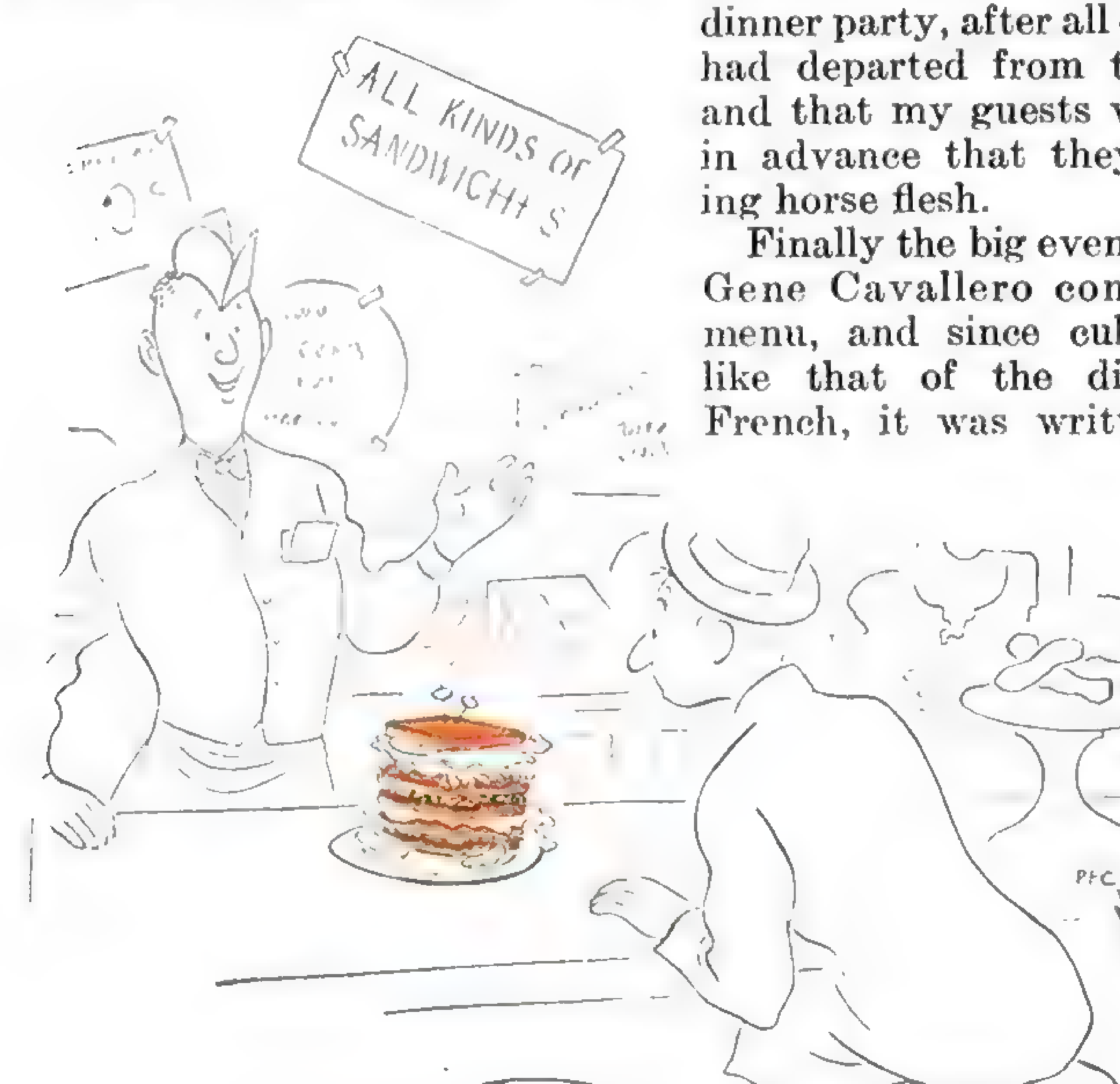
by ILES BRODY

EDIBLES

Early this year a group of people gathered round a festive board for dinner and cheerfully sank their teeth into equine flesh. They were not confirmed hippophagists—horse meat eaters—nor did the dinner take place on a desert island, or in a starving Nazi camp outside Stalingrad. Nor was it amidst a fanatical sect bent on reviving pagan customs, nor in Boston where (as you may have noticed in the daily press) horse sirloin has lately become a welcome item.

This strange dinner, this meal which offered no other meat but horseflesh—considered so strange and repellent by most humans—was served at one of New York's swankiest eating places, the famous Colony Restaurant.

It took me quite a time to convince my friend and culinary crony, Gene Cavallero, the owner of the Colony, that it was proper for me to give a horse flesh dinner party at his dignified establishment. Jealously he guards the reputation of his restaurant and so he promptly told me to go to blazes with my crazy idea. I pestered him for a while, and then, when he still remained adamant, I tried to prick his vanity. "Gene," I said, "your very name derives from the horse." (*Cavallo* is Italian for horse, and *Cavallero* means something like horseman). "How can you have anything then against this dinner? In Italy, where you were born and brought up as a youth, they love horse flesh. You are the dictator of New York's culinary fashion. Well, do something about it! Or I'll spread the word that your restaurant is old-fashioned, and that you, personally, have lost your originality."



"It's a new service—the middle layer is bicarbonate of soda"

Gene Cavallero slowly turned the color of a dish of Lobster Cardinal. As I watched him, I thought: "He's either going to beat me up, or he's going to consent." Happily, it was the latter.

"What are you talking about!" he roared. "I always try to give people something new and interesting to eat. Get your damn horse meat, and we'll create dishes at this restaurant that will set the town a-talking!"

I gleefully wired the Hill Packing Company at Topeka, Kansas, one of the largest horse meat dressing houses in the country, to send me twenty-five pounds of fresh broncho. It took a week for the meat to arrive, but I was still far from being able to turn it over the Colony for cooking. First I had to secure a permit from the City of New York's Department of Health to receive the meat, as according to the laws of the city, horse meat can only be sold for human consumption in special cases.

Then I had to pledge my word to the authorities that the horse meat would be served at a private dinner party, after all other guests had departed from the Colony, and that my guests would know in advance that they were eating horse flesh.

Finally the big evening arrived. Gene Cavallero conceived the menu, and since culinary lingo like that of the diplomacy is French, it was written in that language. I give it to you in the original, with a more or less correct translation.

Brochette de Roan—Colt Shashlik

Horse's Tail *en gelée*—Jellied Horse's Tail Soup

Ragoût Chevaline—Filly Stew

Tranche de Jumente à la Broche—Broiled Mare's Steak

Salade Equestrienne—Horsewoman's Salade

Coupe Steeple Chase—Ice cream, minus horse meat, I assure you!

Café de Jockey—Real coffee, and no horsing about it!

Of course, there were appropriate wines, first a white one and then a red, both good Americans. The unusual fare seemed to lend us extra strength because the ten guests remained together merrily for the better part of the night, and when I at last reluctantly lost my dinner companions, the new vitamins I had absorbed compelled me to go on alone on a terrific binge, never reaching home till the wee hours of the morning.

As to the flavor of the meat, it was excellent, if a little sweet and gamy. But so is deer, a meat much sought after. Both are running animals, and this may account for the slightly high taste. The shashlik was prepared like that of baby lamb or mutton, cut in largish dices, and marinated overnight in a concoction of vinegar to which carrots were added, onions, salt and pepper, parsley, dill, rosemary, garlic, and lemon peel.

When they were fastened on the individual skewers for broiling, small pieces of bacon separated the meat dices, for horse meat is rather lean, and it has to be helped on a more juicy culinary career by the addition of fatter meat. Lastly, before broiling, fresh green sage was sprinkled over the *Brochette de Roan;* but this herb, which has a tendency to overpower all other flavors, marred my complete enjoyment. I do not like adulteration, unless it is in the form of *Sauce Diable*, a sauce that is the soulmate of shashlik. Fortunately, there was plenty of this marvelous sauce served with the Colt Shashlik at the Colony, but strong as it was, it could not stifle the Herculean flavor of that little herb.

The Jellied Horse's Tail Soup wasn't that at all—horses' tails contain hardly any marrow; the cavity of the horse's bone being very narrow. The Colony's Jellied Horse's Tail Soup was made of horse flesh, just like a strong bouillon, and then it was jellied. It was exceedingly good, not at all less flavorful than jellied beef bouillon. The *Ragoût Chevaline*, the Filly Stew was the best dish though, and I give you its recipe at the end of the article—who knows, you might yet develope a taste for horse meat.

The Mare's Steak was broiled like beef steak. I found it really most palatable, for I was able to get hold of a medium rare piece. There was no guessing at the animal's age; with horses you simply can't tell. Perhaps you've heard that old French saying—"Vieux boeuf, mauvaise viande; vieux cheval, bonne viande," meaning literally, old beef makes bad meat, old horse good meat. On the other hand, they say that a baby colt's meat is the best of all morsels in the world. Poor old Dobbin whom we just ate, would have loved the *Salade Equestrienne;* it was composed of bright and crisp greens, an answer to a horse's prayer.

Don't get me wrong; I might try to joke a little about the subject, but in reality I am a great lover of horses. I was brought up with them, and started to ride them when I was a child; they threw me, yet were careful not to injure me; they sheltered me in their stables when I ran to them to avoid a beating, and lay under their bellies confidently, knowing that the grown-ups wouldn't dare to follow me to my retreat. Later, when I grew up, and found myself in the army, they sometimes saved my life. I remember particularly one little horse that shied and turned whirling round on his quick legs from a bursting bomb on the way from Cambrai to Bapaume. His unpredictable temperament or presence of "mind" saved my skin. I owned a score of horses in my life, but remember only one during my long career as a horseman that seemed to recognize me and wished to show me this recognition when I patted him, or gave him a lump of sugar or entered h stables.

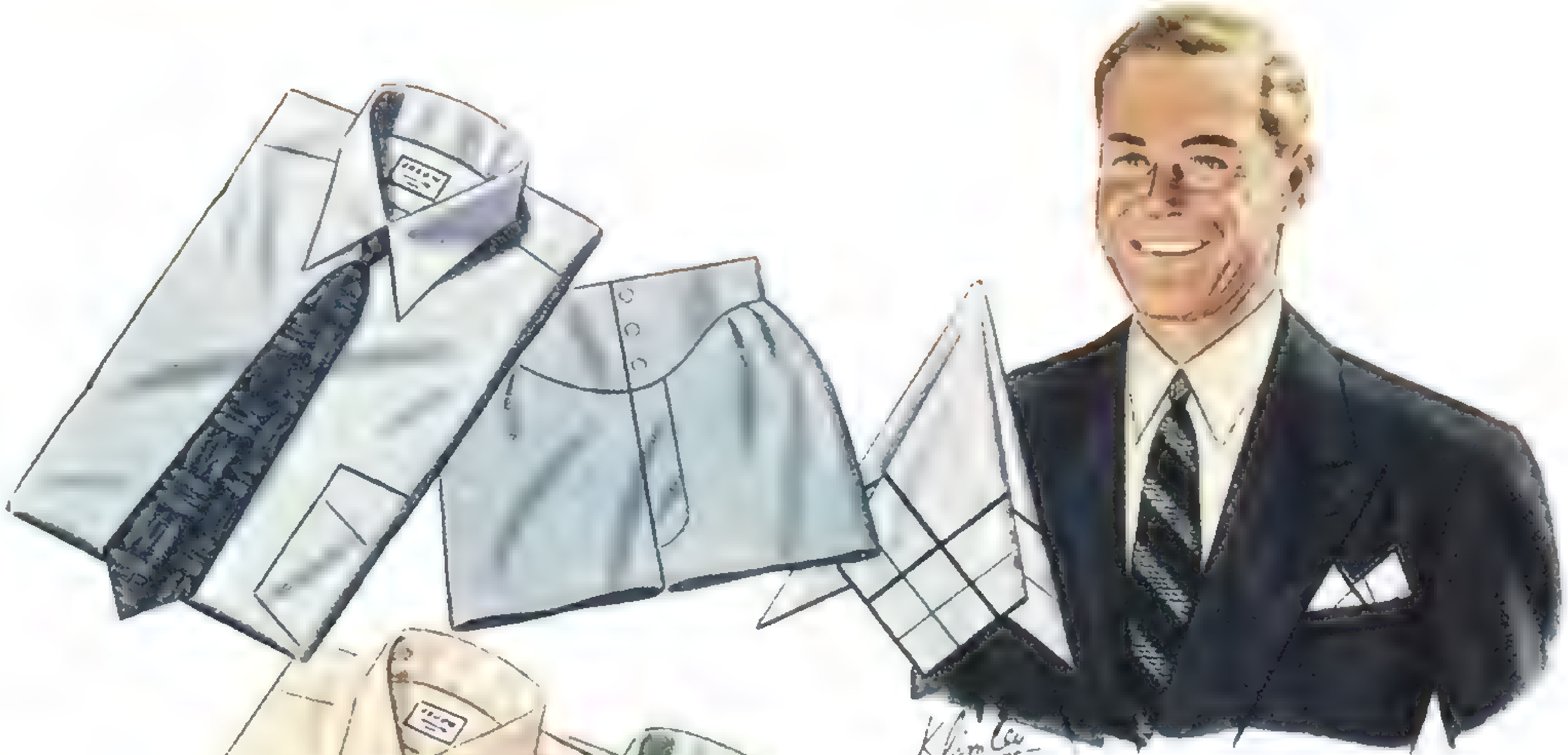
Yes, they can be trained to perfection; they can be taught to obey the voice; but I am afraid the majority of them are stupid animals. Yet, I cannot pass a horse on the street without petting him. It is only a one-sided love, I know. The horse looks at me disinterestedly, unknowingly. A strange dog, whom I would befriend, would wag his tail like mad

Continued on page 15

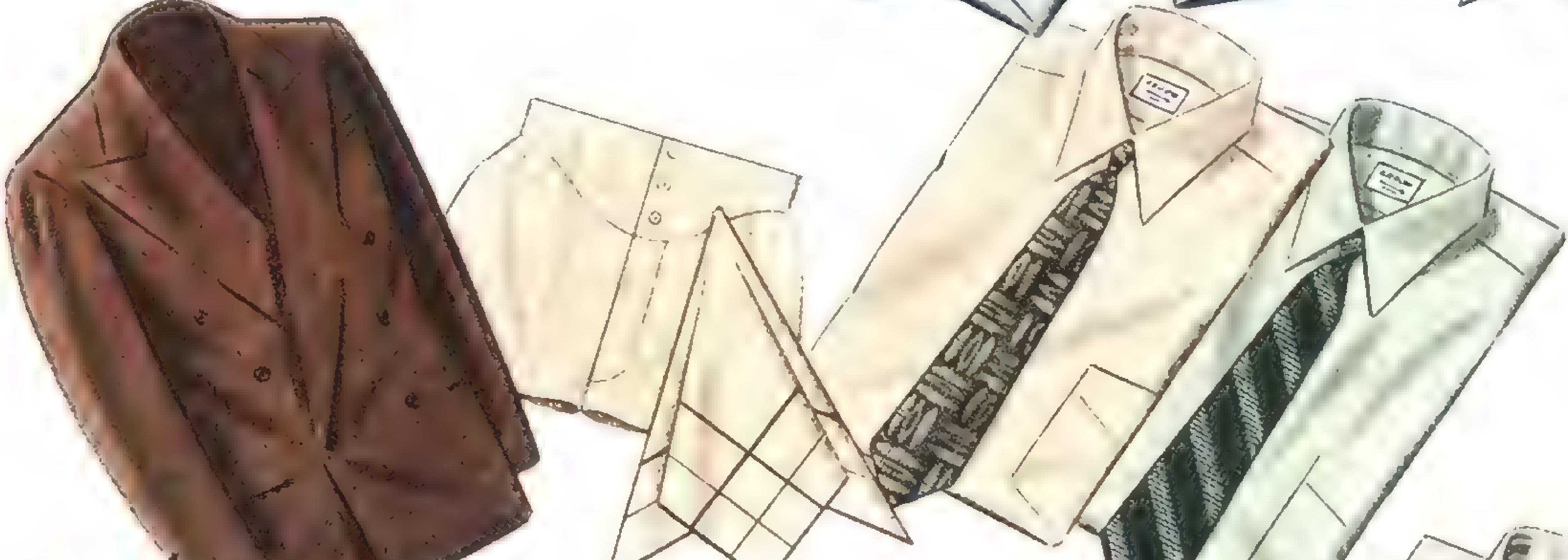
ARROW'S MARCH MASTERPIECE...
SANDWEAVE

THE NEW Arrow fancy feature is a *double* feature. For this Sandweave ensemble (named for its grain-line finish) comes either in a solid color *or* with a narrow shadow stripe against the solid ground.

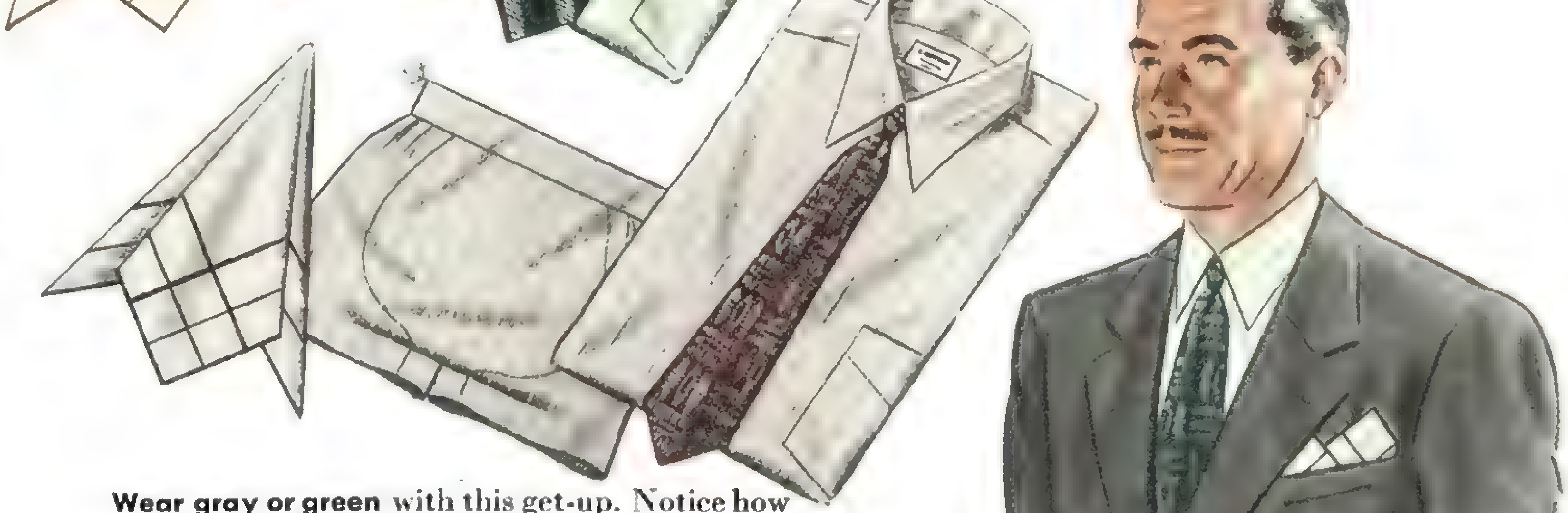
Shirts, shorts, and handkerchief all carry out these two Sandweave designs — while the ties were specially created to harmonize with them. See the Sandweave ensemble at your Arrow dealer's. And ask him to show you all four colors.



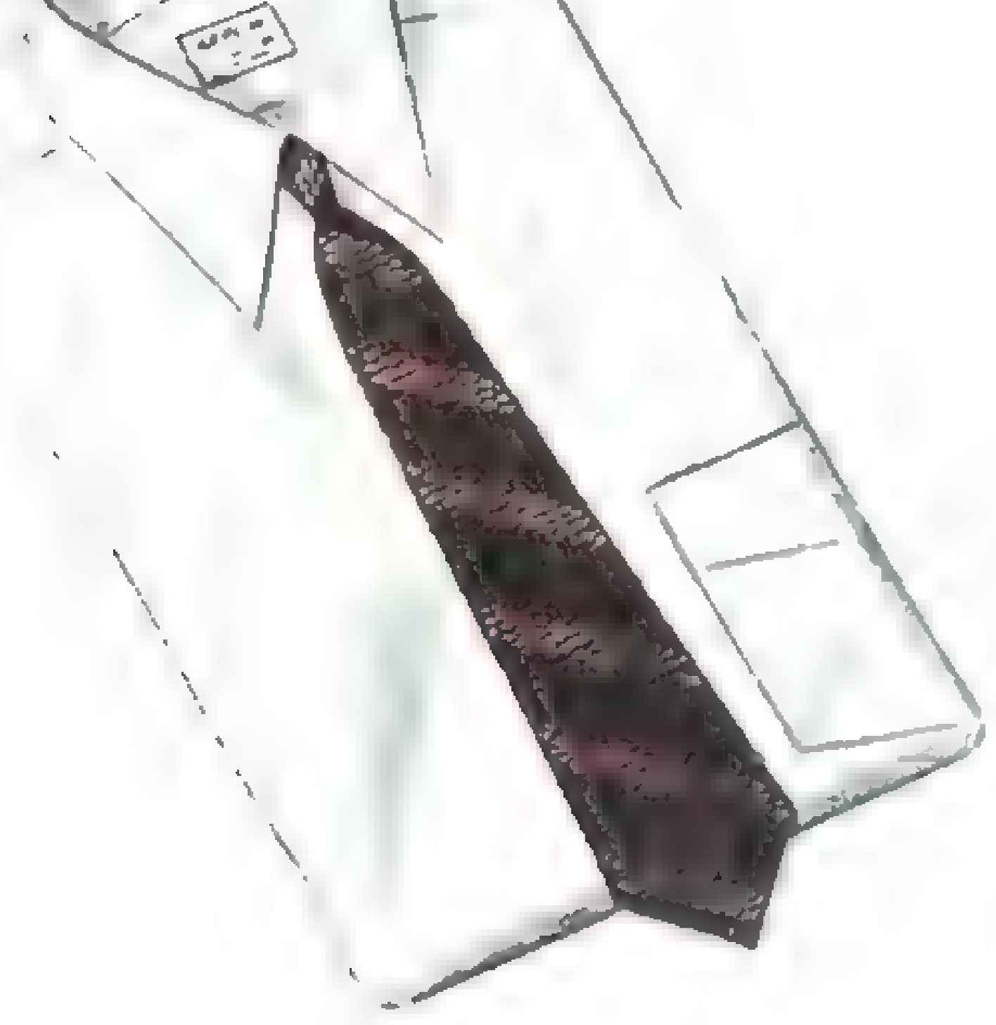
For your blue suit, try this Sandweave combination. The shirt has that 80-year famous Arrow Collar, *plus* the "Mitoga" figure-fit. *plus* the Sanforized label. $2.50.



For tan, clamber into this and admire yourself. The shorts couldn't be more comfortable. They have no center seam to bother you. 75¢. And the handkerchief is a harmonious eye-catcher. 50¢.



Wear gray or green with this get-up. Notice how fine the tie looks against the shirt. Pre-planned for it both in color and design. What's more, it resists wrinkles . . . and knots perfectly. $1.50.



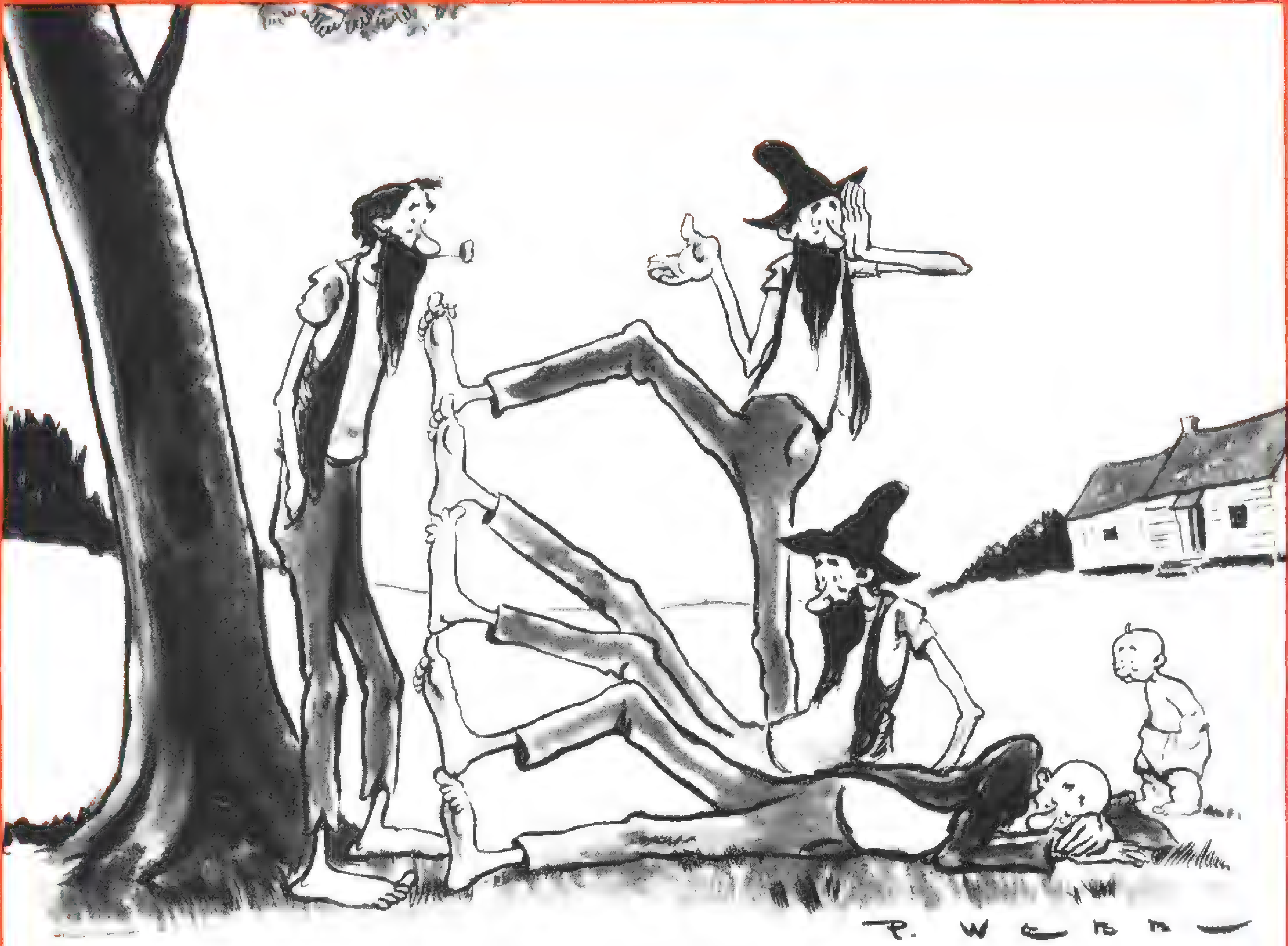
Wonderful mixer. With *any* outfit this popular white broadcloth — Dart — fills the bill admirably. Long-wearing non-wilt collar. $2.50. *Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. Troy, N. Y.*

ARROW

★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS & STAMPS ★

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

IN SERVICE AT HOME AND ON EVERY FRONT



"Gran'maw—c'mere—the Army wants ter know if Willy is six feet tall!"

THIS YEAR ALL AMERICA MUST MEASURE UP

Few of us on the Home Front can measure up to the job being done by our men in the Armed Forces. But we can try. Things like building increasingly better, the armaments those men need. Even little things like keeping our cars up to snuff—so they stretch every gallon of gasoline miles farther.

That's the job Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealers can help you do with their "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service. Actual tests by the American Automobile Association show this new spark plug service can help increase gas mileage as much as 12%.

It's as simple as the ABC which identifies your gas ration book. To make sure you get full measure in miles, ask your nearest Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer for a "Plug-Chek" today.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO • *Merchandising Division* • SARNIA, ONTARIO

Keep 'em Smiling!
The Mountain Boys
AUTO-LITE

...and help the U.S.O. A big 24-page book jam-packed with Paul Webb's famous "Mountain Boys" cartoons will be mailed by us to any man in the service. Just send name and address with dime or War Savings Stamp which the U. S. O. will get in full. Auto-Lite pays all costs of books, envelope, mailing and postage.

IN ITS 26 GREAT MANUFACTURING DIVISIONS, AUTO-LITE IS PRODUCING A LONG LIST OF ITEMS FOR AMERICA'S ARMED FORCES ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR

The Many-Sided Vertès

Continued from page 67

ing and logical aspects of the same man, the same artist. The artist knows how much thought and trouble he has put into a fashion drawing, a poster, an advertisement and how much he has put into a portrait, a back-stage scene. Both kinds of work have come out of the same man; but for the critics his painting may seem either good "for a commercial artist," or a pretentious effort to break out of the cubbyhole into which he has been so conveniently locked up. Vertès has been called a commercial artist and it is astonishing how deeply he resents it.

The variety of forms—in which, through which and for which Mr. Vertès works—makes him one of the most Protean of living artists, apart from the character and quality of his sketches and pictures. His art is designed for living. It is objective, not abstract. For example, he has made designs for women's scarves, blouses and dresses, and this aspect of his talent is capable of almost infinite variations. He also has made designs to be worked out in needlepoint for a dozen uses. By the time this is published, the New York department store of Altman's will have exhibited a new set of Vertès' needlepoint designs for chair backs and pillow cases, among other uses. He has made designs for dinner plates and has painted screens. Perhaps his most ambitious project in bringing art to the purposes of daily living was to design, with Madame Schiaparelli, the furniture for a country house, including beds and tables, chairs and screens. Furniture made after their designs was subsequently exhibited at McMillen's, interior decorator of New York.

The artist has a keen interest also in the theatre, especially the theatre of ballet. For the Ballet Theatre he designed the scenery and costumes of the ironic *Bluebeard*, and even worked with the choreographer in suggesting action and groupings. Vertès and Michel Fokine were working on their second ballet, *Helen of Troy*, when Fokine died in Mexico and another choreographer, David Lichine, took over. This ballet, unlike *Bluebeard*, has not yet had a New York performance. (Incidentally, a portrait of Antoine Dolin as Bluebeard is one of the best paintings in the Vertès exhibition.) But the most challenging, the most daring and the most beautiful venture in the theatre is that in which Mr. Vertès is now engaged with the collaboration of Leonidov, the man who designs and stages the spectacles at Radio City's Music Hall—the creation in a New York theatre of a permanent circus, a child's dream of a circus, the dream that the collaborators had when they were children. Vertès will create not only costumes and settings, but also some of the attractions and the pervading atmosphere. The whole project is of course still in the blueprint stage, so there is no point in apportioning credit between the collaborators. Mr. Vertès' capacity to work with others, to work within the conditions of the accepted medium proves him to be the social artist type.

The variety of commissions which Vertès finds the time and the energy to execute would tax the invention and the stamina of most other artists. Not otherwise could the name of Vertès have achieved such ubiquity in the world of fashion, in magazines and elsewhere. Although there is the Vertès signature on everything he does—his art is anything but anonymous—yet every job he accomplishes comes within the frame of its purpose. For example, one would not suppose the man who draws those gay and spirited, almost airy-like illustrations for the Schiaparelli advertisements to be able to apply his talents to stinging political commentary, but there have been appearing in *Pour La Victoire* the first of a series of Vertès cartoons that express with an astonishing economy of line the most thorough condemnation.

Vertès welcomes commissions as opportunities; each job he does whets the knife of his skill and talent, and puts him a little more intimately *au courant* with life and the rustling activity of the contemporaneous. It is true that he is well-paid for what he does, but the zest with which he discharges his commissions eloquently seconds his statement that what he seems to be doing for the cash reward he would be doing for the fun alone—if the fun of it were the only pay he required. Only the other day he completed—and only for the fun of it, too—a most attractive design for the curtain of the next show of the Society of Illustrators. During his extensive career—extensive only because it began in precocious boyhood in Budapest—he has designed sets and costumes for Technicolor movies, designed and helped to execute mannequins for department store windows, painted murals for a department store, has drawn cartoons, caricatures and comic strips for newspapers, illustrated books, published volumes of his witty drawings, worked in the techniques of etching and lithography, propagandized, through posters, against the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and propagandized, through his art, for all the values of civilized life, as he sees and understands them.

Well, maybe Marcel Vertès is a commercial artist, but he is commercial in the sense that he makes his living out of his art, in the sense that he is fulfilling both himself and society's need for his services, in the sense that the demand for his art almost outruns his capacity to produce it, and also in the sense that his art is not a sterile thing produced in a vacuum, but something with many applications to life and play. ⌗

Loose Talk can cost Lives!

"She just seemed like a nice girl to me"

Keep it under your *STETSON*

Stetson "Whippet"...bound edge, medium brim, and a fine, medium tapered shape to the crown.
Rich felt made light and springy by the exclusive Stetson Vita-Felt* Process...$10.
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

STETSON HATS FOR MEN, $5 TO $25 • FOR WOMEN, $5.95 AND UP
ALSO MADE IN CANADA

WHEN YOU MUST BUY LESS • INVEST IN THE BEST

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX
NEW YORK
CHICAGO

I've got you to blame for this!

Ask the little woman about clothes value. She's value-wise. She knows you simply can't save money by buying cheap clothes. She knows that good clothes are the most inexpensive in the long run . . . They hold their shape . . . The style is built in . . . They last longer . . . They look better. And you feel better in them . . . Get a suit with the Trumpeter label . . . and see if she doesn't say "smart man."

Now more than ever . . a small thing to look for, a big thing to find.

Transportation Tomorrow

Continued from page 47

by revolutionizing certain trades' methods. If you live in Dallas, your wife may drop in at the Neiman-Marcus store to try on her size of "that lovely little blue chiffon in the window." If she buys it, the saleswoman, who carries only one in each size, will say, "We'll deliver it tomorrow morning." Soon the store's teletype operator is typing out to the manufacturer in New York, "Air blue model 2634 size 14." Tomorrow morning it will be at your door.

Think of the savings in space and overhead. Some retail outlets can do business almost in a telephone booth.

Traveling along with your wife's blue dress will probably be several hundred canvas sacks marked, U. S. MAIL—FIRST CLASS, for the Post Office Department plans to provide universal first-class air mail service with tomorrow's three cent stamp. Ten- or twelve-passenger feeder planes, that stop every fifty miles at the larger towns to pick up passengers and cargo, will drop and pick up mail at the small towns.

Dick Dupont's ingenious device which picks up mail and express while the plane is in flight has made possible an "airway to everywhere." This same mechanism helped give birth to glider trains. At Wright Field, the economy of this step has already been demonstrated by a moving plane effortlessly picking up gliders containing fifteen men and an Army tank. Already one plane manufacturer's engineers are at work on a plane-tractor to tow a tremendous load in gliders. In tomorrow's skies, glider trains carrying passengers, mail and cargo may become as commonplace as today's local freight.

One other device just beyond the air horizon is the patented invention of Harold Adams which has great possibilities of "licking the weather." Pilots can now fly blind in the worst fog and rain, but the job is getting down on the ground again. Adams combines penetrating infra-red rays and television to project, on a small screen before the pilot, the airport and surrounding country. Instead of trying to see through the fog, he lands by watching his own plane's image as it moves on the screen.

Igor Sikorsky has perfected his helicopter to where "your backyard is its airport and even your wife can drive it." And in England production has been started on 250 jet-propelled planes.

Jack Northrup's revolutionary "Flying Wing" probably has more aircraft manufacturers wondering than any other one thing. Those who have flown it agree with his ad: "The Burma Road—Five Miles Up. Watch Northrup!"

Buses and Trucks

After the war, the airline and bus companies will have an opportunity to work out a joint service to every small town in America. When Eric Wickman of Greyhound says, "We've been talking about getting in the airline business," it probably indicates post-war co-ordinated service. The buses will handle passengers from towns without airports to main-line and feeder-line plane points. Tomorrow, you may buy an air ticket for Europe at bus depots.

Greyhound's new bus design (already completed on the drawing board and only awaiting the "go" of peace) is a single unit Diesel-powered tractor-trailer, designed for construction out of magnesium or other strong light metals, with generous use of plastics. The air-conditioned passenger compartment has two levels and seventy roomy seats. The radio-telephone, large windows, modern lighting and toilet facilities are surpassed only by the observation luxury lounge in the rear of the upper deck, enclosed in plexiglass.

What the bus will mean to the passenger plane, the truck will mean to the cargo ship. In addition to getting a likely partner for long haul traffic, the truck operators are going to do some "stepping out" on their own, with the lifting of weight and length restrictions on motor units by state governments. They are lifted now for the emergency and the politicians predict that after the war they will be re-installed on a sensible basis that will permit the development of the efficient trailer-trains, about which every truck operator has always dreamed.

Materializing their dream of more efficient trailers brought the Fruehauf brothers—Harry and Harvey—from a blacksmith shop to be the world's leading trailer manufacturers. When I walked into their glass brick office in Detroit, their desks were covered with a bale of blueprints. When I stated my business, Harvey said "The future! My lord, man, the Army just gave us an order to build 250 of the biggest tractor-trailers in the world. The trailers have to be able to carry a sixty-ton tank in the desert and they want them delivered in forty-five days. We haven't enough time to think about the present, much less the future."

I got up to go. "Wait a minute," Harry said, "there is going to be a future and we've thought about it.

"Tomorrow's trailer will be built of a new light metal, or maybe plastic, in airplane type construction. The average over-all length will be around fifty-five feet—possibly split up into a couple of units. If we get express highways, it'll go higher with more units. It'll haul a lot more pay load than our present trailers, and cheaper—at least 60,000 pounds. We'll put truck operators in new markets with lower rates and more profits."

Railroads

What's going to happen to the railroads? They reach their peak efficiency hauling heavy tonnage for long distances. Only a few make money out of passenger, express or less-than-carload traffic. In 1941, the railroads' operating ratio for carload freight—that's the expense to the revenue—was 63 per cent. For their passenger business, the ratio was 114 per cent. When you figure the 250 million passengers that paid an average of $1.86 to ride a train in '41, it means it cost the railroads 25 cents every time one of them got on.

The American Railroads Association President, John Pelley, sees security in heavy freight based "on longer trains with heavier loads and improved power."

The railroad steam engine is wonderful but for two things. It won't run far enough and there are too many varieties of it extant. You must spend an hour getting the steam engine warmed up and after it has pulled a train a couple of hundred miles it has to be taken off and cleaned out before it can be used again. A Diesel engine can be turned on and off like an electric light and it'll run 2,000 miles as easily as it'll run 20.

Steam engines have always been tailor-made, and some railroads have accumulated ten or twenty different kinds of freight and passenger engines.

There are only two kinds of Diesels—two-cycle and four-cycle. When you pick one, you have a standard part for everything on the engine, against the twenty different ones for steam engines most railroads carry in inventory. Shop facilities can be reduced as much as 75 per cent with Diesels.

With standardization of traffic and power, the railroads are bound for one of the most useful and efficient periods in their existence.

WATERWAYS

As the railroads will haul the heavy tonnage on land, so will the ships handle it on water.

The ship of the future won't be a *Queen Mary* or even a *Liberty* freighter. Young, aggressive Ed Roberts, leader in the shipping industry, explains, "Big passenger ships don't pay and *Libertys* won't run fast enough. Our new freighters will be streamlined, using Diesel power and making fifteen to eighteen knots. We'll go from New York to Liverpool in seven days. I think passenger boats will carry freight as well as about 200 passengers and make 20 to 25 knots an hour. Accommodations will be all one class. This war is teaching a lot of stiff necks they've got a fellow-man. The air will get a lot of passengers but boats will still do business. Spending a week on a boat is a lot of fun.

"As to domestic, coastwise and inland waterway traffic, I believe we'll have extensive development of two of the cleverest ideas shipping men have seen in many a day—the sea-train and the sea-truck."

If you live at some inland point, a truck or box car may be backed up to your warehouse tomorrow, loaded, sealed and carried to the nearest waterway. There it will be run directly on a sea-train or sea-truck and moved to the waterway point nearest its destination. Then an engine or tractor will be hooked on again and it will be moved inland to its receiver. Thousands of dollars saved in stevedoring and port charges, together with the value of cheap boat transportation, can be passed on to shippers in lower rates.

PERSONAL TRANSPORTATION

With a clean slate to start on and public prejudices about models forgotten, the manufacturers can now produce the car they have always wanted to.

Raymond Loewy, famed industrial designer, draws this sketch of the car of tomorrow. "It will be of light alloy construction and the whole effect will be one of airiness, efficiency and smoothness. It will weigh less than half our present-day cars and have more strength. The motor will be in the rear and will use 100-octane gasoline. The superstructure will be of plastic and reflectionless glass reinforced by a corrugated metal turret. Reclining seats and air-conditioning will be standard features. Smooth flowing body lines will be uninterrupted by projecting hardware and a rear section of the plastic body will raise and lower automatically for open air driving."

Dwane Wallace, who has already started advertising Cessna's "Family Car of the Air," pictures it as "carrying four people and as simple to operate as most present-day automobiles. As designed by our engineers, it is fool-proof, stall-proof and spin-proof. Tomorrow's motor trouble or running out of gas in the air will be no worse than in your car today, for the simple 90° landing strips will be everywhere. The day of the traveling salesman staying away from home during the week will be over. With tomorrow's plane, he can cover four times his present territory and still be with his family every night."

The one thing that will put private planes in the range of the average American pocketbook is mass production. As I walked through the giant Curtiss-Wright plant in Buffalo, every foot of space appeared covered with part of a plane. As I stooped down to get under the wing of a 25-ton Commando transport, a small metal emblem on one of the motors caught my eye. When I stood where I could read it, I saw the words: *Built By Ford.* That one small emblem spoke for the conversion of the mass producing genius of the auto industry and, with post-war private plane production, the opening of perhaps the brightest page in its already rich history.

Today, as we crowd the development of years into the span of a few months, we are discovering the rightful place for each machine and the limitless improvements possible. Beyond tomorrow the blue horizons of the air give hope of a new life and better understanding for the world.

The balance of the chapter of endless possibilities lies ahead! ###

New Cream Deodorant Prevents Under-arm Odor... ...Vanishes Instantly!

...already a habit with thousands of men

Men who take pride in good grooming know it is just plain common sense to use a deodorant that prevents under-arm odor *and* also prevents shirt stains caused by perspiration.

No wonder thousands of men all over the country have made Arrid a regular habit.

More Arrid is used than any other under-arm deodorant. It is the *preferred* masculine deodorant for these 5 important reasons:

1. It prevents odor caused by under-arm perspiration.
2. *Arrid checks excessive under-arm perspiration and* prevents staining and rotting of shirts and coat linings.
3. *It takes only half a minute to use Arrid—it vanishes at once.*
4. *Arrid is a pure, white, greaseless cream, especially pleasing to men.*
5. *Arrid gives complete protection for 1 to 3 days.*

STOPS PERSPIRATION
ARRID
UNDER ARM DEODORANT

Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug store, 10c store or department store. 10c, 39c, 59c a jar.

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING UNDER-ARM DEODORANT

WITHOUT COST TO YOU, we would like to prove to you that Arrid is just the thing you have been looking for to keep your under-arms odorless and dry. For a free, trial jar, write to Carter Products, Inc. 55 Park Place, New York City. *This offer good until April 30, 1943.*

IN ALL THE WORLD
there is no finer Scotch
FAMOUS FOR 315 YEARS

EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
HAIG & HAIG
FIVE STAR
Blended Scots Whisky
HAIG & HAIG
Haig & Haig Ltd.
EDINBURGH SCOTLAND
TWELVE YEARS OLD
HAIG & HAIG

Five Star 8 years old
Pinch 12 years old
HAIG & HAIG
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY—86.8 PROOF
The Oldest name in Scotch
SOMERSET IMPORTERS, Ltd., NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO

New Guinea Gambados

Continued from page 33

hot sun, machine guns spitting death. Wilde held his breath: the passenger plane twisted frantically, turned over with a rending noise and landed flat on its back. A blue flame crept along the gas tank. Suddenly the gas tanks exploded, red-yellow flames crackled skyward, heart-rending shrieks pierced the humid air, two black figures sprawled through the transport's windows.

Taking the first Chinese woman by the arm, he led her and her child to the plane and forced them aboard. Slowly the others followed. The Moth's engines purred feebly as Wilde taxied her across the bomb-pocked field. He swung into the breeze, opened the throttle wide and prayed. The plane bumped over the rough field, lurched, slowly left the ground.

The Chinese seemed less frightened but Wilde knew their troubles had just begun. He had lifted the Moth up 6,000 feet when he saw shadows on the clouds—Jap planes overhead. He motioned the curious Chinese kids away from the windows. Not that it mattered. The bullets would pierce the unarmored plane. The Japs were coming at him when he saw a nice big gray cloud. He leaned forward as if to impart extra speed to the straining little plane. A gray mist closed in, eclipsing the sun and the jungle below. He could breathe again. The Chinese mothers leaned over their children, apparently ignorant of their nearness to death.

But the Owen Stanley Range was still ahead. He could stay in the cloud and risk crashing on the mountain peak or come out and risk being shot down. He chose the former. He knew he needed 7,000 feet to get over the mountains ahead. He pulled the wheel slowly back. The needle on the altimeter wavered, then jerked higher. Suddenly Wilde saw pine and oak trees just below. A tree barely scraped the wings with an ominous crackling. The Moth tilted, lurched, straightened out. Minutes later they were flying down the coast to the friendly guns of Port Moresby.

New Guinea was a wild country long before the ruthless Japs poured down from the North. Before the war, the Dutch and Aussies ruled the island—which is shaped like a kangaroo whose tail would be where Aussies and Americans now stand together beside the Coral Sea.

Australia took this part of New Guinea from Germany in World War I. Her rule included about 900,000 natives, Melanesian and Papuan. Some German missionaries who remained under Australian Administration were revealed as Nazi agents spreading propaganda. Like all savages the natives liked shiny trinkets and were particularly fond of mirrors, and one Nazi gift was a mirror with a picture of Hitler on its back.

The most celebrated character in New Guinea's past was Shark Eye Park, famous discoverer of the New Guinea goldfields. It was the custom in New Guinea in Shark Eye Park's day, as it is the AEF's custom to hold a full dress wake for the dead, the cost being borne by the late man's estate. At such a party for one old identity, Shark Eye took his glass and his position at the rim of the grave. He was doing his share of the drinking, when his one keen eye caught something glittering in the freshly turned earth. "Hold everything," shouted Shark Eye. And jumping down into the grave, he promptly panned a good show out of the sepulcher. Mourners pegged out claims in all directions. The neglected corpse was interred only when it became a question of public health.

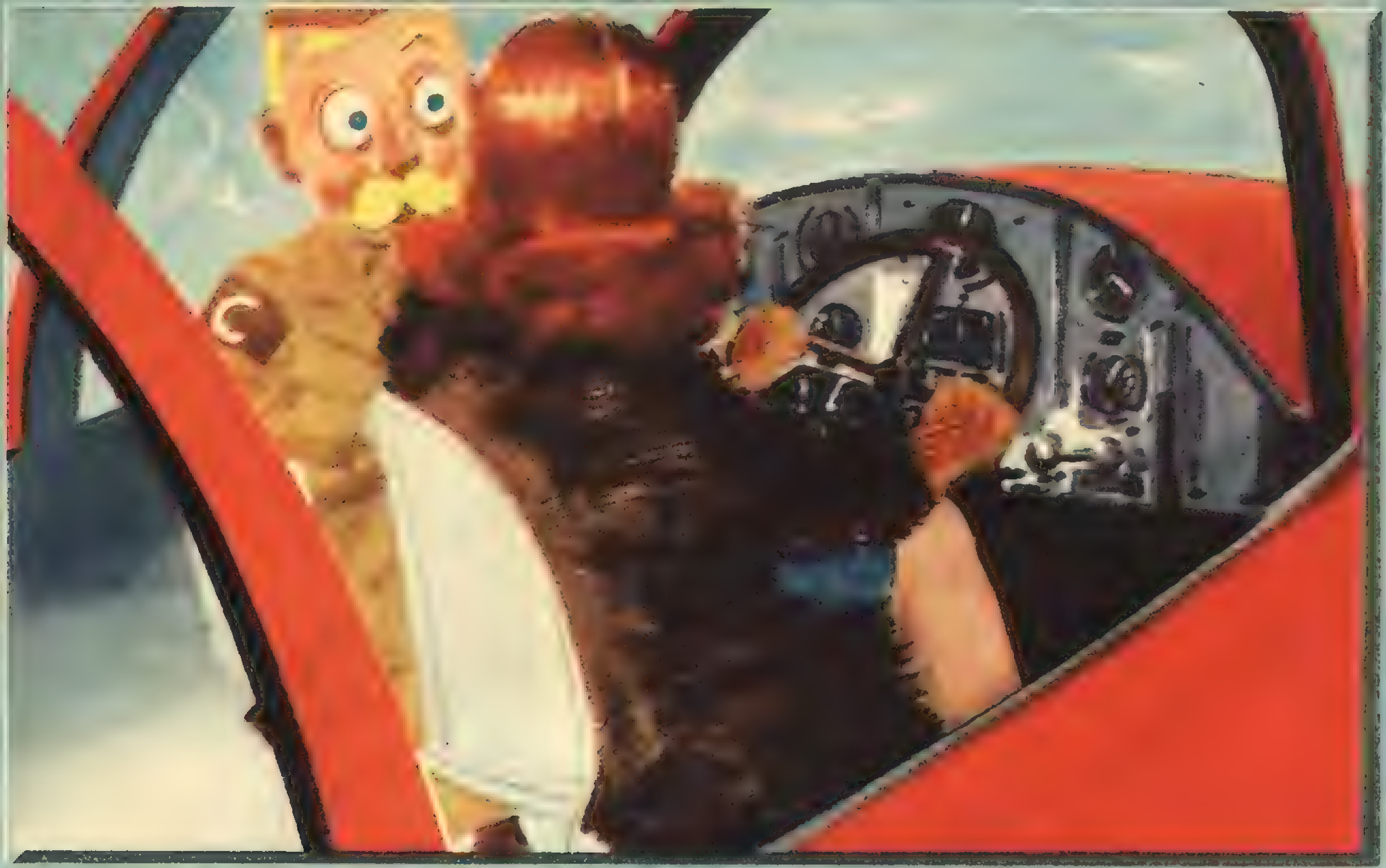
Shark Eye became a plutocrat, with fifty native boys working the sluices while he took his ease in the town's pub. But Shark Eye noticed one day that production had slumped and decided to sneak into the jungle and see what was up. He found the boys snoozing in the shade. Shark Eye shook them up a bit, then ostentatiously removed his glass eye and placed it on a tree stump, where it glared at the awed natives. Then he went back to more serious work, leaving the evil eye in charge. A few weeks later production fell off again. This time the boss boy had turned the glass eye's flank, whipped off his faded fedora and blinded its evil rays. Shark Eye was not one to fail in a crisis. He removed his false teeth and placed them beside the glass eye with the warning that whoever attempted to blind the glass eye would lose his fingers to the horrendous dentures. Production increased.

Another New Guinea tale about false teeth concerned the dentist at Samarai who had an office in Laurie Henderson's pub, the famous Cosmopolitan. Here the traveling dentist took impressions for false teeth which he mailed out when he returned to Sydney. Unfortunately he forgot to identify the dentures—so they say, whenever two men met in Laurie's pub, they swapped teeth in the forlorn hope that one day the right man would get the right set.

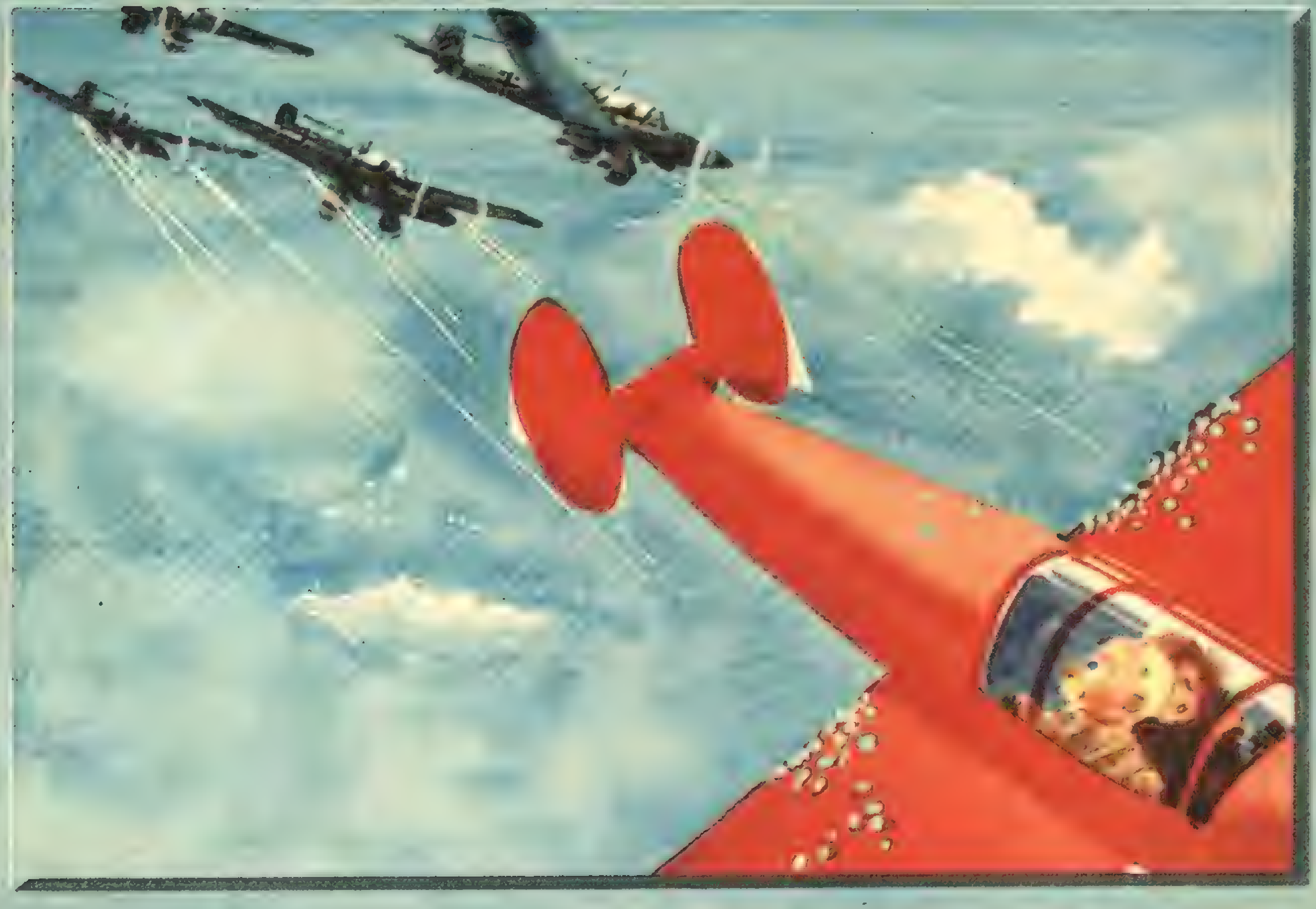
And it was on the little island of Samarai, at the Southernmost tip of New Guinea, that another celebrated character, Billy the Clock, got his name. For as Billy went over the side from a passing steamer with the skipper's clock under his shirt, the alarm went off and gave the show away.

Perhaps some day not too far off, Aussies and Americans will gather at the bar in the Cosmopolitan and drink to the future free people should build together. That would be fine. And it would be even finer if they asked a colored member of the AEF and a dusky Papuan to join them. #

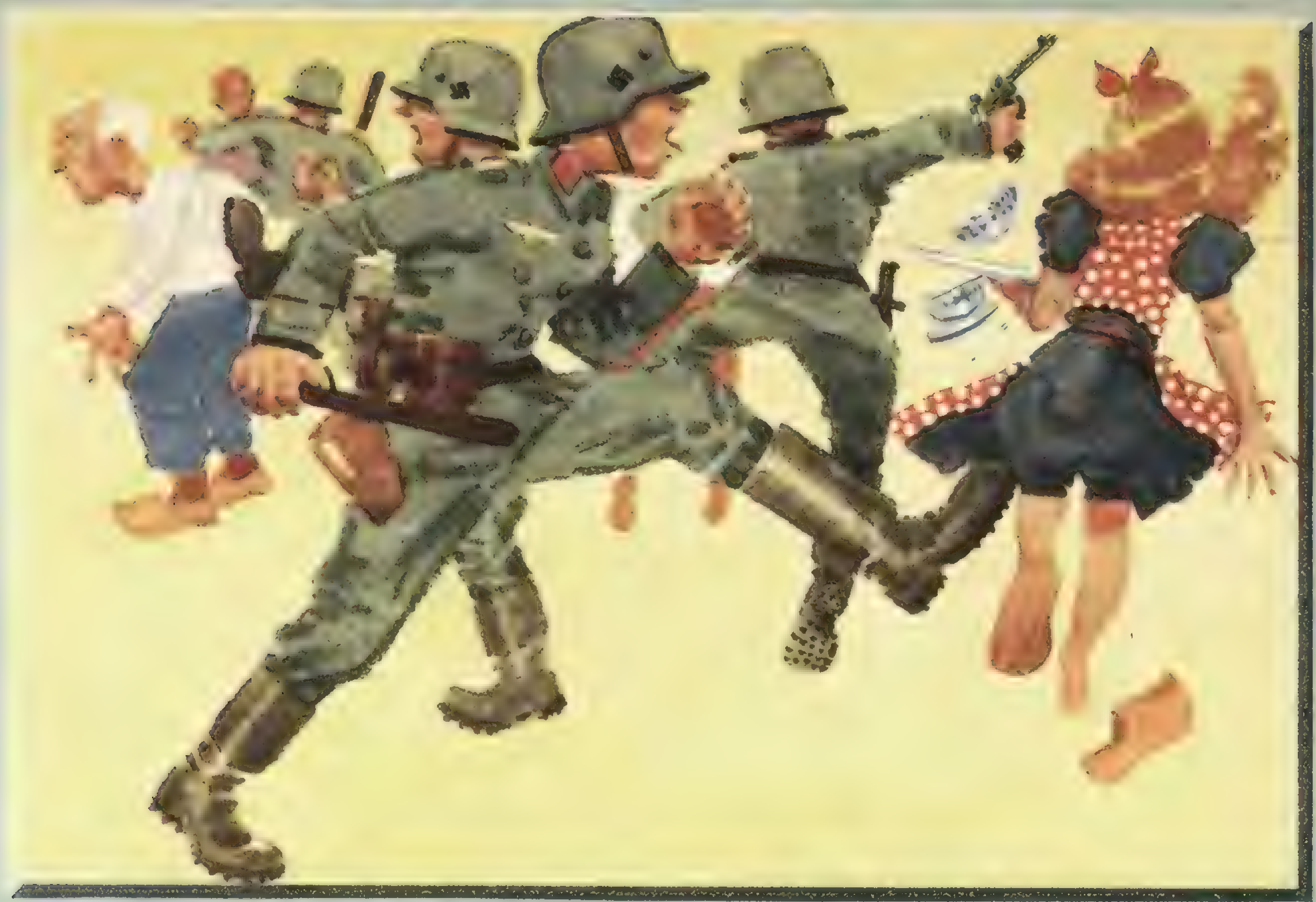
THE EXPLOITS OF ESKY—*pictured by* E. SIMMS CAMPBELL: *storied by* BEEP



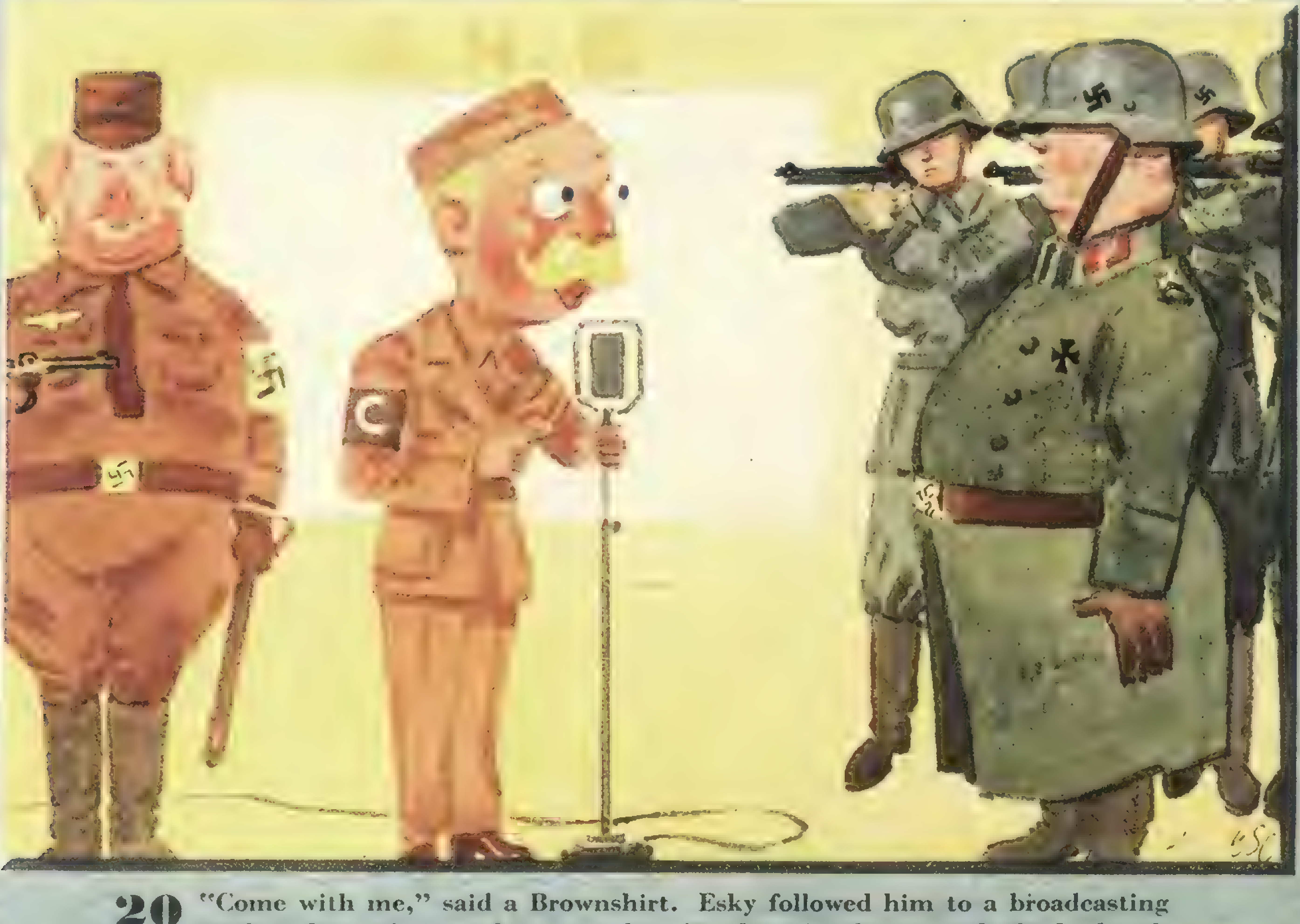
17 Flying through the air Esky started to talk to the dancer: "I hope I won't be disappointed in London." "Why, to avoid being disappointed is very simple. All you must do is not expect anything. Then when anything happens you are either glad or sorry but never disappointed." But Esky could not help hoping that he would find someone to listen to his speech. The airplane hit a bit of rough weather and jumped and shook but the dancer was unperturbed. "I've given out better bumps at an afternoon performance." When Esky looked out the window he was very much surprised to see the wings of the plane . . .



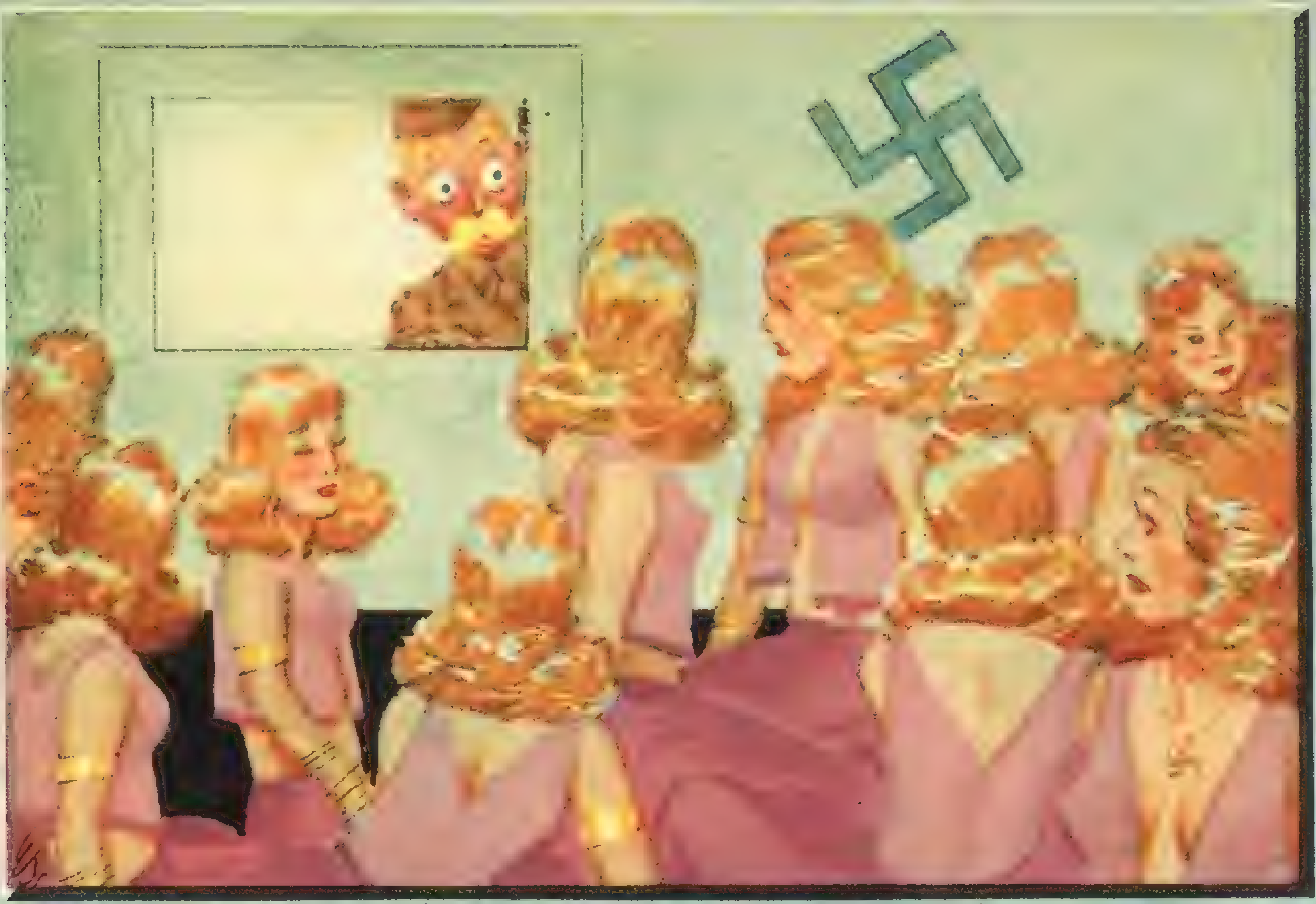
18 Were covered with pigeons. The dancer said they were carrier pigeons. Whenever they see anyone going their way they love to hitch a ride. She was glad to do them a good turn and maybe they could return the favor some day. Esky wondered just what kind of good turn a pigeon could do but he fell asleep before he thought of one. When he awoke he looked out the window again and saw that the pigeons were gone and that they were being attacked by Nazi fighters. A moment later the Nazi machine-gun bullets cut the wings off the dancer's plane and she jumped for her life, followed by Esky.



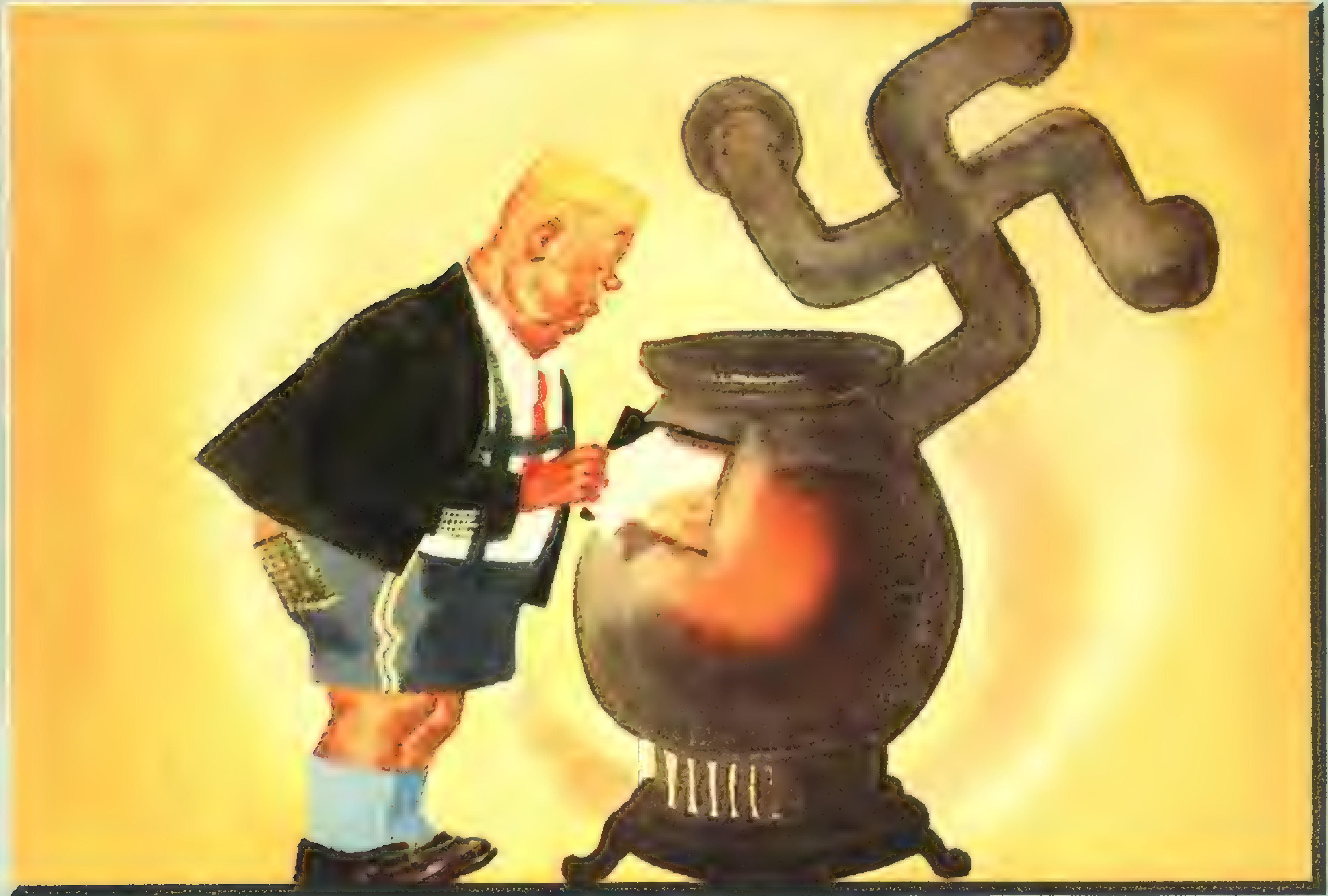
19 As they settled to earth their parachutes drifted apart and Esky fell near a small house and went in. The family was ready to eat, when 25 soldiers rushed in shouting: "Time for lessons." And they began kicking everyone in the room vigorously in the seat of the pants. After this had gone on for fifteen minutes they rushed out and Esky saw them go in the house next door. "What was the reason for that?" "That was our daily lesson on how to treat inferior people when we become Masters of the World." Esky thought the lesson would have been just as effective and less painful if the soldiers had just *told* the people what to do.



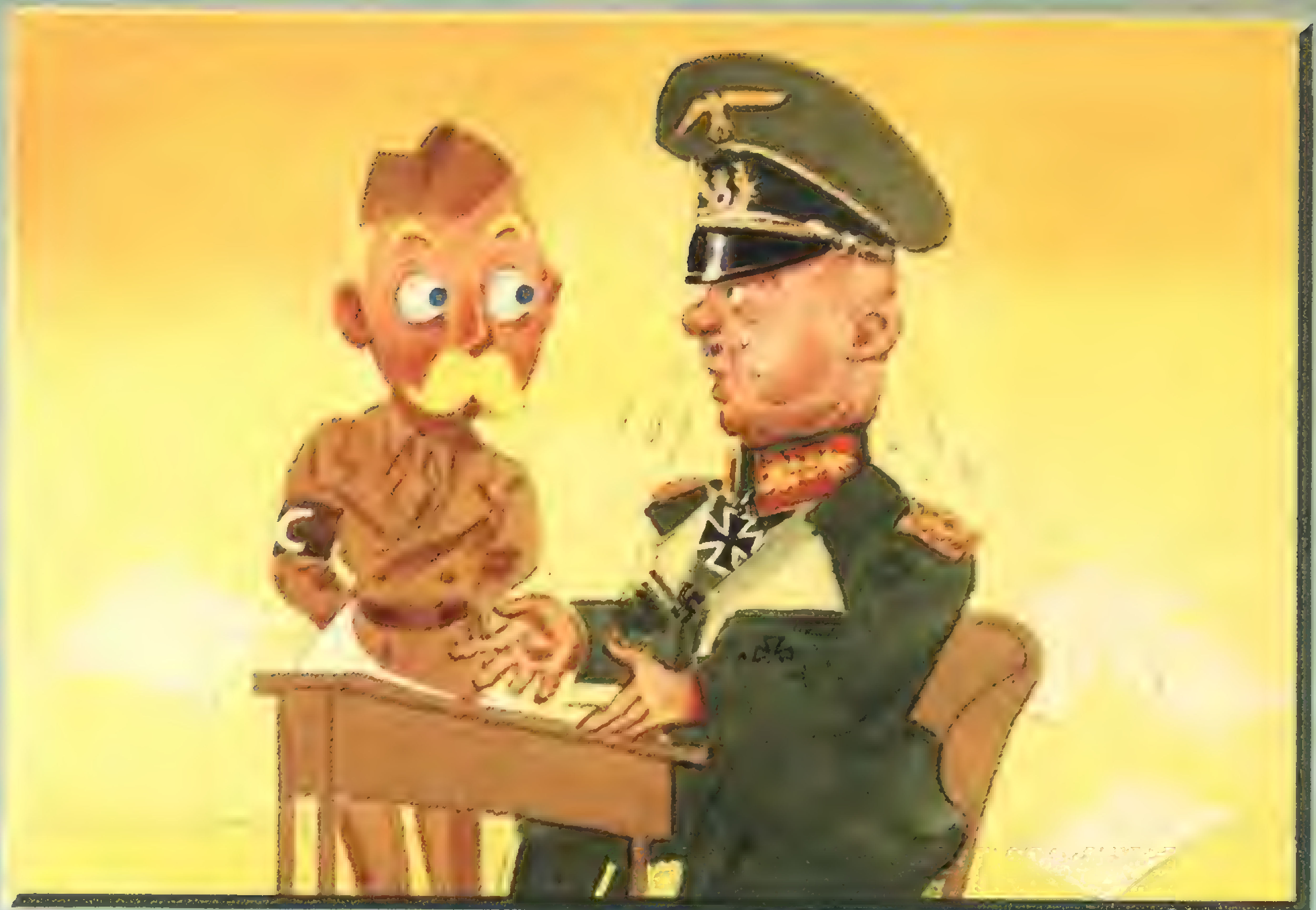
20 "Come with me," said a Brownshirt. Esky followed him to a broadcasting studio, where a German firing squad was lined up. A mike was pushed in his hand. "Praise Germany to America or be shot—and don't forget Lord Haw Haw is in the next room making a translation." Esky looked at the firing squad and broadcast: "Hello America, big things are brewing here. I recently saw millions of the smartest, the toughest, the best equipped soldiers in the world—and of course Mr. & Mrs. America I mean *Our Own American Troops.*" Esky smiled, waved goodbye to the non-understanding Germans and left. Outside . . .



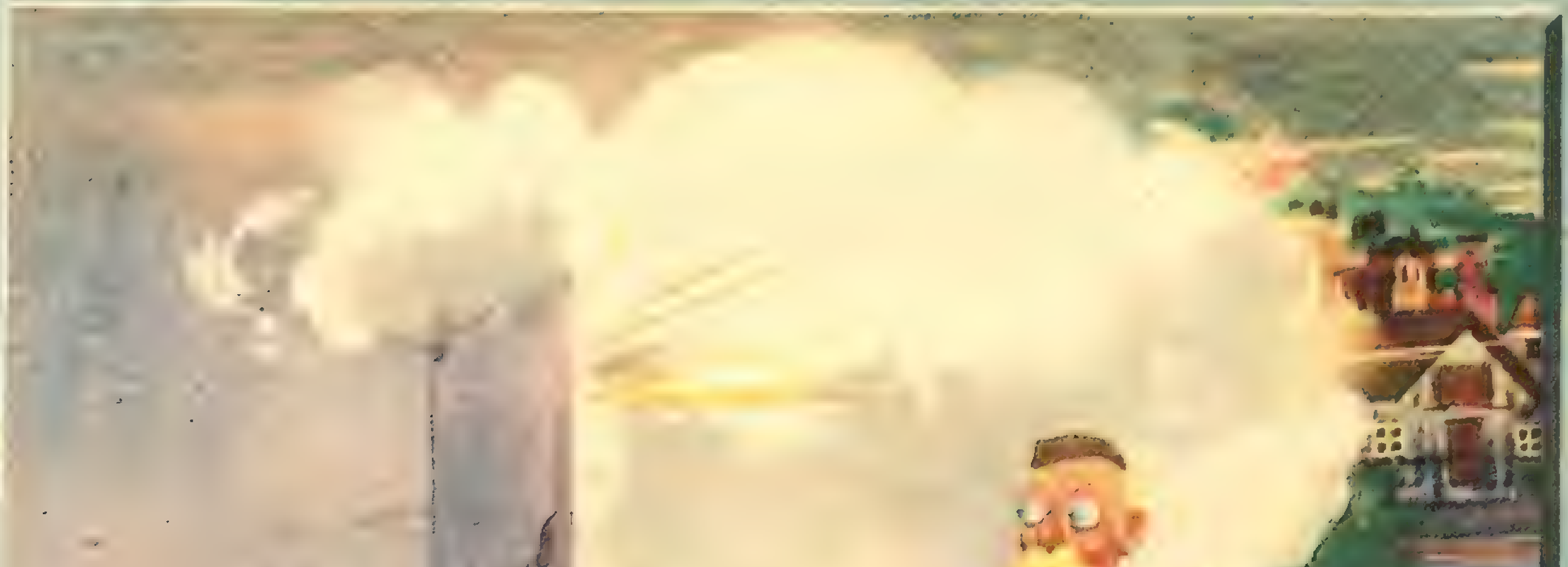
21 He bumped into Lord Haw Haw, rushing to expose him. Quickly he picked up a pot and pushed it down neatly over Lord Haw Haw's ears. By the time the phoney Lord had removed it Esky was far away in another building, looking through unbreakable glass at the Sad Damsels. These were eleven beautiful Girls gathered from all over the world by Goering for der Furor's enjoyment. But der Furor had never bothered to look at the Queens—so here they sat with no past and no future, for no German dared to touch them and Esky couldn't pick the lock. So he walked into the next room . . .



22 This room was filled with German people all very busy writing at school desks. As Esky watched, each one wrote furiously then put his note in an envelope, sealed it and walked with it to a large stove. There they dropped their suggestions into a slot in the stove and watched while they burned. "Why do you write your suggestions?" asked Esky. "To help the Furor," explained a Little Man. "Then why do you drop them in the stove?" asked Esky. "Because we know that he will listen to advice from no one," said the Little Man. So that is German efficiency, thought Esky and he went into the next room . . .



23 Which was full of Nazi Generals taking an examination . . . Esky sat down beside one of them who looked less bloodthirsty than the rest. "What is the purpose of this examination?" asked Esky. "Why to get demoted, of course," answered the General. "Why should anyone want to get demoted?" asked Esky. "Because Hitler always blames his failures on his Generals so of course nobody wants to be a General . . . it is lovely to be a corporal. But alas and alack I'll never be able to be a corporal or best of all a private because here comes the firing squad to blame us for some more of the Furor's blunders."



24 A squad entered and started shooting Generals at random. "Explanations aren't necessary," whispered the General. "Everyone knows that the Furor has failed again and it's only German efficiency to shoot first and explain later." Esky wondered how they could explain to a dead man, but when Generals began dropping around him he quit wondering and ran out the door.

Will Esky get shot?? Will Esky get half shot?? Be on hand when Esky meets the Redhead again . . . Here . . . Next month in The Exploits of Esky . . .

What Can Be Told About Giraud

Continued from page 53

crazy about him. His pupils loved him, too, when he taught for three years at the *École de Guerre* in Paris. "He made everything seem so clear and simple," one of his pupils wrote of him. Yes, strategy was a simple science when taught by Henri Giraud because to Henri Giraud, strategy, the whole business of war, was logical and uncomplicated, because he was a daredevil, a go-ahead fellow.

Nothing less but, perhaps, nothing more. One may best describe him as an excellent practical soldier, not a theoretician. He was rather old-fashioned in his concept of warfare. He looked with great misgiving at modern revolutionary ideas as, for instance, those of the Colonel de Gaulle, who was attached to his staff when Giraud was military governor of Metz and whom he did not like too well. Without doubt, Giraud was not and is not of de Gaulle's caliber in an intellectual way. Giraud belonged to the clique that was always against mechanizing the army but that did not prevent him, once tanks were introduced into the French army, from getting behind the wheel of a tank personally and driving it up to the front line. Perhaps he was not very good at planning, but he was very good once the fighting had begun. His profession was not to prepare wars. Wars were his profession. And he loved that profession.

When in February, 1915 he returned to France, he declined the high position in the general staff which was offered to him. All he wanted was to return as soon as possible to the front and to take part in the actual fighting. Before World War I was over, he was wounded twice.

Once the Treaty of Versailles was concluded, he kept a weather eye out for other wars in which he could take part. Marshal Lyautey called him to Morocco in May, 1922. There he conducted the operations in the south of Marrakech as chief of the army staff sent there. That meant he often took part in the battles personally, exposing himself to every kind of danger.

He was especially active during the famous Riff campaign against Abd-el-Krim in the Summer of 1925, the campaign that for a time looked extremely threatening for France. The Arab tribes revolted and advanced steadily. Giraud conducted a number of victorious battles near Kifane, especially one in which he attacked with three battalions and beat an enemy ten times as strong. During that battle he was wounded dangerously, had himself mounted on a horse from where, in spite of agonizing pain, he went on directing the

Continued on page 102

Want Another, Brother?

A new conversational feature in radio comedy and the movies is the rhymed salutation in which the speaker never utters a key-word without following it up with one that rhymes. Examples: "What's handy, Andy?" "Don't be chilly, silly." A triplicate rhyme scores even higher, such as "We're startin' partin', Martin."

I wish I had been alive back in the good old days. Think of the thrill I would have got if I had heard Wellington addressing his troops before the Battle of Waterloo with the immortal words: "Give 'em the works, jerks!" Or to have lived through the American Revolution and heard Molly Pitcher exclaim: "Shoot the cannon, Bannon!" And the Battle of Bunker Hill. Did that commander really say: "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes"? or was it: "Don't fire till they're nigher, Meyer"? or "Fight when you see their whites, wights"?

I would have given much to have stood by that great Admiral who turned to a burly officer when things looked bad and remarked: "Don't give up the cruiser, Bruiser!" It would have been interesting too to have observed George Washington's childhood, and to have heard him report that cherry tree episode: "I gave it the chop, pop." At a somewhat later date I wish I had been there when Horace Greeley gave his famous advice to a young man: "Go West, pest."

But going back to earlier times a great deal is to be said for the conversation that took place between Priscilla and John Alden when John showed reluctance to propose in unequivocal fashion. Finally Priscilla pleaded: "Speak for yourself, John," and then added, with considerable irritation: "You're driving me wackie, Jackie!" No more jokes, folks.

—Parke Cummings

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What Can Be Told About Giraud

Continued from pages 53-101

French movements. That was in the month of September, 1925.

By April, 1926 Abd-el-Krim was more or less beaten and had been deserted by many of his allies. Still, he could have gone on with the war for months, perhaps years—which would have cost enormously in men, equipment and money. To the great surprise of the world Abd-el-Krim suddenly declared that he would cease hostilities, give himself up, and retire to an island designated by the French government—which had agreed to pay him a pension of 100,000 francs a year for life so he could support his many wives in style. Later, the French government even raised this sum because Abd-el-Krim explained that 100,000 francs were not enough, with the steadily rising costs of living.

There is a romantic inside story which perhaps helps explain Abd-el-Krim's sudden decision. The hero of the story was Major Giraud. He had been sent by Colonel Corap, who at that time was in charge of the African campaign, as an emissary to Abd-el-Krim. Giraud was still in a weak state from wounds he had received earlier in the campaign, and he was transported through the desert for many weary days. Giraud and a second emissary, accompanied by a few Legionnaires, pushed ahead and met the rebel. They presented their gifts to the desert chief, and then sat down to talk.

There have been many picturesque descriptions of the meeting between Giraud and Abd-el-Krim. They may have been colored and exaggerated. But it is not hard to imagine that the soldier Abd-el-Krim was impressed by the soldier Giraud, who did not waste words, who was very simple and straightforward. Giraud said he knew—that, indeed, everybody knew—it was the Germans who had supplied Abd-el-Krim and his revolting tribes with arms and ammunition. Abd-el-Krim must have recognized that when Giraud said it would be better to avoid unnecessary bloodshed, he meant just that—because he was a soldier and the blood of soldiers meant something to him. Giraud, saying the obvious, was more convincing than all the politicians had been with their lengthy speeches and their haggling.

The conversation did not last more than two hours. It is certain that Giraud pointed out that there was no reason why Abd-el-Krim should try to help the Germans by disturbing the French equilibrium when there was no doubt about the final outcome anyhow. Then and there the Arab agreed to end the war under those conditions.

It was all very romantic and dramatic, indeed. But it was prosaic compared with what was destined to happen to Henri Giraud during the present World War.

By now he had passed his sixtieth birthday, his moustache had become gray, his hair white. Two of his daughters had married officers, two of his sons had gone into the army. The youngest son, the most talented and the favorite of the father, had died in an airplane accident in 1935. Henri Giraud seemed to be in the evening of his life—a very full life, at that. He certainly would have deserved a rest. But he didn't show it. He was still very erect and full of spirit. When Hitler's invasion of Belgium started, he commanded the Eighth Army which was stationed near Sedan. Even before the German break-through was achieved, Giraud recognized his precarious situation. He sent urgent messages to headquarters requesting more aerial support. He did not even have the necessary reconnoitering planes. So he decided to undertake a patrol in a light tank himself.

From a military point of view, of course, this was a grave mistake. But Giraud was like that; he wanted to do things himself. Thus his tank blundered into German tanks, which surrounded him. He was taken prisoner. (There is another version that Giraud fell into German hands when he landed on an airfield which had passed into the hands of the Nazis, unknown to the French General Staff and to himself.)

Even more dramatic and more secretive than his first escape from the Germans was Giraud's flight from the castle of Koenigstein, where he was held prisoner. The castle was situated on a rock high above the town of the same name, not far from Dresdner, overlooking the Elbe River. Koenigstein was supposed to be a prison from which it was utterly impossible to escape. Building I, in which Giraud was housed, was closed at 9 p. m. and sentinels were posted at all the doors. The windows, of course, were barred. The garden, furthermore, was fenced in with deep tangles of barbed wire. Even if all these obstacles were overcome, there was still a twenty-five-foot wall to negotiate. Without a rope, of course, it was impossible to do anything about it. But then it was equally impossible for a prisoner to get a rope. Furthermore, bloodhounds roamed the garden and guarded the wall. Even if all these obstacles were taken, the prisoner still had to climb 700 feet down the rock, a task only trained mountain climbers could hope to achieve.

Those who later tried to explain Giraud's flight saw two possible chances for him to get away. One possibility was presented by the moving picture performances in the town of Koenigstein which the imprisoned officers were allowed to attend once a month. Going to and from these performances, it was at least theoretically possible for one of these officers to disappear without the guards realizing it at once.

Another chance would have offered itself through a visit to the hospital. Old Giraud, indeed, made quite a few such visits, since he had some trouble with an old leg-wound. Here, too, a disappearance was possible. Naturally, in both cases a great deal of help from the outside would have been necessary.

There were countless rumors as to that help from the outside. Among other things it was said that French patriots had raised 50,000 dollars in order to make the flight possible.

Once again, reality was more romantic than all these fictitious stories. The flight of Henri Giraud was, as a matter of fact, a triumph for the British Secret Service. British agents had succeeded in getting one of their men taken on as a prison guard. This man, in turn, neatly smuggled a rope to the general.

On the day when Giraud was to make his break a motorcar—apparently a German army vehicle—waited for him in the village. The British agent helped Giraud negotiate the many handicaps, and conducted him to the car. As the car drove steadily through the countryside, Giraud's hair was dyed, his moustache was shaved off, his clothes were changed. Relays of many cars finally brought him to Frankfurt-on-the-Main, where he arrived dressed in the uniform of a German officer.

All in all, Giraud changed his clothes and his passports six times before he arrived in Switzerland.

Of course, the British Secret Service knew the character of the man they were liberating at such great odds and at such risk of life. They knew that they were liberating a man who was burning to take up arms again. Unlike Pétain, he did not appeal to the generosity of the enemy. He was willing and prepared to fight the enemy. If there had been any doubt about these ideas of Giraud's, a letter that Giraud wrote in July, 1940 from Koenigstein to his children in France would have done away with such doubts. That letter, incidentally, is now very well known, but what is less well known is the fact that it could never have got through without the help of the British Secret Service. Here it is:

"My Children—

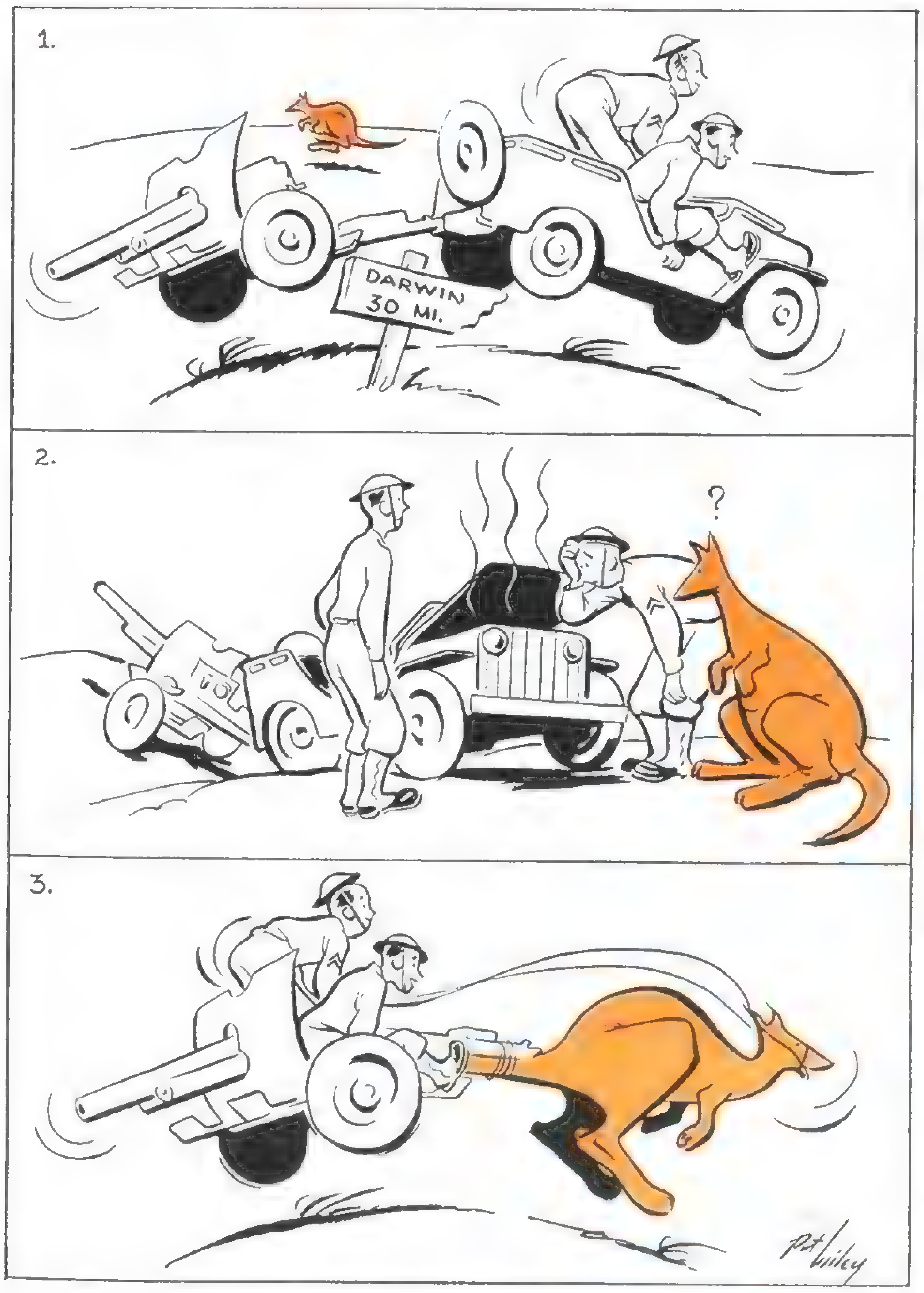
"I do not know how long I shall stay here—months or even years. It is quite possible that I shall be buried here beside my old friend, Dame. I am not disturbed; I am prepared for the worst.

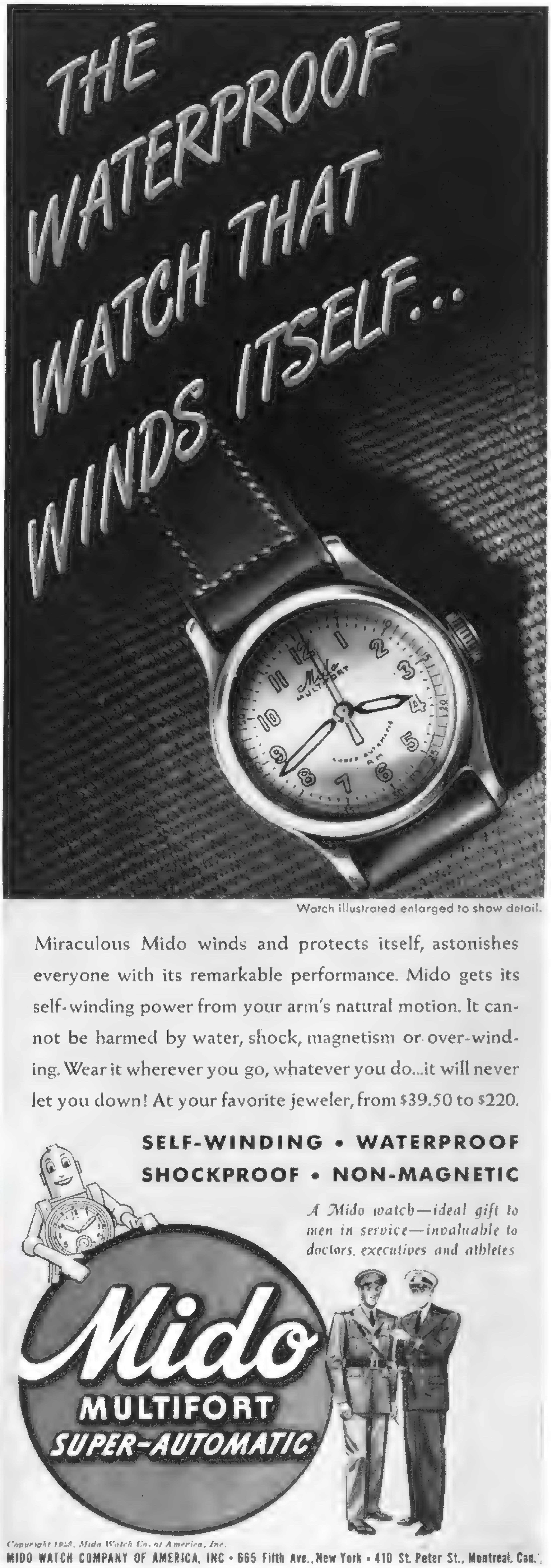
"But I want to put upon you a sacred task: The resurrection of France. I forbid you to resign in defeat and permit France to take second place to Italy, Spain, Denmark or Finland.

"I am not concerned with the means. The goal alone is important, and all other things should be subordinate to this goal. I ask you all to put this goal above your personal interests, your theories, and your creed.

"In the beginning there is no question of striking at the front of the enemy who is on our territory and who has us completely disarmed. Stresemann himself has outlined the best methods and we have no more to do

Continued on page 104

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What Can Be Told About Giraud

Continued from pages 53-101-103

than to copy them intelligently.

"The first task should be the liberation of the country inside the frontiers they have left us.

"The second should be physical, moral and social reconstruction:

"(a) To produce children and to assist those who have children.

"(b) To educate these children for France.

"(c) To assure to every family its place in the sun.

"The third task should be to be prepared at every moment to profit by the occasions which may be offered to us.

"We must rebuild as quickly as possible a modern army.

"In this matter observe the following principles:

"The spirit must be made in France. The education must be in our colonies. The material must come from abroad.

"In spite of all control such a program is possible if the camouflage is good. Nothing camouflages military training better than instruction in scouting. Nothing camouflages a military plane better than the appearance of a commercial plane.

"But first of all the spirit must be ready for the task. This spirit must be French, absolutely French.

"I ask that no one leave occupied territory. He is important there in order to maintain French ideas. But, on the other hand, no one should hesitate to leave the country if an occasion in which he can serve France abroad offers itself.

"You all, Pierre, Henri, André, Bernard, and you, my dear girls, do not forget that when the storm is over the fatherland remains.

"A nation lives if it wills to live. Please repeat this to others around you.

"Force others to think like yourselves and to work as yourselves. We are sure of success if we have the will.

"My resolution therefore is: patience and decision."

Life for the French officers at Koenigstein was depressing. There was no news except that of German victories and the monthly newsreels demonstrating German superiority. Worse still, there was no common front among the prisoners. Many high French officers were secretly or openly Fascist, and were favored by the Germans who sent them back to France after a relatively short time.

Giraud was sure—and he said it to many of his fellow prisoners—that he would be the last one to leave Koenigstein—if ever. Still he did not lose his spirits. He was full of good humor and he did everything to keep up the morale of his comrades. And he was not bored as the others were. Koenigstein interested him immensely. The fighting soldier in him sensed that the fight was not finished yet—sensed it in Koenigstein of all places. There was, for instance, the fact that the castle was full of hidden microphones, that microphones had even been placed at strategic points in the park. Evidently the Germans wanted very much to overhear what the French officers talked about. Once, the Nazis even smuggled a spy into the castle, an alleged English general who was supposed to have been taken prisoner in Libya, and who had instructions to find out who was sympathetic towards England. He was soon unmasked because he was unwise enough to wear shirts made in Berlin.

This and the many other labored efforts of General Gunther, commander of the fortress, to convince the prisoners that it would be better to collaborate with Germany proved to Giraud that the Nazis by no means felt as sure of victory as they pretended. On the contrary. It became more and more clear to him that the Nazis were not at all sure of themselves, that they were afraid of an unknown future, that they even feared their helpless prisoners. All the more reason for him to show them his contempt.

He showed it quite openly once when Commander Gunther paid him a visit and wanted to discuss collaboration with him. Giraud said, "If I were a free man in France, you could talk to me about collaboration. I would answer then as I pleased. Here, I will not answer you." He got up and opened the door, concluding "I am sorry that our conversation cannot be continued."

General Gunther left the room cold with fury.

After Henri Giraud escaped, the Nazis put a price of 100,000 marks on his head, threatened death to anybody who helped him to make his way abroad, and the Gestapo proceeded to make a great number of senseless arrests. Was it for the principle of the thing, or did they really feel that Giraud was an important person and might become a dangerous enemy again? They said it was a matter of principle when, after Giraud's arrival in Vichy, they tried to induce him to go back. They said that the German army had to save its face and if he would return voluntarily, they would liberate him soon afterwards along with 50,000 to 70,000 prisoners.

Giraud declined. He volunteered, however, to return to Koenigstein if the Germans would exchange him for 500,000 prisoners of war, the latter to be delivered first. But the conversations ended in failure, and Giraud broke them off.

That was in April, 1942. So much was happening in those days that soon the world forgot about Giraud. It was said that he was living a quiet life somewhere in unoccupied France, and that was that.

Giraud had taken quarters in his sister's home, between Lyon and Grenoble. He was surrounded by detectives who watched his every move. There were German Gestapo men and there were the *Gardes mobiles*, the French Gestapo. Giraud made a few visits to Vichy, had two or three conversations with Pétain and one with Otto Abetz, Nazi ambassador in Paris, but in July decided not to return to Vichy. He declined to see newspaper men and once told a friend that he was working on a history of World War II together with General Maxime Weygand, who often visited him.

It was said in the English and

American press that Free French circles had approached the general but that he had declined to participate in any revolutionary plans and especially that he had declined to leave France. This is far from the truth. On the contrary, it was he who first approached the French underground, but there was some distrust of him on account of his connections with Pétain and because of rumors that Giraud liked Pétain and those surrounding him who were definitely anti-British.

Naturally, the French underground could not possibly know of the role of the British Secret Service in Giraud's escape. Neither could it know about the fact that Giraud, during his short stay in Frankfurt after his escape from Koenigstein, had met two important British agents and had had conversations with them about a possible invasion of French territory by the Allies and his participation in such an enterprise.

It is almost certain that the connection between the British and Giraud during the latter's stay in unoccupied France was reestablished via Robert Murphy, the representative of the U. S. State Department in North Africa. It is much too early to divulge the entire role of Murphy in preparing the American invasion of Africa. In Vichy, so-called "authorized sources" later pretended that Murphy had said that President Roosevelt decided to occupy North Africa on the advice and at the demand of General Giraud. This may be so. Giraud, if asked, would probably have given just this kind of advice since, after spending a lifetime there as a soldier, he knew North Africa and its possibilities as a base.

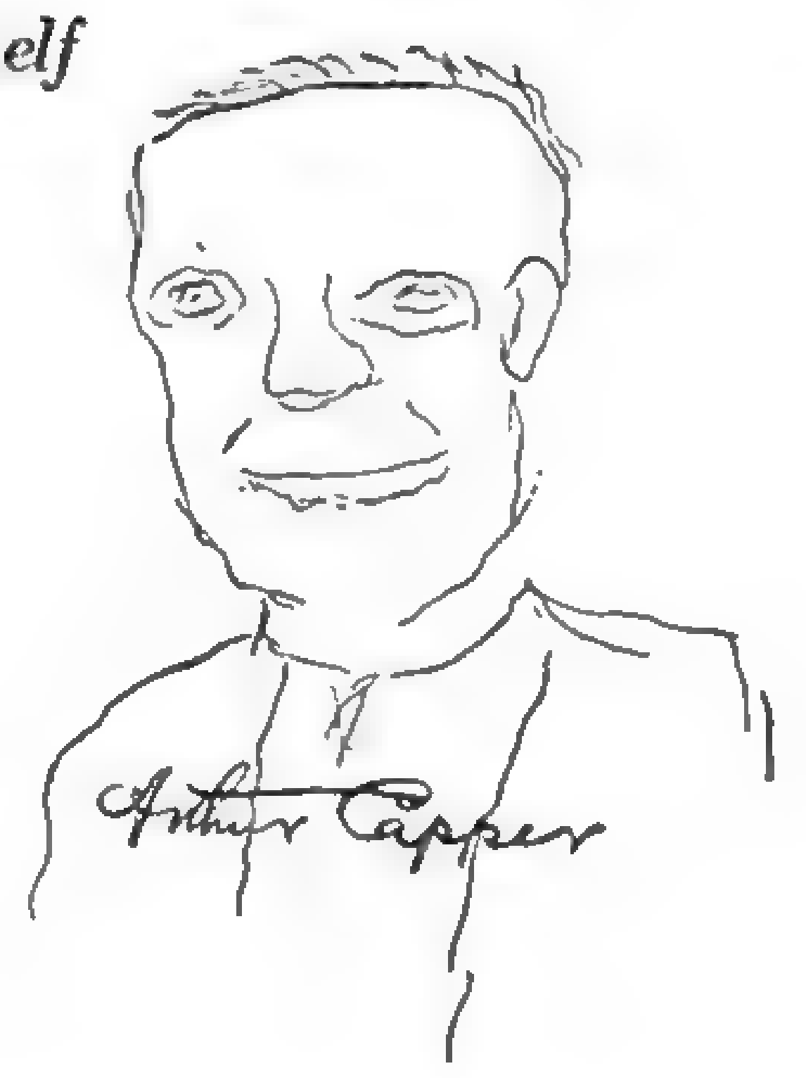
On Sunday, November 8, at 10 a. m.—a few hours after American troops had landed at many points on North African shores—a voice spoke over the radio station in Algiers. This is what the voice said:

"For the last two years you have scrupulously kept the terms of the armistice in spite of repeated violations by our enemies. Today Germany and Italy want to occupy North Africa. America forestalls them and assures us of her loyal and disinterested support. This is our chance of revival. We cannot neglect this opportunity of recovery. I take up my action station among you. I ask for your confidence. You have mine. We have one passion—France; and one aim—victory. Remember that the African army holds in its hands the fate of France."

The man who spoke these words was General Henri Giraud. He was economical with his words. Scarcely a hundred in all. But those hundred words meant revolution. They meant the end of a senseless French collaboration with the powers that wanted to destroy France. It was the beginning of the great struggle for

Continued on page 106

Senator Capper, as sketched by himself



A Portrait of Senator Capper

by Senator Arthur Capper

No Rest for the Wicked: Of my 77 years on the planet, and 24 in the Senate, this is easily my busiest and most exciting.

Most Profitable Investment: The $200,000 I have loaned to start 4-H Clubs, resulting in a net loss of less than $200 and paying million dollar dividends in health and citizenship.

Gone but not Forgotten: The great fighting spirit of Teddy Roosevelt; we could use some of it today.

Incidental Ambition: To be able to shake off my Quaker upbringing long enough to cuss without feeling guilty for 24 hours afterwards.

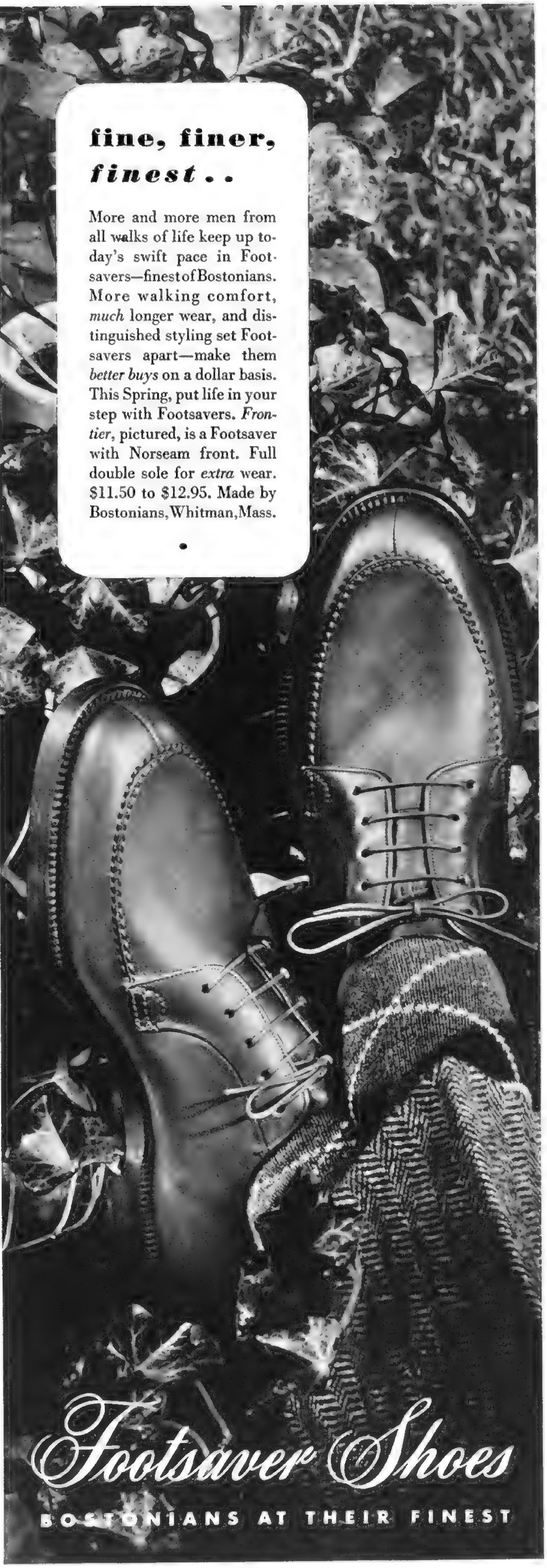
My Legacy: The Capper publications, which will go on reporting the truth long after I have ceased preaching it.

Most Fun Ever: My shenanigans with William Allen White when we were both newspaper reporters 50 years ago.

Suggestion to City Folks: Step into America's kitchen—visit County Fairs and farms and see where your next meal is coming from.

My Father's Best Friend: The John Brown whose soul has gone marching on.

Severest Critic: The man who, after traveling 30 miles to hear me speak, was disgusted to find that a Senator from the great state of Kansas could weigh less than 200 pounds.


fine, finer, finest . .

More and more men from all walks of life keep up today's swift pace in Footsavers—finest of Bostonians. More walking comfort, *much* longer wear, and distinguished styling set Footsavers apart—make them *better buys* on a dollar basis. This Spring, put life in your step with Footsavers. *Frontier*, pictured, is a Footsaver with Norseam front. Full double sole for *extra* wear. $11.50 to $12.95. Made by Bostonians, Whitman, Mass.

Footsaver Shoes

BOSTONIANS AT THEIR FINEST

What Can Be Told About Giraud

Continued from pages 53-101-103-105

the liberation of France. The laws of military discipline had for a long time deterred Giraud from saying anything, anything about those who were really responsible for the debacle, anything about Pétain, Darlan or Laval. Now he decided once more to speak out as he had spoken so often before, to speak as a soldier, clearly, precisely, to be straightforward about all he knew.

And not many hours later he was named commander in chief of the French troops in North Africa.

He had succeeded in the third great flight of his life. Again an escape full of romance and secrecy. With great difficulty and employing ruses which today cannot yet be told, he succeeded in getting rid of his Gestapo men and his *Gardes mobiles*. As far as the published version of his flight is concerned, it is true that at the end he was dressed as an old woman, that he was accompanied by a young woman and that he boarded, not far from the coast, a British plane. (It is not true that he flew in a plane that had been ordered for the governor-general of Algeria, Yves Chatel. Also the story that he boarded a submarine and fell into the water seems slightly fictionized.)

The moment he landed, old General Giraud once more was in the middle of the fight and once more he decided to lead the fight in the only way he knew how: by standing in the front line of battle himself.

The idea that France thus furnished a soldier who was nothing but a soldier and who wanted to be nothing but a soldier, was somewhat unexpected. France, we had learned, was decadent, had become too soft, had no fighting spirit left. France, we had learned, would have to be saved by others, would have to be liberated by the nations who had not forgotten how to fight.

And now this very same France—this soft, over-civilized, decadent France—had sent a man to fight alongside the Allies, to lead their soldiers in this fight at least on one front. A soldier, nothing but a soldier.

When the voice of Henri Giraud came over the ether, Vichy declared that it was a hoax, that Giraud was still in France and would remain there and that he wasn't thinking of leaving the country. This was asserted many times, over and over again.

Why did Vichy lie? Was it because those who were supposed to watch Giraud were afraid of the consequences to themselves, and wanted to gain some time before they had to face the music? It is more likely that old Pétain himself and Laval lied knowingly because they did not dare to tell the French people the truth. For this most recent escape of Henri Giraud was perhaps the heaviest blow which had yet been struck against French collaboration.

For the French people had never known Giraud to be mixed up in politics. For them he was in no way a revolutionary. On the contrary. He represented to them the perfect family man, the soldier who obeyed his orders, exactly the kind of man the average Frenchman wanted his son to become. His flight, the fact that he made common cause with the Allies, demonstrated clearly to the average Frenchman that it was possible to be a good soldier and Frenchman without obeying old Pétain to the very end; that one could be a good Frenchman and still love liberty so much that one could not even for a short time surrender to Hitler. The flight of Henri Giraud proved more. It proved to the French that they were by no means an old, decadent, tired people who were bound to perish. It showed them that they could still do plenty about their situation, if only they wanted to do something.

Giraud was popular as a good soldier, as the hero of countless adventures. He had become a legend during his lifetime and the French had become used to seeing that, no matter how daringly he acted, he always succeeded in the end.

He had become the popular symbol of success. They felt, like his wife, that it was pretty difficult to kill Henri Giraud. His was another kind of popularity from the one old Pétain enjoyed. The French adored and loved the Marshal because he was so old and tired, because he had to take so much and because they felt sorry for him. Pétain, indeed, was a symbol for their feeling sorry for themselves. Giraud, very much to the contrary now, became the symbol of the "you can do something about it" spirit.

Where is he going to lead the French armies? Into what adventures, what dangers? He himself can't know. But he will lead them and he will be the first one to throw himself into these dangers.

No doubt, France has better general staff officers, and soldiers with greater conceptions of strategy and more intelligence. General de Gaulle, undoubtedly, is superior to Giraud in intelligence and in the range and scope of his ideas. (Not to speak of politics and political ideas.) But he will never be as popular as Giraud, nor will any of the other desk generals. Because none of them has lived a life in which he took war so much as a personal matter as Giraud, who is so much soldier, soldier *par excellence*.

The great French Marshal, Louis Hubert Lyautey, one of the most intelligent soldiers who ever lived, once said of Henri Giraud, with an allusion to his stature: "Look at him closely. He is great in everything."

Lyautey knew his men. He was a skeptic. He did not use the word "great" very often. #

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TOPS FOR YOUR TROUSERS

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 84

sides taking care of everybody in sight. And yet she had the most romantic notions. I remember another old maid speaking disapprovingly of a marriage some relative had made because neither one of the couple had any money at all, and she thought the girl should have done better in that regard, and Aunt Mary—who knew nothing whatever about love, nor wanted to have anything to do with it—I mean the kind of love that leads to marriage—turned upon her quite indignantly, to say: 'Why, Matty, don't you believe in *love?*' They were a great species, and they are gone. And all the ones I knew lived happy lives, probably because they were just naturally selfless. They were only unhappy, as I think Aunt Mary was at the end, because the people they had lived to help had either died or become independent of them. You must have known many of them, but they are no more, and the world is the worse for it, Freud, and all the rest of them notwithstanding."

This is an original, interesting, and, I think, accurate defense of the New England old maid, who suffered so much undue condescension and contempt. A lady once called me "God's gift to unmarried women." I am not exactly sure what she meant, but I take it as a compliment.

One of the new murder stories, *Fall Guy for Murder*, by Lawrence Goldman, is full of excitement and unusual. I remember that just before the total eclipse of the sun which was visible in Connecticut in January, 1925, we were warned in the newspapers that there might be robberies and various crimes. That eclipse is mentioned in this book, but the wrong date is given to it—1927. However, in this book a murder is committed during the total eclipse. I shall say no more about it but advise you to read it for yourself.

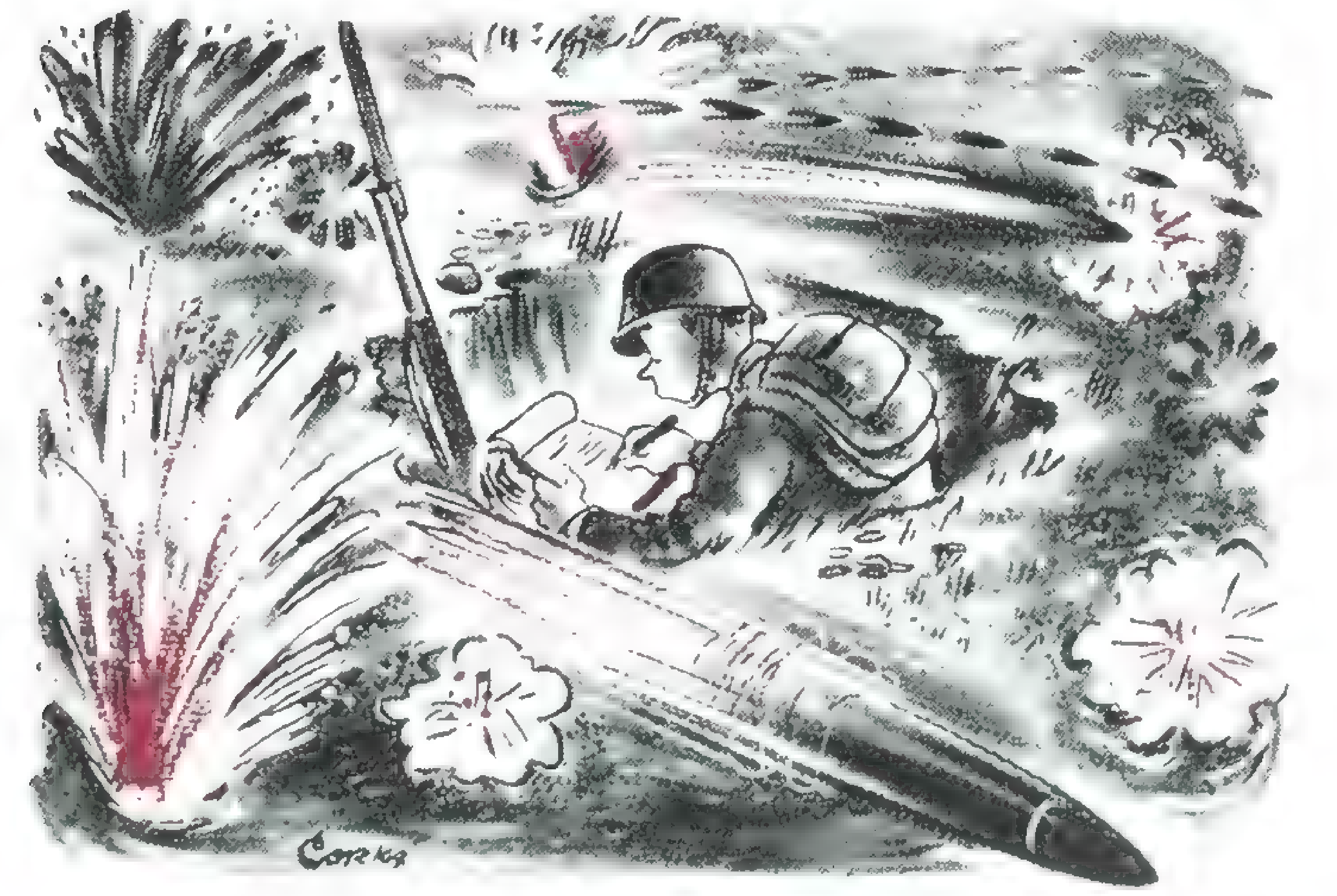
Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth* has caused more discussion than any other recent play, and the fine thing is that this discussion has nothing to do with the war, social problems or politics. It is wholly based on the importance of art. I regard the play as a magnificent sweep of imagination, wholly original. As in *Our Town*, where Mr. Wilder concentrated on the life of one small New England community, so here he takes the progress of the universe as his subject. Everyone who has seen it should read it, but he should see it first, and it pleases me that it is such a tremendous success in New York. There was such a variety of opinion among critics and audiences while the play was on its preliminary tour that I wish to thank the critics of New York for going out boldly in favor of it. The fact that some people regard it as a satire, some regard it as a farce and some as a serious drama, is very natural. I remember when Mr. Wilder's novel, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, was published, a French critic said that of course the book showed that Mr. Wilder regarded religion wholly from the ironical, skeptical point of view; three days later Mr. G. K. Chesterton said the book showed positively that Mr. Wilder was a devout, practicing Catholic. In that respect his creations resemble life, for one man looks at life and is a pessimist, another an optimist, another deeply religious, and another atheistic. It may be that one of the secrets of Mr. Wilder's genius is this ability to represent life itself and leave people to draw their own conclusions. *The Skin of Our Teeth* has everything and may best be described in the words of Polonius:

"The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light."

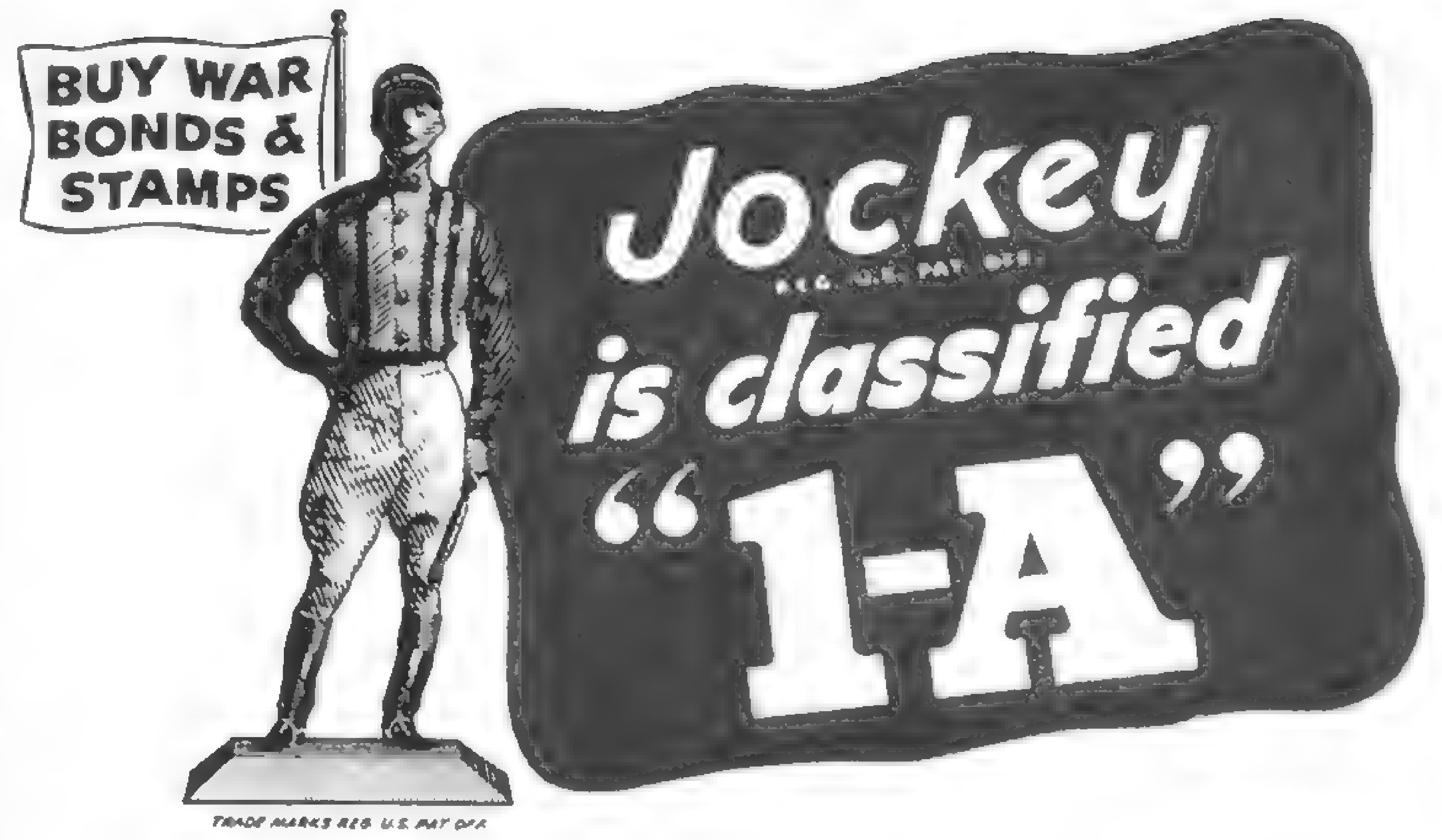
The editor of the London *Spectator* in a recent issue reports the following conversation:

"Some months ago the Prime Minister, when discussing with the then Commander-in-Chief, South-Eastern Command, the task

Continued on page 108



"The very atmosphere seems humid, depressing!"



With service men, Jockey—the famous brand of support underwear—is a link with home, a reminder of the days of peace. So great is its popularity that they are buying a large proportion of our total output, and the demand is steadily increasing. So, since civilian needs must wait upon the military, you may have to be patient when shopping for Jockey, but you'll find it's well worth it for the reasons that have made it the service men's favorite.

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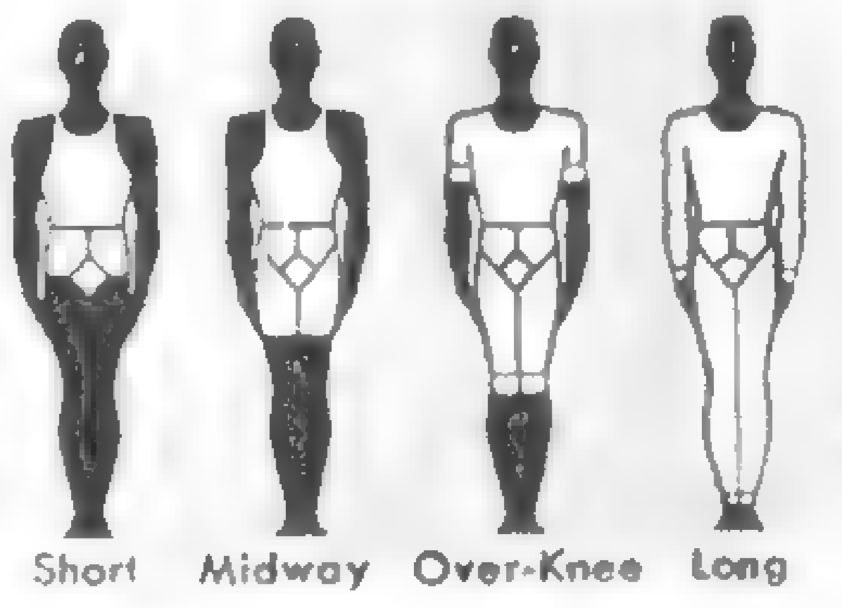

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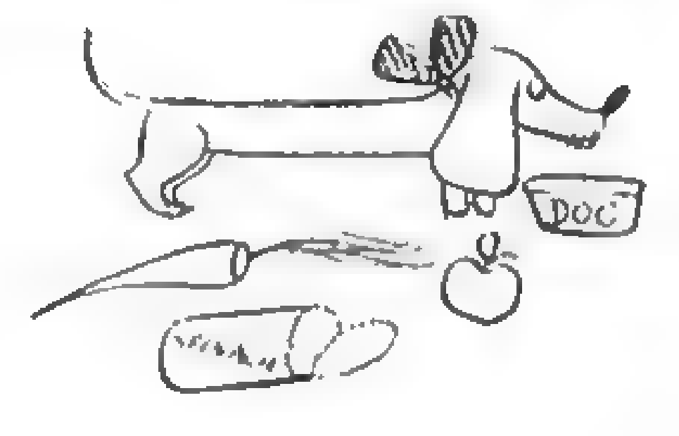
Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 84-107

to be assigned to him in Egypt, asked whether he was thoroughly fit physically. 'Well, Sir,' replied Montgomery, 'I regularly take a cross-country run every morning. I neither drink nor smoke. I count myself a hundred per cent man.' 'Ah,' replied the Prime Minister. 'As for me, I am rather fully occupied: I haven't much time for cross-country running. I smoke a good deal. I don't very frequently refuse a drink. And I count myself a two hundred per cent man.' "

The "Definitive Edition" of the *Plays of J. M. Barrie* in one volume, edited by A. E. Wilson, dramatic critic of the *Star*, has recently appeared in London; and while for different purposes, the American edition of the plays in one volume is sufficient, this one contains *Walker, London, The Professor's Love Story, The Little Minister, Little Mary, The Boy David.* Preceding each play is the date of the first night, the list of characters, and the length of the run. I sent for this book from England for I doubt very much if it will appear in America; and by the same token, a volume of Barrie's *Letters* has appeared in England. Whenever I want a new book from London, I write to Messrs. Dobell, 77 Charing Cross Road, London. They will get you any book that has been published.



It has been ruled that owners of dogs and other pets will not be permitted additional meat rations. Every dog may have his day but it will have to be meatless.

Professor Willard Gibbs of Yale, who died exactly forty years ago, was, according to those qualified to pronounce an opinion, one of the greatest creative minds in mathematical physics that America has ever produced. His biography, *Willard Gibbs*, by Muriel Rukeyser, will probably be of service to his fame in making him now known to the public. The lamentations that have arisen over the fact that when he was alive he had no publicity are, I think, ill-placed; it was an extraordinarily fortunate thing for him that he was by the general public left absolutely alone. He had no "fan mail," no letters to answer except those of interest to him, and no "curiosity" public. That was exactly what he wanted. He lived on High Street with his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Addison Van Name. His home life there, which extended over many years, was serenely happy. Mr. Van Name, himself the Librarian of Yale University, was a great scholar, though as modest and retiring as Gibbs himself. He learned Japanese because he thought it was a good thing for a librarian to know as many languages as possible. Gibbs had as his colleagues on the faculty some of the most famous men in the world of scholarship—William Dwight Whitney, the greatest Sanskrit scholar in the world, Hubert A. Newton and Elias Loomis, both professors of mathematics, Russell Chittenden, the famous physics chemist, and a number of other Yale professors who were members of the National Academy of Sciences. I knew *about* Gibbs even when I was an undergraduate, for I heard Arthur Hadley (later president) say in the classroom, "Gibbs's knowledge of mathematics begins where that of other mathematical specialists leaves off." Thus from 1887 to his death in 1903, I knew that this quiet man, who a few years before his death I saw often with the faculty, was a genius.

What I regret is that I did not sometimes walk home from the faculty meeting with him, as we lived on the same street, and ask him about his early life in Germany; for he was most kindly, and would have been glad to talk with an ignoramus like me. But now that he has been dead so many years, it is well that Miss Rukeyser's book will increase his popular reputation. I am not myself especially interested in the emphasis laid on the practical value of his work. There is nothing more antiseptic than mathematics, and his main interest was in pure mathematics. Externally, no life could have been quieter than his, which was just what he wanted, but *mentally* it was a terrifically exciting life. He was living alone far out on the frontiers of mathematical thought where no one had ever been before.

Turn off the Sunshine, by Timothy G. Turner, has for a subtitle "Tales of Los Angeles on the Wrong Side of the Tracks." Some of these admirable short stories have already appeared in Esquire. Mr. Turner is a newspaper reporter, in recent years connected with the Los Angeles *Times*, and has also worked with—I like "with" better than the word "on" —the New York *Herald* and the A.P. He has certainly been around. Originally coming from Missouri, he has been a cowboy in Texas, has lived in El Paso, and for a number of years has been writing short stories. Every one of them captures the reader's attention in the first sentence and holds it. It is interesting to note also that the volume is published at the Caxton Press, Caldwell, Idaho, which a short time ago produced one of the most exciting books I know, *Doctor at Timberline*, by Charles F. Gardiner.

My idea of a tough assignment would be attempting to discover typographical errors in *Finnegan's Wake*. ⌗

A Revolution Worth Welcoming

Continued from page 56

these projects were shot to ribbons by the high adventure in North Africa in November. I stood on a seashore one evening as the winter approached and watched an enormous number of ships slowly drift into a bay. I did not know then why they were anchoring, but I do know now; they were being marshalled preparatory to sailing for a rendezvous from which started one of the most stirring enterprises of our time. Yet what do you know—there were footballs and boxing gloves and other sports gear on many of the ships.

Northern Ireland, to date, has had more sport than the sections of England where American troops are located. One afternoon in early November the B.B.C. took time out to announce that between 3:30 and 4 o'clock there would be a running commentary on a big Army football game somewhere near Belfast. Listeners were strongly advised to drop everything and switch on their sets. There was no increase in the drunkenness figures of that day, but all over the land reeling figures were observed, all of whom were heard to mutter strange phrases such as "huddles," and "laterals," and "second downs."

As Summer waned in 1942, it was brought to the notice of the Football Association, the rulers of British Soccer, that American troops everywhere were liable to be deprived of their football because of a shortage of equipment and opponents. Neatly, the F.A. stepped into the breach. The pleasure would be theirs, it was stated, to provide the facilities for the playing of Soccer, our number one winter game. Grounds, goalposts, touchflags, balls and even instructors would be placed at the disposal of our allies, but it was regretted that nothing much could be done about clothing. This required coupons, and coupons are more jealously guarded by the average Briton than jewels and gold. But Soccer is being played in plenty by the American soldiers and officers. It isn't as yet big league stuff, but you in America are going to get it, now that your boys have tasted it and discovered they like it. The Rugby Unions of Great Britain and Ireland, sleepy and tradition-bound bodies, have not copied the example of the F.A. But what we call Rugger, or the handling code, is not to the appetite of American soldiers. They regard it as sissy. But Soccer is doing well. It is an oddity to see an American buck private turn out for it with elbow shields and helmet, but that will pass when the boys learn that the worst they can get in Soccer is a kick on the shin. Compared with your football, Soccer, at its derndest, is a daffydowndilly flirtation in a silvery glade.

War factory work goes on at all hours both day and night—just like radio commentators.

And you are also going to get cricket. The English M.C.C., panjandrums and overlords of our summer pastime, have unbent sufficiently to inform all who care to hear that next summer their allies from over the water will be welcome to swing a bat and bowl a ball. Even Lord's, in a London suburb, the cathedral of cricket—one has to have a letter of introduction to examine the pitch, except when Eton opposes Harrow—will be wide-open to American teams of eleven players. Already, I hear, fixtures have been arranged for the Summer of 1943.

I don't count boxing as a game that can be given or taken away. It is a matter of interest, however, that committees are sitting to see whether they can devise a way of staging a fight-tournament during the summer that will have all others lashed to the mast. If this comes about it will not be actually new, for we had big Anglo-American shows at the close of the last war. The plan, as it has been unfolded to me, is to have a considerable number of preliminary bouts wherever soldiers, sailors and airmen with the ability to swing leather can be found. Those who qualify for the late stages will then be brought to London, and rewarded with trophies. There will be no purses, for all the proceeds will go to selected charities. With the exception of a promising RAF sergeant named Freddie Mills, we have not even a horizontal heavyweight. We'll manage to keep pace, however, in most of the other divisions.

Now what are we, the British, likely to get as our share of the changes in the offing? I am doubtful about your football, for it is an acquired taste, as I myself discovered on your soil, and it also requires considerable patience—not to mention the scrapping of prejudices—before it is properly understood. I think you will receive a larger portion of our Soccer than we shall have of your brand of football, but if the exchange is a little out of proportion no great harm will be done. About baseball I have not a shadow of a doubt. It has already arrived. That, despite the fact that the full flavor of the game cannot be absorbed until players of the caliber of Di Maggio and Ted Williams are seen in action. It is to be questioned whether there is a single star from the National or American Leagues in Britain today. It is rumored

Continued on page 110

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...an' oor ability t' ken them"

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Write us if your dealer can't supply you.

A Revolution Worth Welcoming

Continued from pages 56-109

that by next summer a dozen or more will be here with us. Such a boost will surely work wonders. During the 1942 World Series we knew as much about what was happening in New York and St. Louis as anybody in the U. S. Each night there were broadcasts direct from the stadiums, and twice we were given play-by-play accounts as the final innings ended. Those broadcasts made more fans than any of the games yet seen in Britain, and if rumor is to be credited, we shall have more.

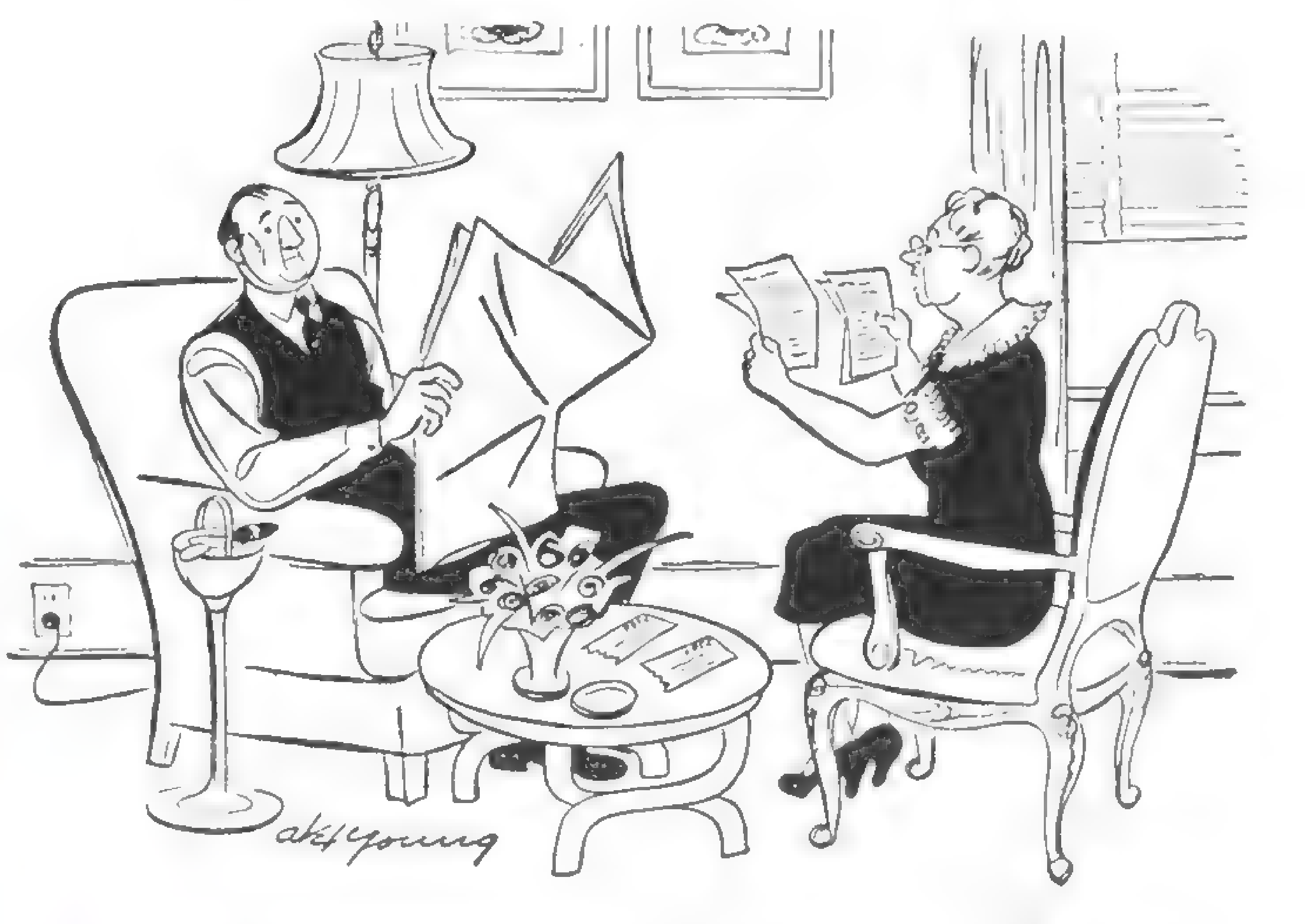
We don't connect baseball with rounders any more. That foolish sneer is dead; but those organizations throughout America which are so dutiful in flooding Britain with baseball literature, would render an even greater service if they induced men with great names, such as Babe Ruth, to pay us a visit. We haven't seen baseball yet, only a fair imitation of it. The ground is all prepared for a development that may be astounding. There are scores of greyhound-racing stadiums that are admirably fitted for the playing of games, but we still badly need crack exponents, officials, and advice. When these are to hand there will be a prairie fire; of that I am firmly convinced. We can afford to give you cricket and Soccer if you will lend us baseball. It will be years before we reach any sort of standard, but there are hundreds of teams ready to start the next season, the schools are taking up the game, and unless things go wrong, there will be exhibitions in the summer that will do more good missionary work. I will wager that in ten years there will be annual international baseball matches between Britain and the United States.

What causes, or has caused, this immense change? Your soldiers, in the main. Most of them are fluent talkers, and it is in the small towns and villages that they are spreading their gospel. They are—apart from sport—weaving a transformation, and if this is not for the good of mankind then I am a wrong guesser. Youngsters whose fathers I knew when I was somewhere between New York and San Francisco are continually in communication with me; I shall never be able to say how much pleasure their company has given me. We British take a lot of freezing out, but your boys are accomplishing the task. What I like about them is their constant thinking of those they have left behind. It still moves a lump into my throat when some husky in a drab uniform diffidently exclaims at parting: "I wonder—um—if you'd mind dropping a line to my folks back home, saying you've seen me." Many, many times they've embarrassed me by offering airmail stamps. They're great scouts.

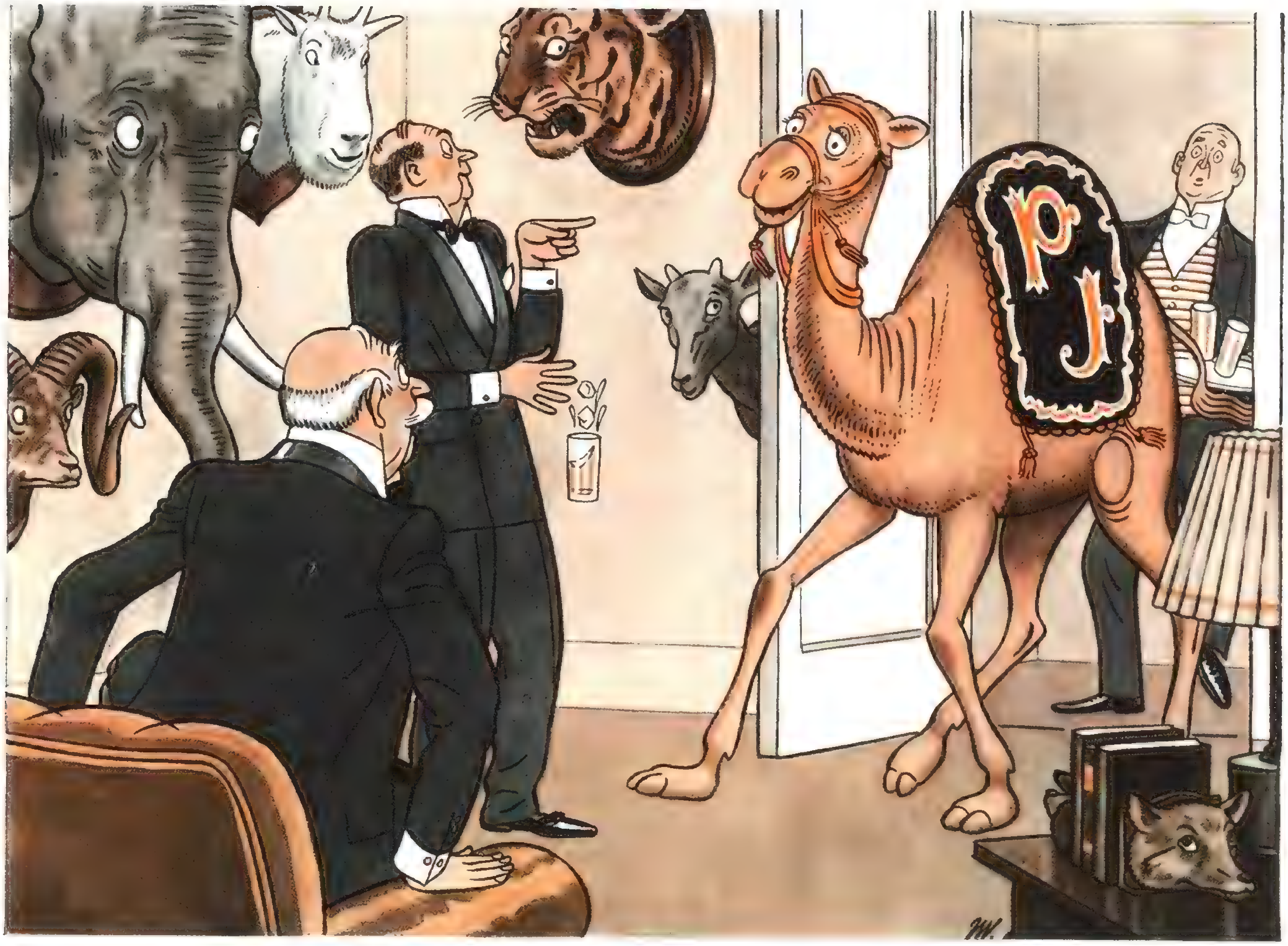
There's the radio, too. No programs on the B.B.C. are more popular than those of Jack Benny, Bob Hope, and Command Performance. Our comedians are pepping up their pace, and American broadcasts are being added with such frequency that soon our Home and Forces wave lengths—the only two we possess—will be more American than British. Today the B.B.C. has six times specially announced that tomorrow what is described as an American film-star unit, headed by Kay Francis, will take the air for thirty minutes. Long established programs have had to be cancelled for this. All the B.B.C. ever offers us of sport is a once-weekly description of a football match, and a very occasional fight. Yet Bill Carey and Ford Kennedy bob up every night at seven, and are welcomed. I am glad I have lived long enough to see what is happening. I can hug to my breast the knowledge that I worked hard enough to plant the seeds. And now they are sprouting.

Yes, I am very, very glad. This old world will be all the better and sweeter, and will be the easier to live in, if the bloodless revolution now silently sweeping Britain, that later on may have an equal surge in the United States, is allowed to do its work.

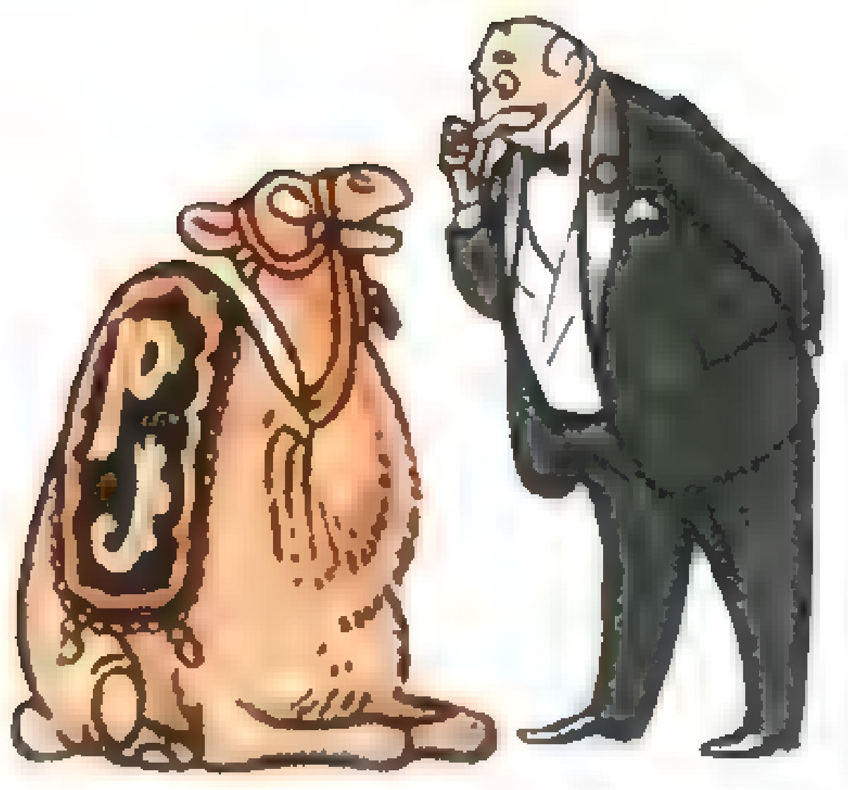
Here is one revolution, anyway, that is entitled to loud cheers. #



"James was bawled out by his sergeant—Mary was nagged by her sergeant"



"Egad, Colonel, the one that got away!"



COLONEL: Zounds. Camel! How dare you come charging in here like this?

CAMEL: But, *Sahib!* Are you not that very celebrated sportsman, that King of Connoisseurs, that World-Famous Host . . . J. SANFORD NORRIS, *ESQUIRE?*

COLONEL: Ah-hhhh! Hmmmm! Well, now! I mean, by Jove, m'friend, I—

CAMEL: Exactly, Effendi! And I am the Paul Jones Camel. The living symbol of the *dryness* in dry Paul Jones whiskey! The—

COLONEL: Fap! Faugh, you ignorant beast! Don't you know that this dryness you're talking about is a quality of champagne?

CAMEL: Pardon, Terror of the Jungle. But had you ever tasted the superb Paul Jones you would know that it, too, has this quality of *dryness*, or lack of sweetness. For, Sahib, it is the *dryness* of Paul Jones which permits you to enjoy *all* of its flavor, its *full* richness and mellowness!

COLONEL: Hold, Camel! Stop it, Beast! My palate fairly twitches for a taste of this expensive whiskey. But . . . well . . . my dividends falling off, I—

CAMEL: Ah, Mighty Hunter, but the superlative *dry* Paul Jones is *most* moderately priced!

COLONEL: Eh? Oh, well now! Sit down, my friend! Sit down, Camel, while I order up a round of this fine *dry* Paul Jones! And say! Did I ever tell you how I was once trapped by twelve man-eating tigers? Well, Sir . . .

The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc.,
Louisville & Baltimore.

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 75

Chattanooga. As Clark Griffith says: "He has a good foot, good arm and hits timely." The St. Louis Cards as usual have a plethora of fine prospects from their farms. Leading the field is Harry Brecheen, ace lefthander for the Junior World Series Champs of Columbus, Ohio, who, however, may follow Johnny Beazley, Terry Moore, and others into the service. Other good Cards are Lou Klein, infielder from Columbus, who hopes to discard his glasses this year; Sylvester "Blix" Donnelly, who struck out 304 men in the Western Association in '41 and won 21 games at Sacramento last year; George "Big Red" Munger, who looked good last spring before being sent to Columbus where he won 16 games; and George Dockins, a control artist who was held back by appendix trouble in the Southern Association last season.

The Cincinnati Reds had a coming phenomenon in Ewell Blackwell, six-foot-six twenty-year-old from San Dimas, California, who was second in earned runs in the International League as he won 15 games at Syracuse last season. Gangly as he is, he rapidly became a fine fielder, which speaks well for his aptitude for the game. Branch Rickey said he was a better bet than any of the men picked up by his far-flung organization at St. Louis, and Jack Doyle, the Cub scout, remarked one day when "Blackie" was scheduled to pitch: "I might as well go back to the hotel. What's the use of trying to scout anybody in a game that Blackwell is going to pitch? I know now what is going to happen." Sure enough, Blackwell pitched a shut-out that day!

However, unfortunately for the Cincinnati ball club, rookie Blackwell "reported in" in the Poll as Private Ewell Blackwell, Company G, 334th Infantry, Camp Howze, Texas.

The Phillies may have a coming fence-buster in the Cuban, Roberto Ortiz, who started as a pitcher but switched to outfielding because of his hitting. He batted .357 at Chattanooga last year and drove in 51 runs.

The White Sox have some very promising youngsters coming up in the persons of Jimmy Grant, third-sacker, who had a short tryout last year and looked very good; Ralph Hogdin, outfielder from San Francisco; Melvin Mazzerra, outfielder from San Diego, and Floyd Speer, pitcher from Shreveport.

Brooklyn's favorite is Harold Peck, left-handed hitting outfielder from Milwaukee, who batted .333 in the Association.

The Browns have a number of good boys coming up, the pick being Bill Seinsoth who won 24 and lost ten for New Orleans last year. Bob Dillinger, infielder from Toledo, also is regarded as a prize. Other good rookies expected to be on hand include Mark Christman, infielder, brother of Paul Christman, the Missouri football star; Floyd Baker, infielder from San Antonio; Charlie Stevens, infielder from Toledo; Woody Rich, pitcher, and Joe Schultz, catcher.

Two young infielders may spark up National League games: Sid Gordon of the Giants and Whitey Wietelmann of the Braves.

The lineup of best prospects per club was as follows:

National League

St. Louis—Harry Brecheen, pitcher
Brooklyn—Harold Peck, outfielder
New York—Sid Gordon, outfielder
Cincinnati—Francis Kelleher, outfielder
Pittsburgh—Frank Colman, outfielder
Chicago—Eddie Stanky, shortstop
Boston—Whitey Wietelmann, infielder
Philadelphia—Roberto Ortiz, outfielder

American League

New York—George Stirnweiss, infielder
Boston—Lou Lucier, pitcher
St. Louis—Bill Seinsoth, pitcher
Cleveland—Allie Reynolds, pitcher
Detroit—Dick Wakefield, right fielder
Chicago—Jimmy Grant, third baseman
Washington—John Sullivan, shortstop
Philadelphia—Eddie Mayo, third baseman

According to the fans, the National League will be going out only for the air and the sunshine and to give the clients something with which to sweep the fog of war worries away.

Comments expressed many strong opinions that the Dodgers would be more than two games behind the Cardinals when the 1943 National League race was completed. Lieut. Col. MacPhail will be missed plenty by Dem Brooklyn Bums, the forecasters believe.

Numerous voters, who fancy their psychic faculties, look for the Browns to give the Yankees a close race in the American. Many picked the Browns to win. Boston should slump this year in the American League race because of the loss of Ted Williams and Johnny Pesky who now are with the Army Air Force. Both contributed ballots to the Poll.

Joe Palla, the Pittsburgh scout, was among those who liked the Browns. His idea was that:

> The Browns will be the surprise team of 1943. With the men they are bringing up, I feel they will provide their fans with their first pennant. They look to have everything, including pitching, catching, offensive power; and they are straight down the middle, from catcher out into centerfield. As for the National, I can not pick anyone but the Cardinals. They really have everything, with more coming up. ╫

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*Govt. figures show all-time smoking peak

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MORRIS!
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD.
Call for
PHILIP MORRIS

This is *the* cigarette scientifically *proved* less irritating to nose and throat.

Eminent doctors . . . in medical journals . . . report that:

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS—every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—cleared up completely or definitely improved!

NOTE: We do not claim curative power for PHILIP MORRIS—*BUT*—here's *real* proof that they are *less irritating* . . .

FINER PLEASURE . . . PLUS REAL PROTECTION

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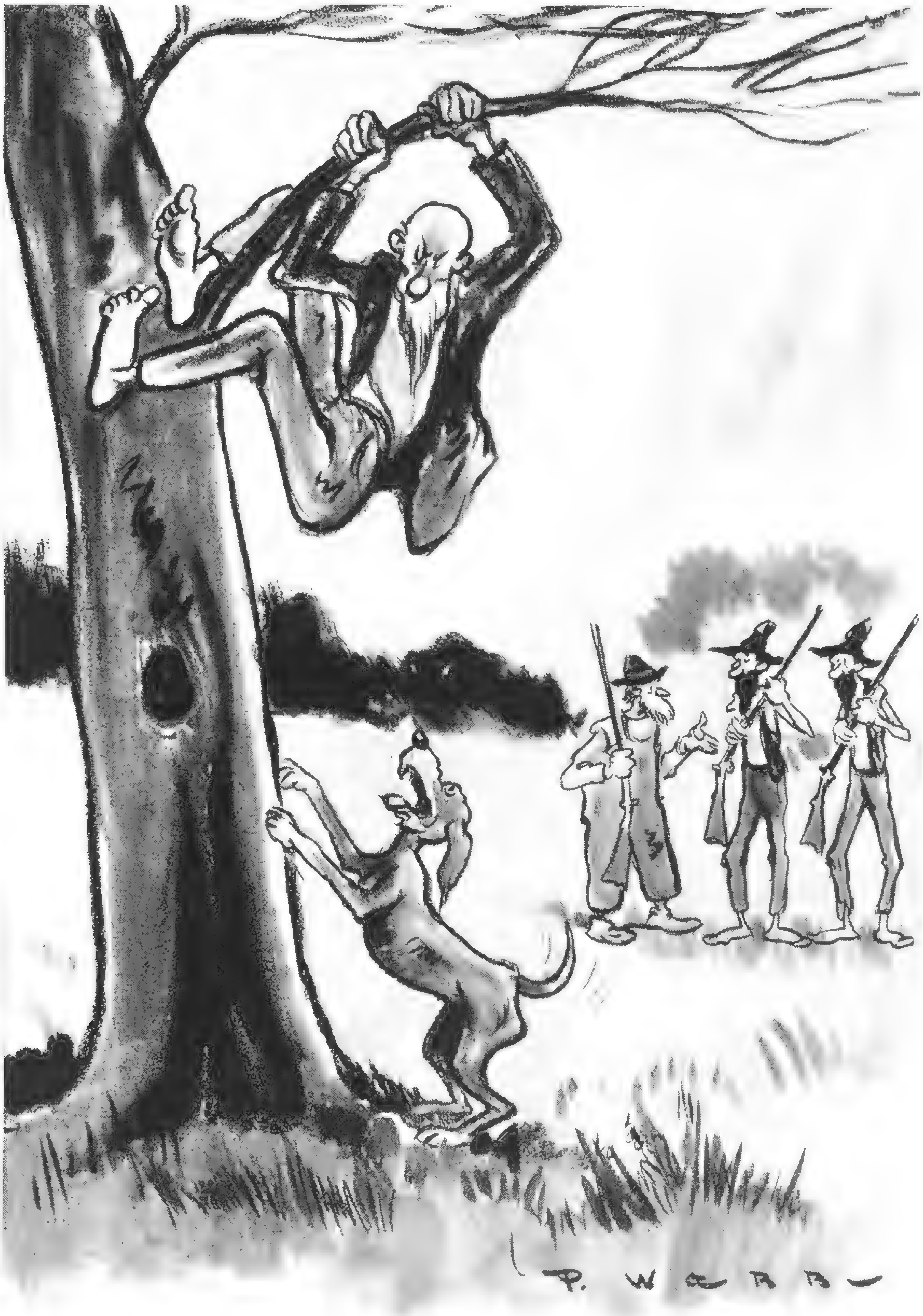
America's FINEST Cigarette



*"It ain't a fair trial, boys—he's still the best dang skunk dog in the county—
only trouble is he don't see none too good"*

Dodge Spring Chills-
Scotty Kote V/M
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100% ARLINGCREST NAPHTHALATED WOOL

OUTSMART tricky weather with Scotty warmth without weight, protection without bulk. You'll know real comfort in a Scotty—snug-fitting, free and easy to wear.

Every Scotty is knitted from high quality, resilient, long wearing Arlingcrest wool worsted yarns made of

100% WOOL NAPHTHALATED
Virgin wool gently cleansed in naphtha to preserve wool fiber strength.

Scotty Kote is one of the most popular of garments, light, handsome, ideal to wear under coat or jacket, and for every kind of sport wear. Patented construction. No Bunch—No Bind—No Sag. Handsome Heather colors.

Scotty Pullover and **Scotty Sleeveless** should be a part of every wardrobe. Same quality . . . same fine fit . . . same colors.

Scotty garments are sold by leading stores everywhere. For name of nearest store write Arlingcrest Naphthalated Wool Service, 401 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

ARLINGTON MILLS MADE OF WOOL NAPHTHALATED **LAWRENCE, MASS.**

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

NO. 553—SCOTTY PULLOVER
V-neck, ribbed cuffs. Scotty colors and fine resilient fabrics and seams, raglan sleeves, two pockets.

NO. 508—SCOTTY SLEEVELESS
V-neck Pullover, resilient, snug-fitting, mighty popular. Worn with jacket models or worn separately.

A Fighting American

Continued from page 70

boys. I cannot understand a large part of the criticism which somehow seems to be directed at competitive sports, especially football—some of it coming from within even our own ranks."

The Hamiltons are of English parentage. Tom's granddad, John L. Hamilton, came to America in the 1840's and settled with his wife at Wellington, Illinois. Both were deeply religious and they brought up their children in the same teaching.

A sharp-pointed plow and indomitable courage brought results. Lean pioneering years were followed by years of increasing yields. Stock was added. Original crude buildings were replaced by fine barns and a homestead, the showplace of the neighborhood. Granddad Hamilton got into banking, was elected to the Illinois Legislature, where he took a prominent part in legislation.

It was at Wellington that Tom's father, John L. Jr., was born. His father schooled him in practical banking and farming, and John L. Jr. married early—a young lady of English parentage. She had graduated from normal school and had started to teach at Charlotte, North Carolina, before she was persuaded to say "I do."

The newlyweds picked out the thriving farm community of Hoopeston, in Vermilion County, Illinois, five miles from the Indiana border, for their home. Principal crops in their locality were corn, wheat and hay. John L. Jr. made his farm pay, instituting the newest methods of farming. He bought property and, like his father, grasped the first opportunity to get into banking.

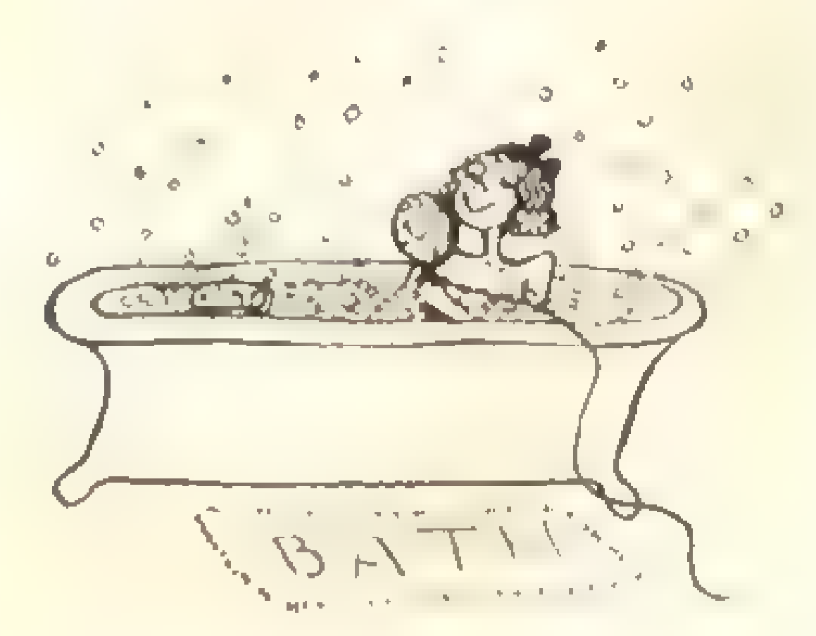
While the Lord was increasing the yield of his acres, the Stork made the first trip to the Hamilton home. And if the Old Bird was prescient, he marked the place well because he was scheduled to make four return trips.

John, the first-born, squawled out in 1892. Then came Donald, Robert, and Howard, while Thomas James, the baby, was born one day after a white Christmas—December 26, 1906.

The same year that Tom completed the quintet of sons, his father was elected president of the American Bankers' Association. At the time, he was President of Hoopeston's Hamilton-Cunningham Banking Co.

The Hamilton family's Buckeye saga opens in 1913. Dad Hamilton sold his banking business and bought a going insurance company in Columbus, moving his wife and five sons there. The family home was at Fifteenth Avenue and Summit—just two blocks from the gateway to Ohio State University's campus.

John, Bob and Don finished high school in Columbus and entered Ohio State. Howard completed grammar school and one year of high school in Columbus. His parents then sent him to the Baptist-endowed preparatory school, Doane Academy, at nearby Granville, Ohio.



We shouldn't grumble when the United Nations occasionally meet reverses. After all things go sour for our soap opera heroes and heroines every day.

Young Tom was bitten by the football bug early. Perhaps it was the proximity of the Hamilton home to the Fighting Buckeyes' old Ohio Field where Chic Harley was carving football history for the Buckeyes.

Students coming home from late classes those autumn football seasons of World War I would see a tow-headed youngster of 11-12, with a football in the vacant lot adjoining the Hamilton place. It was Tom, practicing. He would angle drop-kicks for the telephone wires in the alley. If a playmate turned up, Tommy would practice throwing passes.

If there were enough boys for "sides," Tom automatically became captain of one team. In fact, from his sandlot football playing days, Tom was an acknowledged leader.

His first football coach at Doane, C. Edison "Babe" Rupp, now mathematics professor at Denison University, recalls that:

"It was impossible not to like Tom. From the first, he impressed me as a fighter and, more important, a leader. He was very bright in his school work . . . square in everything . . . dependable. And easy to coach?—Just about the easiest I ever handled. Outline a play for him and he'd see the reason at once."

Tom was popular with his schoolmates but he wasn't much interested in girls. Tom Price, now owner-operator of a modern apple farm in Welsh Hills Road, east of Granville, was one of his closest companions at Doane. "I guess we did about everything that normal boys of that age do," recalled Price. "But while Tom liked a lot of fun and was what I would call a well-balanced fellow, he never would talk about himself or stay in a crowd if he was being praised."

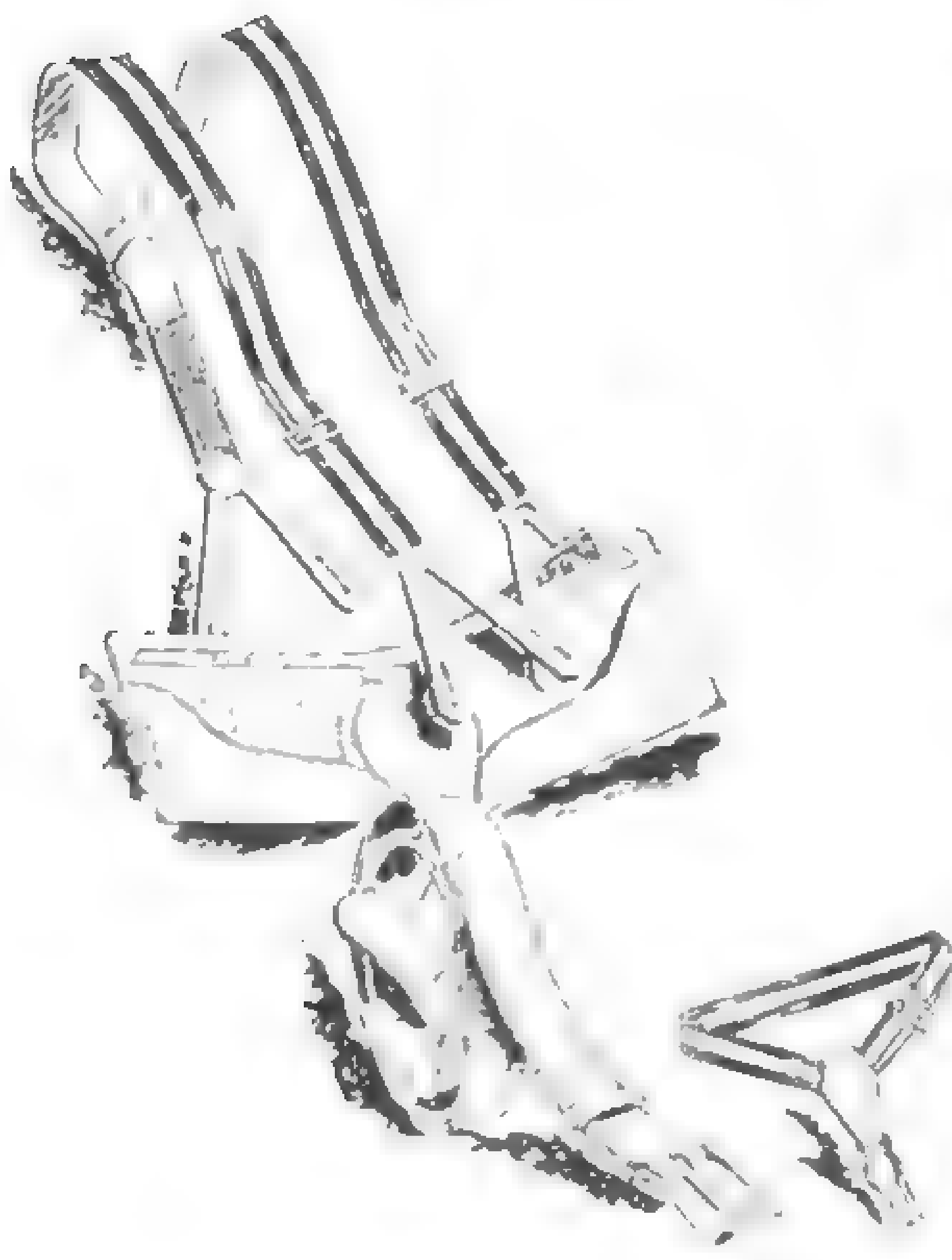
In 1923, four months before becoming seventeen, Tom was appointed to Annapolis. He was excused from the usual scholastic entrance exams because of his brilliant record at Doane.

The spirit, the verve of the

Continued on page 116

NEW FACES
behind counters . . . but
FAMILIAR
QUALITY NAMES
on Dependable Apparel

Maybe it'll seem a trifle strange at first . . . not seeing some of the friendly faces that you've felt to be almost as permanent as the fixtures in your favorite store. But please bear in mind that many salespeople who formerly served you are now serving Uncle Sam and wearing the khaki or blue. And while those taking their places may not always know *you* or be familiar with your tastes, they will continue to earn your confidence by offering *branded* apparel and furnishings of recognized character. For more than 65 years, among such nationally-known brands, Pioneer has stood as a hall-mark of style and quality in accessories . . . "FOR MEN WHO CARE WHAT THEY WEAR".



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Pioneer makes Braces, Belts, Wallets, Garters for Men and Boys . . . Military Accessories for Men in the Services.

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DEPENDABLE QUALITY . . . CORRECT STYLE IN FINE ACCESSORIES . . . SINCE 1877

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WRINKLE-PROOF
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LAST LONGER

The marvelous fabric springs back to fresh newness overnight. You are serving the needs of conservation when you wear Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties, because they last longer. These ties are still the same original quality that won for them acclaim as the original wrinkle-proof tie. Available at good dealers everywhere, in Planned Patterns to go with whatever you wear...$1 each. Botany Regence Ties, $1.50.

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A...FOULARD
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T...SPRING FOULARD
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E...SPRING PLAID
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Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties are available in Official Army, Navy and Marine shades as well as in forty-four solid tones for civilian wear.

BOTANY WRINKLE-PROOF TIES
TO GO WITH WHATEVER YOU WEAR

A Fighting American

Continued from pages 70-114

Naval Academy and its men fired young Tom. He had a sparkling season on the yearling eleven. His scholastic record again was near the top. And to climax his first year, his classmates elected him permanent president for their four years' "cruise" together.

Admiral Jonas W. Ingram was head coach at Annapolis and with Tom crashing the varsity his first year up, a close friendship was cemented between them. Com. Hamilton likes to quote a part of Admiral Ingram's first message to the Middies upon becoming director of athletics: "The closest thing to war in time of peace is football!"

Upon graduation, Tom was called upon to make an important decision. "Chief" Bender, one of the Annapolis baseball coaches and also a scout for the New York Giants, saw prospects for Tom in big-league baseball. He offered Tom a tryout with the Giants. Tom chose the Navy.

Tom had been temporarily detached from duty as a turret officer on the *U.S.S. Maryland* to serve as assistant football coach at the Naval Academy in 1927-28. The next year he took flight training at Pensacola, advancing to lieutenant, j.g., and being assigned to the *U.S.S. Lexington.*

Flying from the *U. S. S. Milwaukee*, with the Pacific Fleet, he coached the Fleet team at San Diego in 1931, and the Navy football squad at San Pedro, in 1932 and 1933. All three teams made splendid records that were to lead to his recall to Annapolis as head coach of football in 1934.

Tom discovered while with the Pacific Fleet that the Navy had some men who fought orders in peace time. In an emergency, looking toward maneuvers, his commanding officer asked Tom to take over No. 4 gun turret.

"I'm warning you that they're a bunch of 'Bolsheviks,'" said Gold Stripes. "Each one is a he-man but collectively they're just a bunch of trouble makers. Here we've been in port nearly one month and not one day's shore leave has any of that outfit had all because of hell-raising."

Five days later, Tom knew precisely what his commanding officer had meant. The men in No. 4 couldn't reconcile the calm orders of their new officer with his athletic build. "Man or mouse," they speculated and dragged at work.

The showdown came the seventh day that Tom was in command. They were at sea. Tom coaxed them through their imitation of team drill, then finally, snapped off with the command: "Follow me on after-deck!" There he took off his insignia of rank and stripped to the waist.

"Okay, you sons-a-bitches. You asked for it and I'm going to show you that I'm giving orders in No. 4! I'll take you one at a time. Who's first?" He cut three of them down before they called it quits.

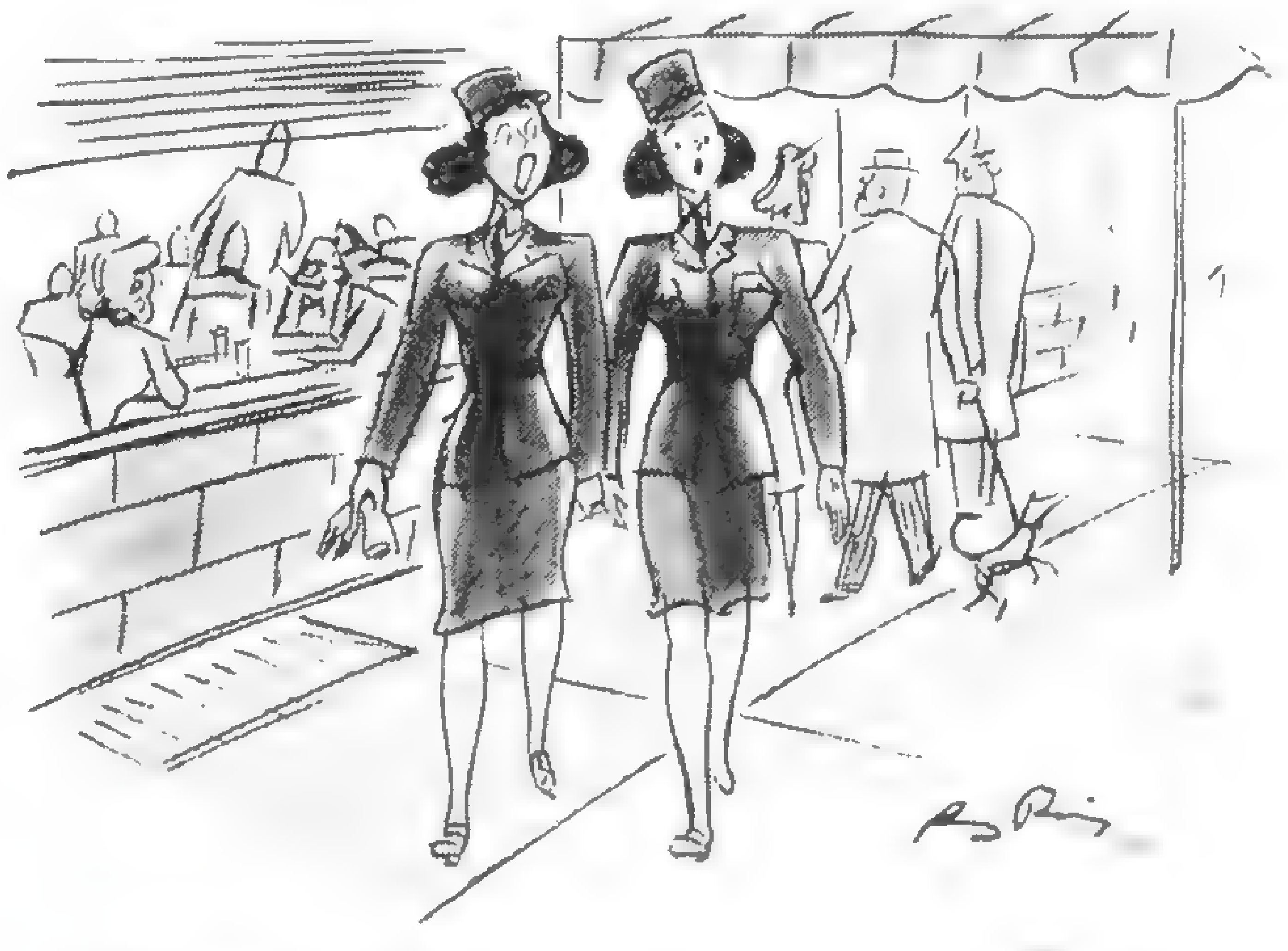
"Yes, sir!" had a different ring that afternoon in No. 4 turret and there was a new snap to movements. When target practice, with smoke and flames, rocked the ship a few days later, the ship's officers were amazed at the regularity with which No. 4 belched shells.

On that memorable cruise, the "bad boys" of the ship went from a cellar rating to the top of the mast! They won the Navy "E" for the ship!

After a three-year "tour of duty" as head football coach at Annapolis, Hamilton flew with patrol squadrons from 1937 to June 1940. He piled up thousands of air hours in flights from the mainland to Hawaii, Alaska, and the Caribbean islands.

In June, 1940, he became assistant operations officer at the Naval Air Station, Anacostia, D. C., and in July, 1941, he was promoted to lieutenant commander in charge of operations. It is at Anacostia that the family of the commander is domiciled. He married the former Miss Emma Spaulding of Coronado, California, in 1932. They have two sons, Tom Jr., 8, and Bill, 6.

That, in brief, is the story of Commander Tom Hamilton, fighting American. ⵌ



"With me it's different—I joined up because the man I love married a blonde"

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OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care There is nothing better in the market
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BROWN·FORMAN·KENTUCKY
There is nothing better in the market—

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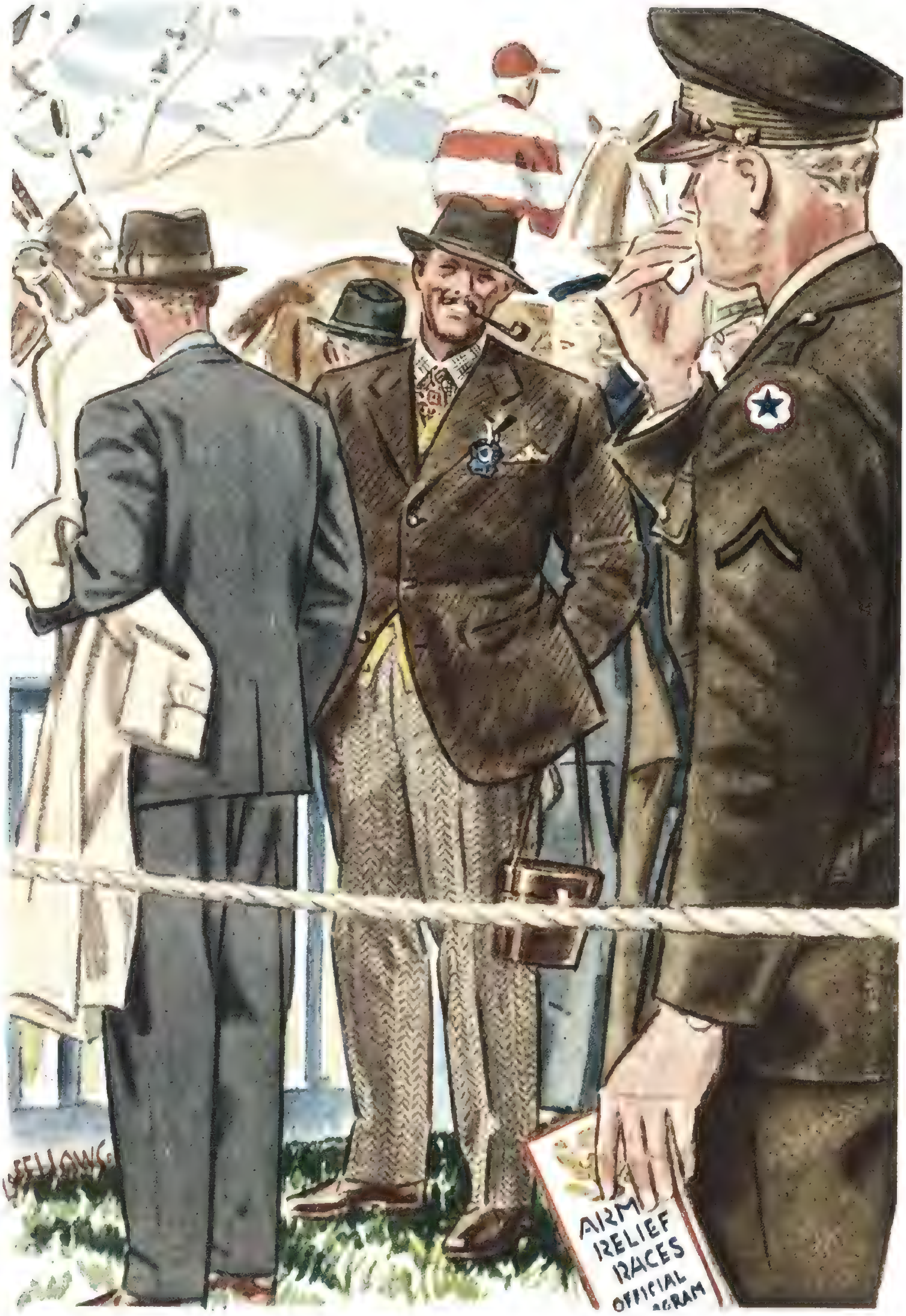
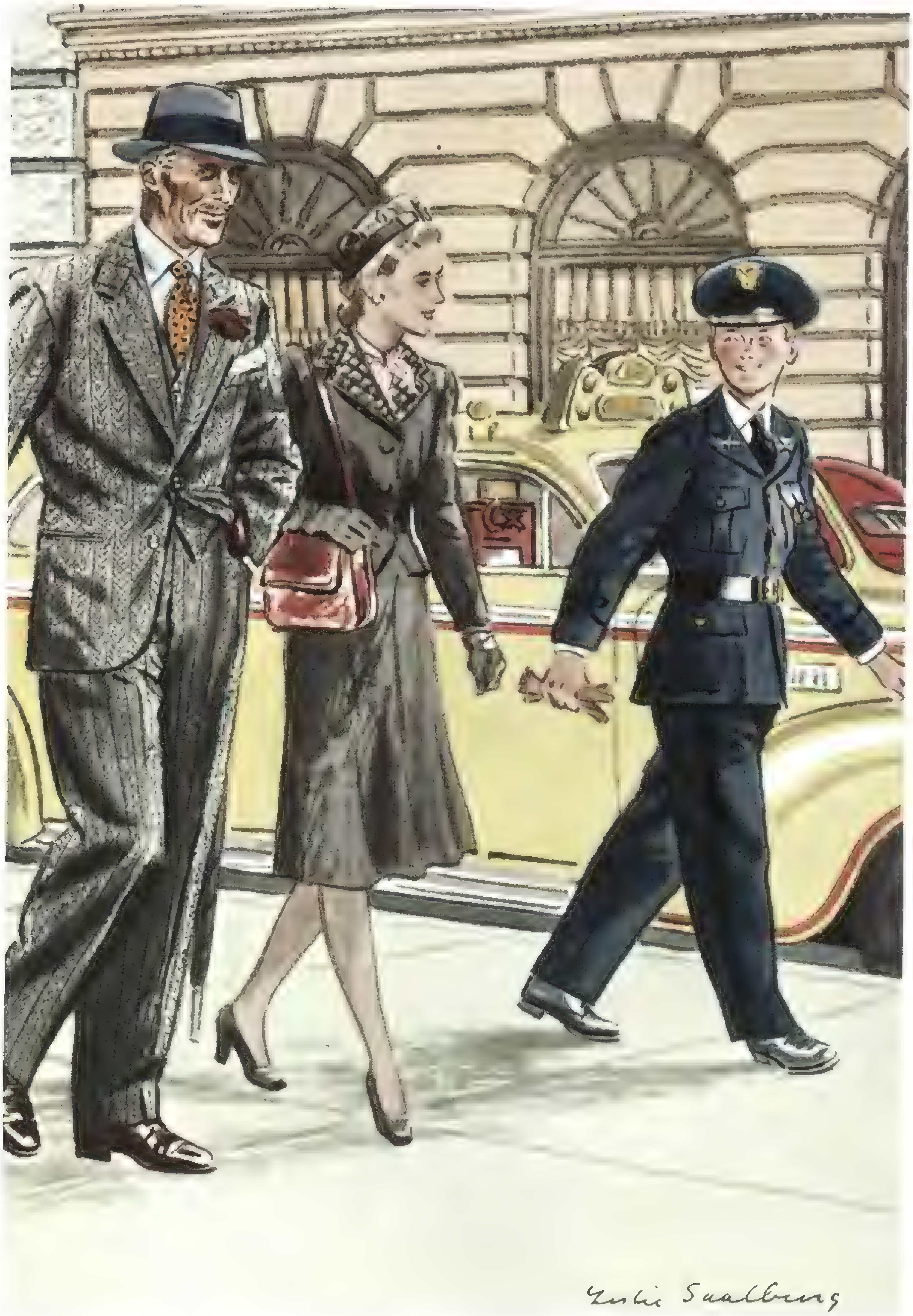


backstage with the bangtails

This "all out for charity" affair brings the remainder of the horsey set together at the Army Relief Races. All of the most ardent railbirds are previewing the ponies at the paddock now before they go to the post, so let's jump the gun and get a fashion lineup on the situation. Of course, the best dressed man in the crowd wears the uniform of a Private First Class but let's give some credit to the runner-up in tweed . . . his reddish brown Harris tweed jacket, which shows a diagonal weave, fills the bill of an all-around knockabout coat which may be teamed up with other outfits. His tan and white Glen plaid shirt is a good background for the red, buff, and black figured foulard tie. His slacks are brown and tan herringbone tweed, the shoes are brown monk front, and the lightweight felt hat has a suede finish. He's being very stuffy about showing off that wild yellow sleeveless cardigan, which proves one thing that's certain... there must be some life in the old boy yet!

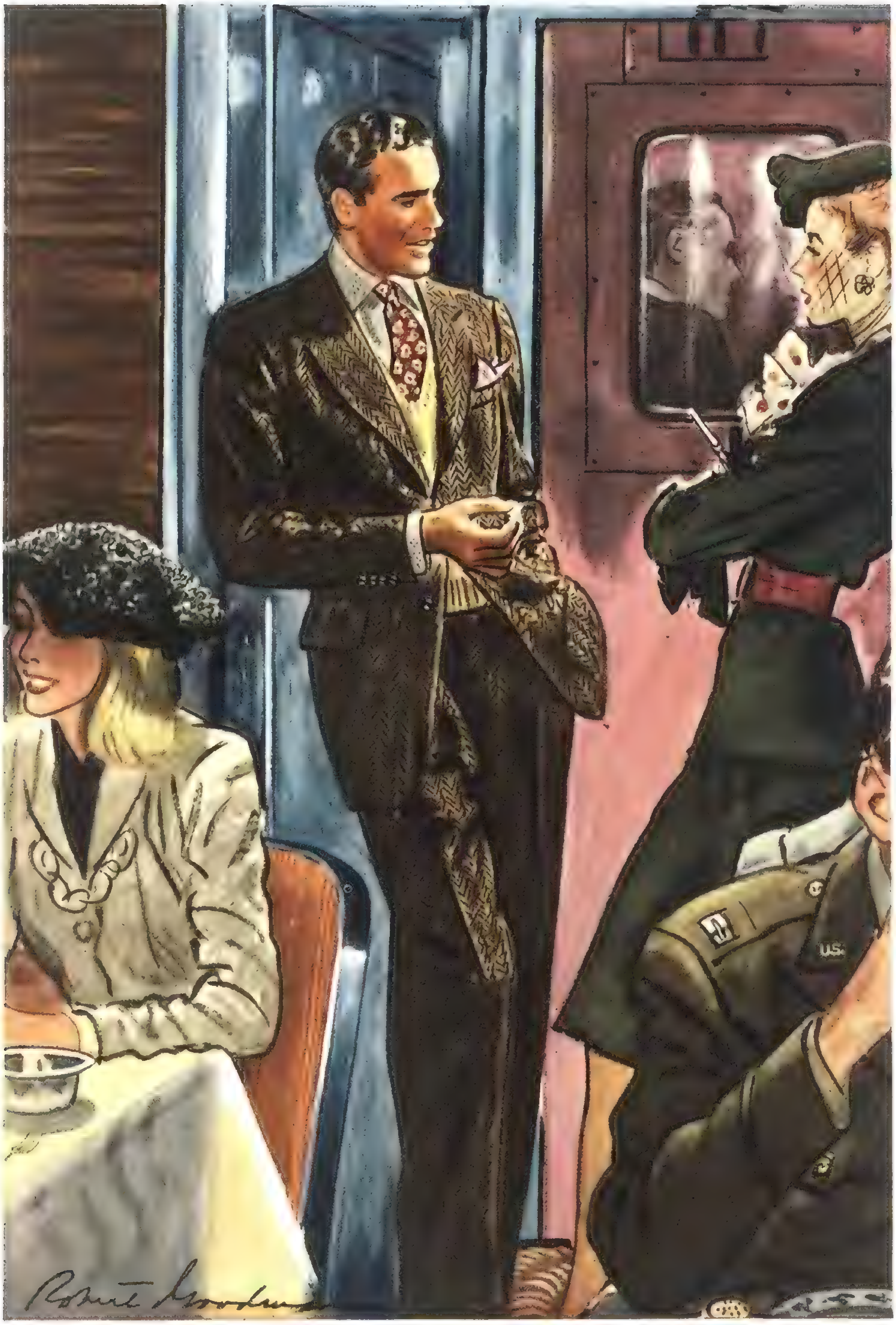
(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



suit and son on the short side

This is the complete family picture on Easter Sunday when Johnny comes marching home from military academy. Momma is very proud of her little man in uniform, but the larger addition in civilian dress on her right holds a key position in her heart, too. Especially today when he's spiffed up in his new grey herringbone Cheviot suit with blue stripes, the jacket of which is a three-button, single-breasted model on the short side. The shirt he wears was specially selected to team up with the shot of color in his suit . . . a pale blue one with narrow white stripes and a Windsor collar. With it he wears a red, yellow and black figured foulard tie and a grey felt raw-edged hat with a snap brim. The shoes are brown straight tip bluchers and he carries a wooden-shanked umbrella with a pigskin-covered handle. Poppa looks very nice, but so does Sonny . . . so let's ask Momma which outfit she prefers . . . why that's absurd! . . . Can't you see that she's in the middle?

For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



tall, dark and drafted

The diner is jammed, but what could be a finer break for this travelin' man who has had his eye on that incendiary blonde ever since she stepped on at Elkhart? The flirtation kindles with, "How about a light, miss?" and from that spark of conversation, there's real fire in his eyes and steam heat in his heart. The lady doesn't have much to go by except appearances, but evidently the brown Cheviot suit marked with wine stripings has scored a hit, and she has accepted his invitation to dinner. Or maybe it was the tan cashmere sweater which gave her the impression he used to haunt out Nassau and Bermuda because he looks so casual. We'll give her the gong . . . . the deep V-necked sweater has gained ground this year for business and travel wear, and these are vestless days! And, lady, if this passing gent looks like a pretty toy to you, we don't like to shatter your rose-colored illusions, but he's over eighteen, 1-A material, and he's en route to report to his local draft board!

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Rise and Fall of the Luftwaffe III

Continued from page 42

though of course, it was never admitted officially. But among the better-informed people in Germany, it was soon an open secret. The upshot of it was that Hitler lost faith in Goering. The Fuehrer did not believe anything Goering said any more, and, especially, so far as war operations were concerned, he never again trusted the air marshal's judgment.

It was precisely during the following months that Albert Kesselring, who by that time had become air marshal, came more and more into the limelight. Hitler decided that Kesselring knew more about air war than Goering, which, incidentally, was true. But the irony of fate which so often had operated in Hitler's favor, at least in this one case, operated against him. When a few months later the question of a Russian campaign came up, and Hitler asked Goering's as well as Kesselring's opinion, Goering spoke against the adventure. Like most of the generals, he thought a Russian war would be a great risk. And he doubted that the Luftwaffe could operate on two fronts. Kesselring, however, told the Fuehrer that the Luftwaffe could take the Russians. Hitler thereupon made Kesselring the High Commander of the Luftwaffe in the fight against Russia. Goering protested, but to no avail. He faded more and more into the background, and lost more and more influence during the next year—at least where the Luftwaffe was concerned.

This was not the only major change in the ranking and influence of the men behind the Luftwaffe. During the succeeding months, one may even say up to this very day, hardly a week passed without changes within the select circle of the Luftwaffe higher-ups. The world press wrote little about these shifts because while most generals are internationally well known, the big shots of the Luftwaffe are more or less obscure. But anyone who knew the inside could not fail to see that since the end of 1940 not only Goering, but in ever growing measure the men belonging to the Goering wing, lost influence.

Perhaps there were some genuine accidents in which the victims were prominent fliers who happened to be friends of Goering's. But the fatal accident involving a man very close to Goering, that of Ernst Udet, could not have been merely an accident.

The official German report said that Udet had been killed "while trying out a new weapon." Official Italian sources reported—remember this was in 1941—that Udet had crashed. There had been no official report, however, that some time previously the Gestapo had arrested Udet. Surely, such an arrest would have been impossible in 1939 or 1940. It proved that Goering in the Fall of 1941 was no longer powerful enough to protect his friend, Udet. All he was able to do was change the "arrest" into a kind of "detention" at his estate, Schorfheide.

No matter what interpretation may be put upon the way Udet was killed, one thing is sure: with Udet the Luftwaffe lost its best technician, lost him, indeed, at a moment when it most needed him.

By that time the Luftwaffe had achieved one more success, its last great success. That was the occupation of the island of Crete, in May, 1941. It was a particular success for the gliders and for the parachute troops under their general, Kurt Student.

The parachute troops had been instituted and built up at a relatively late date. The inside story of their innovation is amusing. It began in 1936 when the British air attaché in Russia took a film of the Russian maneuvers in Kiev, especially of the phase in which 2,000 parachutists came down, protected by a smoke screen, to take over the city. The German air attaché in London saw the film and was so impressed that he immediately got in touch with Goering and Milch. Up to that time, Goering and Milch had always denied that there was any need for parachutists, though many experts—especially Kurt Student

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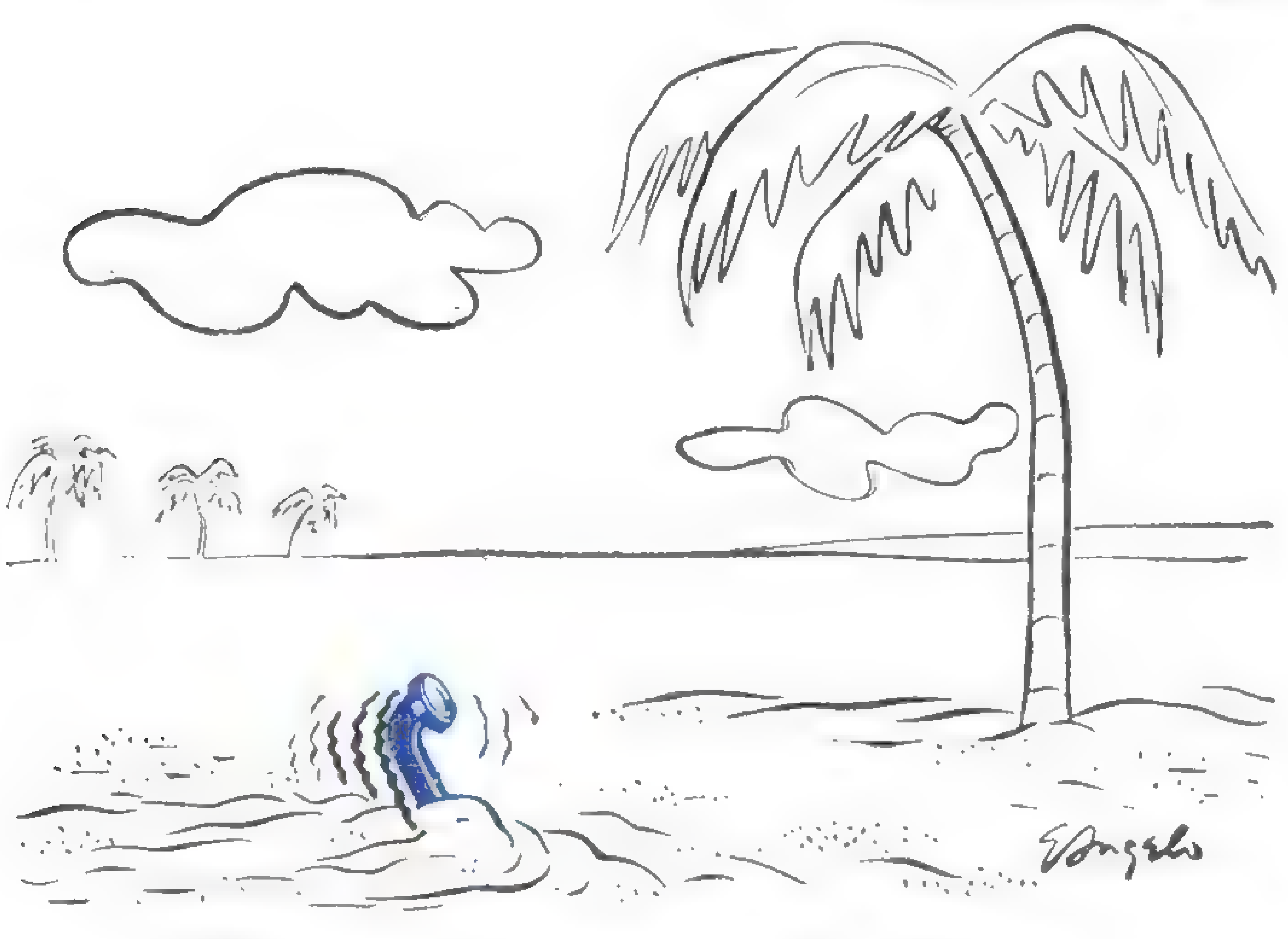


"We seem to be meeting stiff resistance, Herr Oberleutnant!"

THE *Taylor-Made* SHOE

PROOF
THAT CUSTOM CHARACTER
NEED NOT BE
EXPENSIVE

MOST STYLES
$6.50
to
$8.50

THE
LIEUTENANT...

a fitting pattern for war time

Despite today's difficult conditions, the craftsmanship in Taylor-Made shoes remains at the same high levels which have built a strong reputation among critical men from coast to coast. Taylor-Made's policy has always been to make the finest possible shoe for the money . . . and to give every consideration to the customer's interest and satisfaction.

E. E. TAYLOR CORPORATION · · · BOSTON

Allentown, Easton, Bethlehem, & Reading	Farr Bros. Co.
Asbury Park	Bob and Irving, Inc.
Atlanta	Davison-Paxon Co.
Auburn	Bennett and Tracy
Baltimore	Goodman's
Boston	Stetson Shoe Shop
Bridgeport	The D. M. Read Co.
Buffalo	The Kleinhans Co
Cambridge	Leopold Morse Co.
Champaign	Overgard, Inc.
Charlotte	Tate-Brown Co.
Chicago	Mandel Brothers
Cincinnati	The H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland	The Halle Bros. Co
Dayton	Ray's
Denver	The Gano-Downs Co
Evansville	Sater's
Fargo	Straus Esquire
Galveston	E. S. Levy & Co
Greenville	Johl and Bergman
Greensboro	Younts-DeBoe Co
Hanover	James Campion, Inc
Houston	Mosk's
Ithaca	The Sport Shop
Lake Charles	Wallace & Walter Hebert
Lexington, Ky	Phillips Shoe Co.
Lincoln	Magee's
Little Rock	Farrior Brokerage Co
Los Angeles	Silverwoods
Louisville	Martin's
Lowell	Morse's Shoe Store
Lynchburg	Bell Shoe Store
Miami	Cowen's
Minneapolis	Brown Clo. Co.
Nashville	Frank Scott's
Newport News	Adams Shoe Store, Inc.
Council Bluffs, Ia.	Joe Smith & Co.
New York City	The Nettleton Shops 17 West 33rd St., 5 West 50th St., 365 Madison Ave
Olean	Hannifan & Co.
Peoria	Block and Kuhl Co.
Petersburg	Standard-James Shoe Co.
Phoenix	Bush Footwear
Philadelphia	Stern & Co.
Pittsburgh	Stetson Shoe Shop, Inc.
Portland, Maine	Gordon's Inc
Portland, Oregon	Armishaw's
Portsmouth, N H.	Shaines
Rochester, Minn	The Men's Shop
Rochester, N. Y.	McFarlin Clo. Co
Rutland	Wilson Clo. Co
Saginaw	Heavenrich's
Salt Lake City	McKendrick Shoe Co.
San Antonio	Guarantee Shoe Co.
Santa Maria	Broadway Bootery
Savannah	Morris Levy's
Schenectady	Patton & Hall
Scranton	Scranton Dry Goods Co.
Seattle	Turrells
Shamokin	Leavens & Donlan
Sioux City	E&W Clothing House
Springfield	Stetson Shoe Shop
St. Petersburg	Rutland's Men's Store
Toledo	The Lasalle & Koch Co
Trenton	George Weiss
Tulsa	Clarke's
Washington D. C.	Julius Garfinckel & Co., Inc.
Wilmington	Sauter's Shoe Shoppe
Morgantown, W. Va.	Reiner & Core

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE *Taylor-Made* SHOE

No gas, no tires . . . No sugar for coffee . . . No coffee for sugar

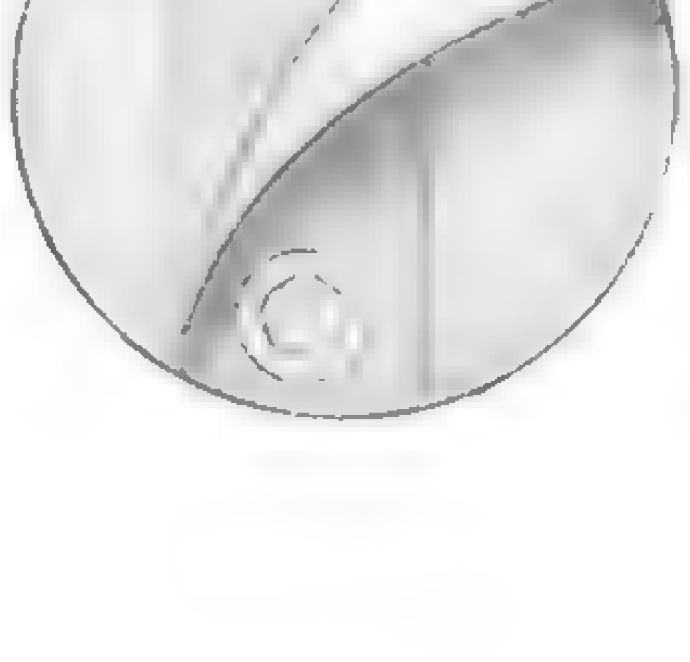
No fuel oil, no meat . . . that's war! But BUTTON-BOTHER!!!

That's the last straw! Got to get this war over quick . . .

so I can again have GRIPPER FASTENERS ON MY SHORTS!

The metal that went into Gripper fasteners is now going into vital war materials. When the war is over, Gripper fasteners will be back and on a larger selection of merchandise than ever.

GRIPPER* FASTENERS
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONN.
AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF SNAP FASTENERS
**The snap fastener that ends "button-bother"*



Rise and Fall of the Luftwaffe III

Continued from pages 42-121

—had implored them to do something about it. Now they hopped over to England in a special plane and, after seeing the film, were convinced immediately.

The teaching of parachutists and the creation of paratroops were attended to without losing a day, and once things were started they were carried through with typical German thoroughness.

By 1939, German parachute troops had been trained and developed and armed, but they were not thrown into the battle of Poland in any appreciable numbers. It was only in Holland and in Belgium that they made their spectacular landings. The conquest of Crete was an even bigger occasion for them because there everything depended upon them and the air infantry—an entirely separate body of men who are landed from airplanes and gliders; this infantry landed in a strength of 37,000 men within a few days, with so much equipment that they succeeded in dislodging the 45,000 seasoned British troops who fought with the assistance of a big fleet.

We hope India's problems are settled. Three hundred and ninety million people can't be wronged.

This was the first important example of the possibilities of total air warfare. It proved the necessity of air mastery over the objective. The British troops were supported by only a few fighter aircraft on the spot, owing, as was pointed out later, to the lack of airfields. The nearest British airfield for long-distance aircraft was located in Alexandria, 340 miles away, while the Nazis were able to use the much nearer Greek bases. They thus could use their bombers in a continuous, heavy attack against the ground facilities of the RAF. Once the first airport (Maleme) was taken, the rest was relatively simple.

Crete may be compared to the Spanish war. In both cases the Luftwaffe tried out something and gained valuable experience. Goebbels took it upon himself to tell the world: "The conquest of Crete proved that an island could be taken from the air. Therefore, the English Isles, too, could be taken from the air."

That was exactly what Crete did not prove. Crete was conquered because the Nazis were allowed to obtain and sustain the mastery of the air during their operations. England was not invaded because the Nazis were not allowed to obtain mastery of the air at any time, and there was no reason why they would be able to do later what they had failed to do in the first place.

I don't think that Goebbels believed a word of what he was saying. If he did, why did Hitler not launch a new attack on England after the conquest of Crete? Because the leaders of the Luftwaffe knew then that it wouldn't succeed. Because Hitler himself knew.

If he didn't, why, instead of turning against England, did he immediately turn upon Russia?

Russia, too, was scheduled to be overrun in a blitzkrieg. That was at least the plan conceived by the High Command. In this blitzkrieg the Luftwaffe was assigned a very logical part.

The first phase of its role was to be exactly the same as the first phases of the other campaigns. It was supposed to attack the Red air force, it had to destroy as much of it as possible on the ground. The Luftwaffe went at its job, and though exactly what happened should have been expected of the Russians, the German successes were considerable.

And then?

From then on, the Luftwaffe had a much lesser role than one should have expected after the great success in Crete. In spite of that victory and probably on account of the Luftwaffe's disastrous failure over England, the High Command did not allow the German air force to play an autonomous part in the Russian operations. By High Command, I mean, of course, the generals who were then still in charge: above all, Werner von Brauchitsch.

It is an open question whether the Luftwaffe, if allowed to play an independent part, could have brought about a decision. Had it really been allowed to do so, had it actually been allowed to play a strategic part, then it would have concentrated on long-range warfare; it would have bombed and destroyed the most important strategic points behind the front, the railways, the bridges, the munitions plants, just as Douhet had set it all down. Instead, the Luftwaffe was used on the battlefield itself as a purely auxiliary weapon, in a way as an *ersatz* for artillery. Owing to the vast expanse and extent of the Russian front, it was simply not able to tackle other jobs. And the longer the war was prolonged, the more impossible it became for the Luftwaffe to attend to any other than such purely tactical chores.

This is true since the time of the retreat from Moscow in the Winter of 1941. Skirmishes over the battlefield and attacks on enemy troops in the first lines with Stukas

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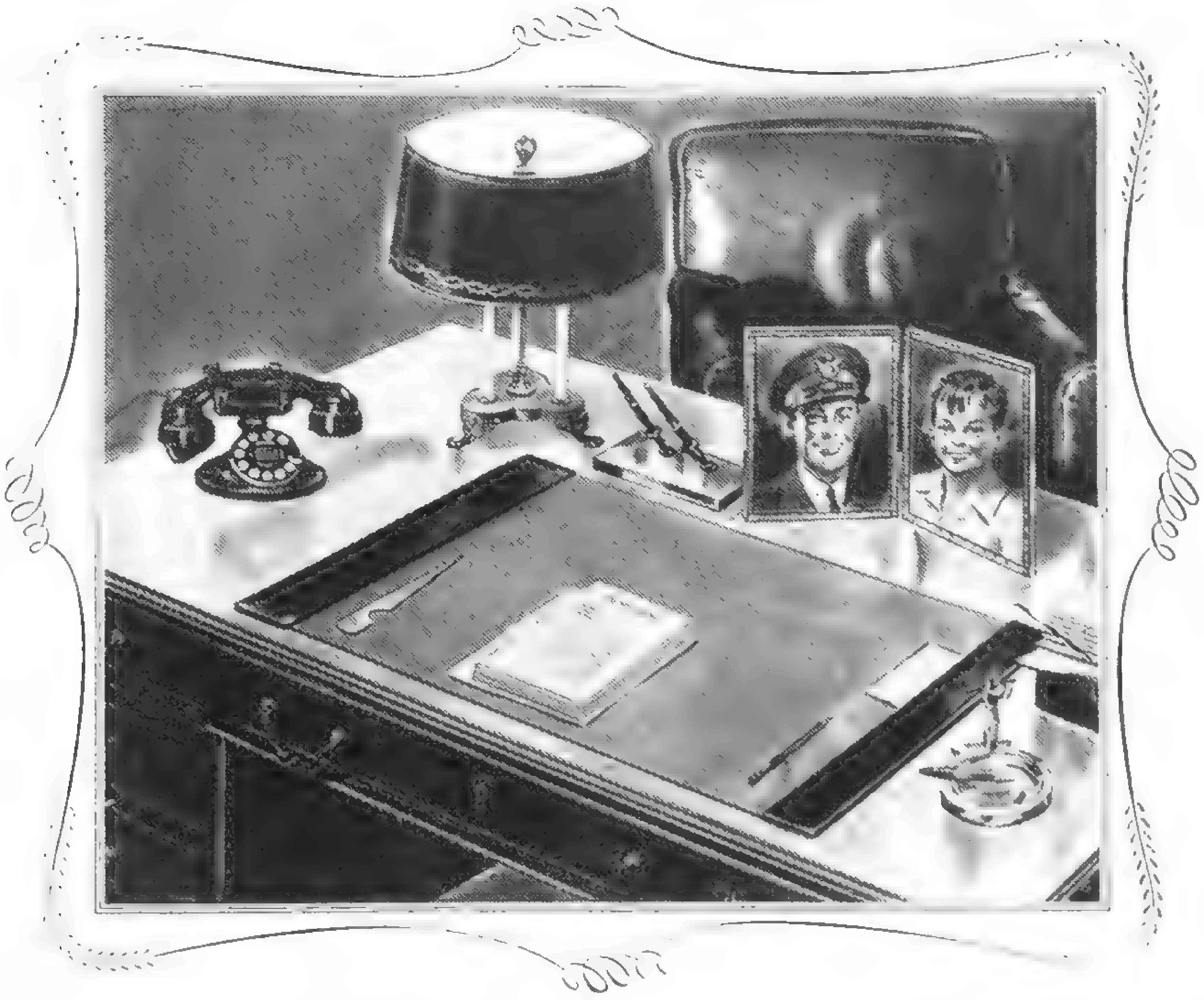

Two photographs upon executive's office desk . . . Revealing to him a truth about his advertising

One, a picture of bright little feller . . . First-class boy-citizen, his father thinks . . . Youngster to be reared in best ENVIRONMENT . . . Best environment so he'll have best chance in life . . . And then the other, hardly more than a year out of college . . . Now suddenly a man . . . Man resolved to defend the fine heritage his environment gave him.

* * *

By their living example they tell us much about advertising. Oh, your advertisement is such a very human thing, too! For is it not the offspring of your hope and ambition? Is it not an expression of your own self and the voice of what you have to give to your fellow-citizens? "Go out among the American people," you say to it. "Go out and make many, many new friends. Go out and keep old friendships warm and loyal, also." Yes, that is your command. But will you help your advertisement to obey by giving it the most *helpful* surroundings—atmosphere—environment?

* * *

In the important Midwest city of Chicago the importance of environment to advertising cannot be passed by—nor bypassed. For here the element of environment is related to Chicago's key-audience of 1,250,000 readers.

It is a thinking, responsive audience

It is a *concentrated* audience that reads in the best environment—HOME.

And they read The Chicago Daily News, their good companion, good counselor and keeper of good faith with their home and family ideals.

America has returned to the *home-way* of life. We have cast off the sophistications and ostentations of our prewar years. And, as the love of home has been rekindled in our hearts, so, in the light of its flame, have we discovered new joys in the simplicities and the never-failing inspiration of family devotion.

In this return to the home-way of life—this event that has so powerfully influenced our country—are you, as merchant or manufacturer, to be an *outsider?*

Or, here in our city of Chicago, will you let The Daily News give your advertisement entree to the environment—HOME-ENVIRONMENT—that is best?

The question is not incidental, but vital!

*In this matter of the importance of home-environment many advertisers agree. So many, in fact, that in 1942 The Daily News carried more total display advertising than any other Chicago newspaper—morning, evening or Sunday.**

*Source: Media Records. For fair comparison, liquor linage has been omitted, since The Chicago Daily News does not accept advertising for alcoholic beverages.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

FOR 67 YEARS CHICAGO'S *HOME* NEWSPAPER
ITS PLACE IN THE HOME IS ONE OF RESPECT AND TRUST

DAILY NEWS PLAZA: *400 West Madison Street,* CHICAGO
DETROIT OFFICE: *7-218 General Motors Building*

NEW YORK OFFICE: *9 Rockefeller Plaza*
SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: *Hobart Building*

Winthrop Shoes . . .
FOR ACTIVE SERVICE ON BOTH FRONTS

Whether you're digging in on the "Home Front" or hitting the military trail with Uncle Sam, you'll find the plain toe oxford in China Brown (top) primed for action. Below, a strictly civilian number—one of Winthrop's famous mocassin-type patterns in Panama Brown. Write today for the name of your nearest Winthrop dealer and for your free copy of *"9 Tips on How to Save Your Shoes"*. Dept. A.

WINTHROP SHOES
$5.50 to $9.50
Slightly higher in the West

KEEP ON BUYING U. S. WAR BONDS & STAMPS

Winthrop Shoes

TURN MILES INTO SMILES

WINTHROP SHOE COMPANY
Div: International Shoe Co.
ST. LOUIS

Rise and Fall of the Luftwaffe III

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and light bombers—that became the exclusive activity of German fliers. The intended bombings of Moscow could never be carried out in sufficient strength to be effective.

The strategy of the Russian army—to withdraw but never to stop fighting—showed its effect on the Luftwaffe after the first two months. It was unlike the campaigns in Western Europe. The Luftwaffe could not depend on rail and highway communication in Russia, and the supply of fuel and ammunition became a major problem.

Then the Russian air force did not at all prove itself as inferior as many experts had wanted the world to believe. Of course the surprise attacks of the Luftwaffe during the first days of the Russian campaign changed the original numerical balance in favor of the Nazis. And during the first great battles in Poland and Russia, the Nazis had numerical superiority in the air, if not air mastery.

But soon it became clear that the Russian pilots were at least as good as the German pilots. It also became evident that certain Russian machines were on a par with German models. There was, for instance, the MIG-3, a fighter capable of outstanding performance; British experts later pronounced it equal to the Spitfire. The fact that the Russians were able to send bombers over hundreds of miles to Germany, as well as the performances of the Stormovik dive bombers, also proved that the Russians had a number of types that were up to the most modern requirements in design, fire power and protective armor.

And then came the Russian Winter. The Luftwaffe was no better prepared for it than the army. The unbelievable cold killed its initiative entirely. It sealed the fate of the Luftwaffe as a strategic weapon.

But, again, it was the time element which proved decisive. The battle of England had demonstrated that the Luftwaffe could tire after a few weeks of incessant activity. The Russians forced them to continue for much longer.

I have referred several times to the inability of the Luftwaffe to fight a long-sustained war, and I shall now try to explain the reason.

A single-engined military aircraft consists of thousands of different parts. Aircraft in service require constant repairs and replacements and, therefore, supplies of many of these parts. To provide them where and when they will be needed is a ticklish problem that calls for careful long-range planning, a constant lookout for necessary changes in the master plant, organized skill and patience; especially under war conditions.

I know from personal experience that Goering never knew anything about these involved problems. Milch abhorred them and left their solution to others. Since, with the exception of Udet, there wasn't anybody at the top who could have solved these problems, they were simply ignored.

Before the war, Milch's experts calculated that the Luftwaffe—owing to losses—might have to replace a hundred per cent of its first line aircraft every four or six weeks during actual campaigns. Milch, therefore, concluded that there would not be much sense in making extensive preparations for overhauls and spare parts for replacements. Such stores and supply organizations would so hamper mobility during blitzkriegs that it would be more advantageous to make no repairs, overhauls and part replacements. That, Milch decided, would also simplify the manufacture of planes and the whole supply organization.

So, when it appeared that the Sudeten conflict in May, 1938 would provide an occasion for the first real action of the Luftwaffe, squadron leaders were told not to expect any spare parts for repair at all. If a plane or its engine broke down for some reason or other, the plane should be abandoned and replaced by a new one.

A fantastic scheme—but it worked well during the short campaigns in Poland, Norway, Holland, France and the Balkan coun-

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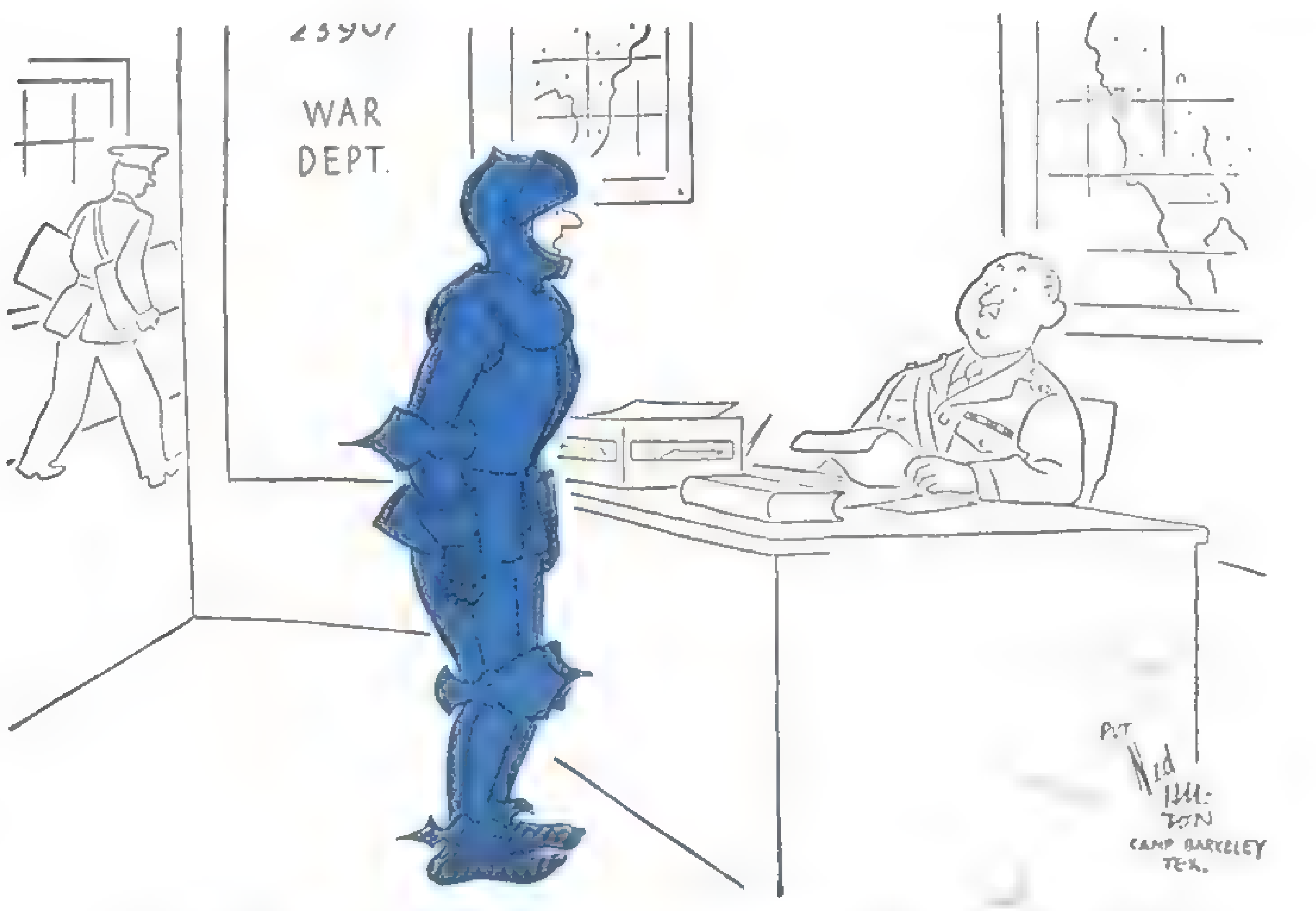
WAR DEPT.
Pvt Ned Hilton Camp Barkeley Tex.

"Is the Department receptive towards suggestions for improvement of the uniforms?"

And please, dear Lord

—send my brother the airplanes he needs *quick!*

THE SCENE—America—the home of millions of decent men who are willing to sacrifice their lives for freedom.

Surely, these ungrudging, unselfish millions who are giving their lives—surely these heroes are not only worth *praying for* —but *paying for,* too.

Before Victory and Peace we've got a war to *pay* for first. You, me, everybody.

10% of our pay? Yes. Every payday. At least a dime out of every dollar—a dollar out of every ten. More if we can. We're in this together. So let's pay for it together.

The Management of your company will save your 10% for you. Every time it adds up to $18.75 they'll put a WAR BOND in your hands, worth $25 in ten years. That's $4 back for every $3 you put in.

Your money will help buy those planes sister is praying for—it will help buy the tanks, guns, and ships that will ram this war right down the throats of the bullies who started it.

And when the final curtain rings down on the Axis you'll thank your lucky stars you saved while you could. You'll feel good all over for having *more* money to enjoy the Peace.

The fight is on. The battle line runs through every home—every office—every factory—every farm. Do your part with at least *a dime from every dollar every payday,* in United States War Bonds. Do that so you—and yours—can face the future secure and unafraid.

DO YOU KNOW?

When you buy WAR BONDS, you're saving, not giving! Series E WAR BONDS are worth 33⅓ percent more in 10 years! You get back $4 for every $3 you invest!

These BONDS, when held to maturity (10 years), yield 2.9 percent per year on your investment, compounded semiannually!

Joining a Pay Roll Savings Plan makes saving easy!

Joining your bank's Victory Club (it works like any Thrift or Christmas Club) is a convenient way to save for WAR BONDS for those who aren't members of a Pay Roll Savings Plan.

You can have enough money to do a lot of things you'd like to do, and to buy the many things you'll need after the war is over, if you save enough in WAR BONDS every payday NOW!

You can start buying WAR BONDS by buying War Stamps for as little as 10 cents. So start today!

EVERYBODY—EVERY PAYDAY
10% IN WAR BONDS

This advertisement is a contribution to America's all-out war effort by
ESQUIRE

For Distinguished Service

TO YOUR COUNTRY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS

HONOURS OF
11th King Edward's Own Lancers
(PROBYN'S HORSE)
(Indian Army)

Lucknow—Taku Forts—Pekin, 1860—Abyssinia
Peiwar Kotal—Kabul, 1879—Afghanistan, 1878-80
Punjab Frontier—Mesopotamia, 1915-18

HONOURS OF
DEWAR'S "White Label"

Grand Prize . . . Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, 1904 . . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence.

AWARDED 60 MEDALS
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH
EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
White Label
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH
TWELVE 12 YEARS OLD
DEWAR'S
Victoria Vat
Blended Scotch Whisky
TWELVE YEARS OLD
JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
PERTH

In the swiftly changing scene of social life today, maintain your strategic position as an excellent host. Serve DEWAR'S WHITE LABEL. There is no retreat in quality for this veteran campaigner, honoured more than 60 times 'round the world for distinguished service.

White Label 8 years old
Victoria Vat
12
years old
also known as Ne Plus Ultra

FULL COLOR REPRINTS SUITABLE FOR FRAMING. *Six 9 x 12 full color prints of officers, Edition No. 4, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25c. Schenley Import Corp., New York City, Dept. E.*

COMMAND DEWAR'S AND . . . BE "AT EASE"

Dewar's
"White Label"
and "Victoria Vat"
THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Both 86.8 Proof. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Copr. 1942, Schenley Import Corp., New York

Rise and Fall of the Luftwaffe III

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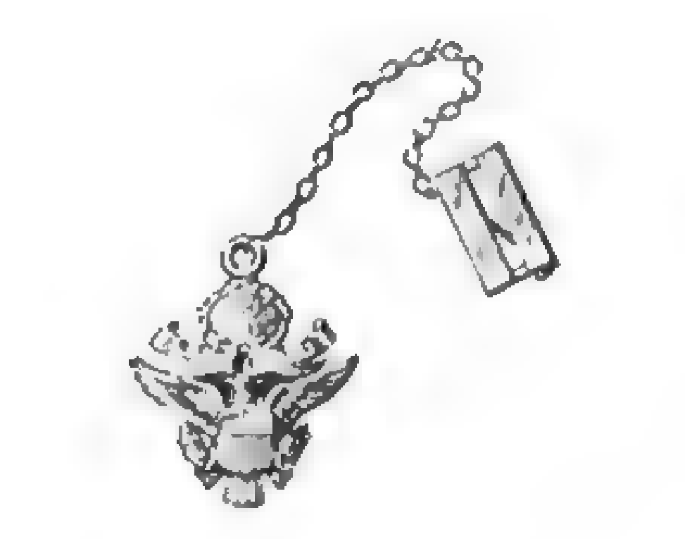
tries. It meant terrific waste, but it fitted the blitzkrieg tempo. Of course, it necessitated long pauses between campaigns to fill up the depleted front formations from the production lines and the stocks of the second and third line.

The blitzkrieg against the aforementioned countries provided the Luftwaffe with such pauses. The battle of England, however, allowed for none. And the Russians, by refusing to be annihilated within a few months, forced the Luftwaffe to continue fighting.

Milch was forced to improvise a repair service in the midst of the war. It was a poor job he did, with no special knowledge of the problems involved. The results were devastating for the Luftwaffe.



Junior sweetheart pin shows insignia of Army or Navy with rank attached to chain.

The Winter's incredible cold so paralyzed mechanics and ground crews, that for months, repair and overhaul operations had to stop altogether. And the deep snow made it impossible to transport back to Germany machines that were in need of repair.

I have not seen any evidence that the Luftwaffe since then—that is the Winter of 1941-42—has managed to build up an adequate supply of repair facilities. If this has not been done, it means that the Luftwaffe is entirely dependent upon its production, and as soon as the production no longer exceeds the losses (the total losses plus the partial losses, which, on account of the repair deficiencies must also count as total losses), the Luftwaffe is bound to dwindle in numbers.

* * *

I think production so far still exceeds the losses.

Total production figures, as they are generally used, have, of course, no absolute value. However, since it is impossible to go into detail here, let's put the German production capacity at 2,500 to 3,500 aircraft a month. Conservative experts—such as T. P. Wright—lean to the lower figure. I, by computing the output of the plants which I have known for many years, arrive at 3,500.

I have no means of calculating the damage that British bombs have done to the widespread German aircraft industry and its auxiliaries. I think it is safe to assume that no matter how effective these bombing attacks have been, these are compensated for by the enforced contribution of French plants and factories in other occupied countries.

Of these 3,500 planes, about one third are non-combat trainers and one-fifth transports for paratroops, air infantry and cargo. They cannot be counted first-line.

Counting over the whole three and a half years of war, including pauses between campaigns, including the so-called phony war and the enforced inactivity of the Luftwaffe during the last winter and this winter in Russia, the losses of the Luftwaffe can be assessed at an average of 1,500 planes a month at most. This figure includes the loss of trainers at home, planes discarded for lack of spare parts, planes lost in accidents, on the ground, etc.

So far, then, the production feeding the Luftwaffe still surpasses losses by a comfortable margin. On the other hand, this production—and I repeat that I speak from intimate knowledge of the German capacity—cannot be increased. Which means that as the pace of the war is stepped up, the Luftwaffe automatically approaches the point where production will no longer balance the losses.

I think we are already in this phase of intensified warfare—though only at the beginning.

On the one hand, the Russians are not allowing the Germans a breathing spell, thus keeping the Nazi losses somewhat constant. Further, there are the Allied planes attacking Germany and the occupied countries in ever increasing numbers. While Germany can avoid enormous losses by refusing to repeat the battle of England, she can no longer avoid these constant losses, because she no longer has the initiative.

On the other hand, the output of even a constant—and, in theory, undiminishing production—must gradually decrease. Machines and tools depreciate. Labor in the occupied countries, also the supply of auxiliary material and raw material across Europe, suffer in ever-growing measure from riots, disturbances, underground warfare and slow-down tactics. The nightly visits, too, of the Allied bombers over Germany and the occupied countries must be having an increasingly harmful effect.

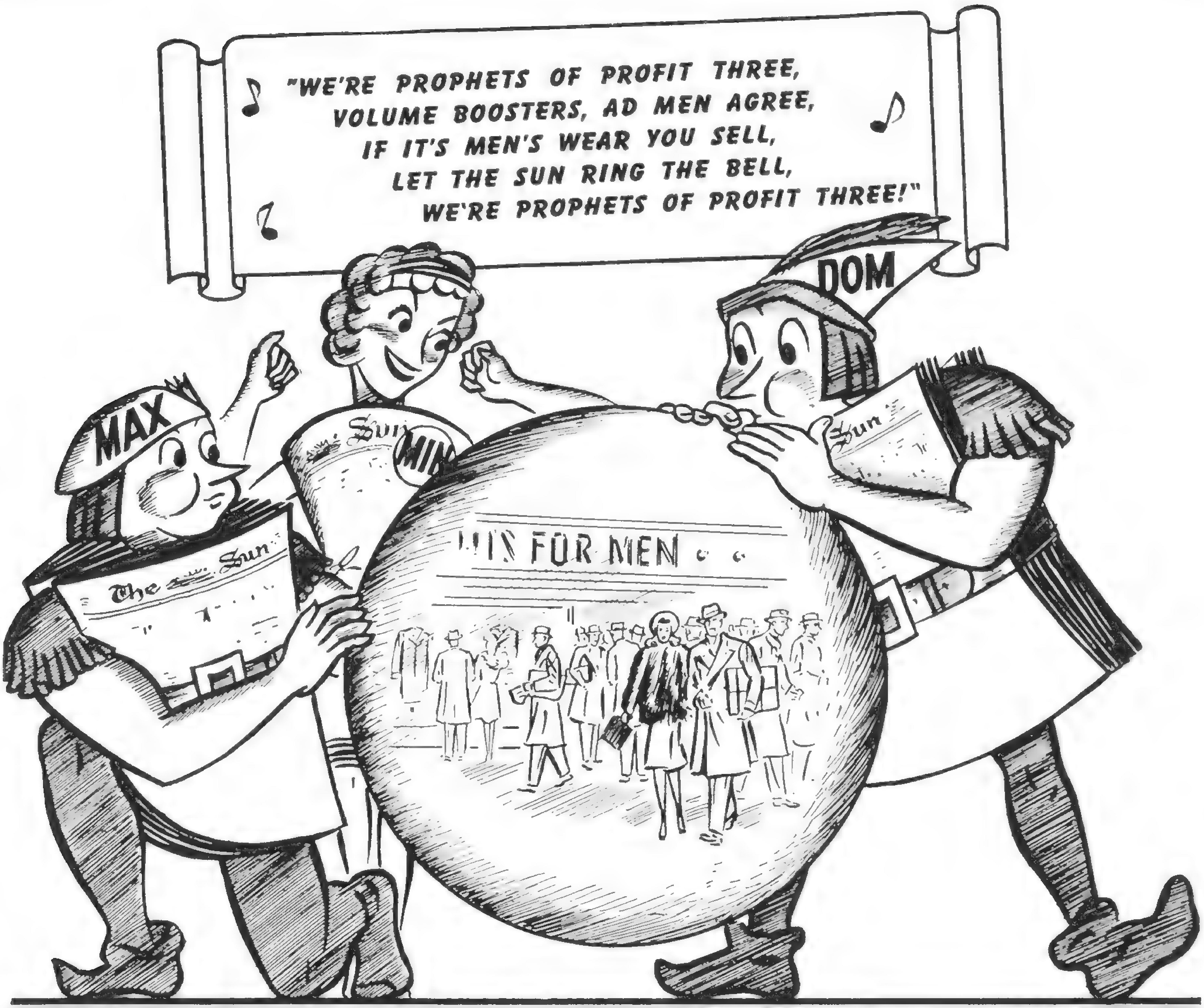
Add it all up, and you must arrive at the conclusion that the Luftwaffe is bound to fall prey to consumption.

* * *

Referring again to those nightly visits: they, too, must be considered a defeat of the Luftwaffe. Not only a material defeat by the simple fact that they disrupt German production—but, even more, a moral defeat.

Before the outbreak of the war, Goering used to boast that no enemy bomber would ever cross the German frontier and that no bombs would ever hit German cities or factories. He made a big show of massing quantities of

Continued on page 128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IF IT'S MEN'S WEAR YOU SELL,
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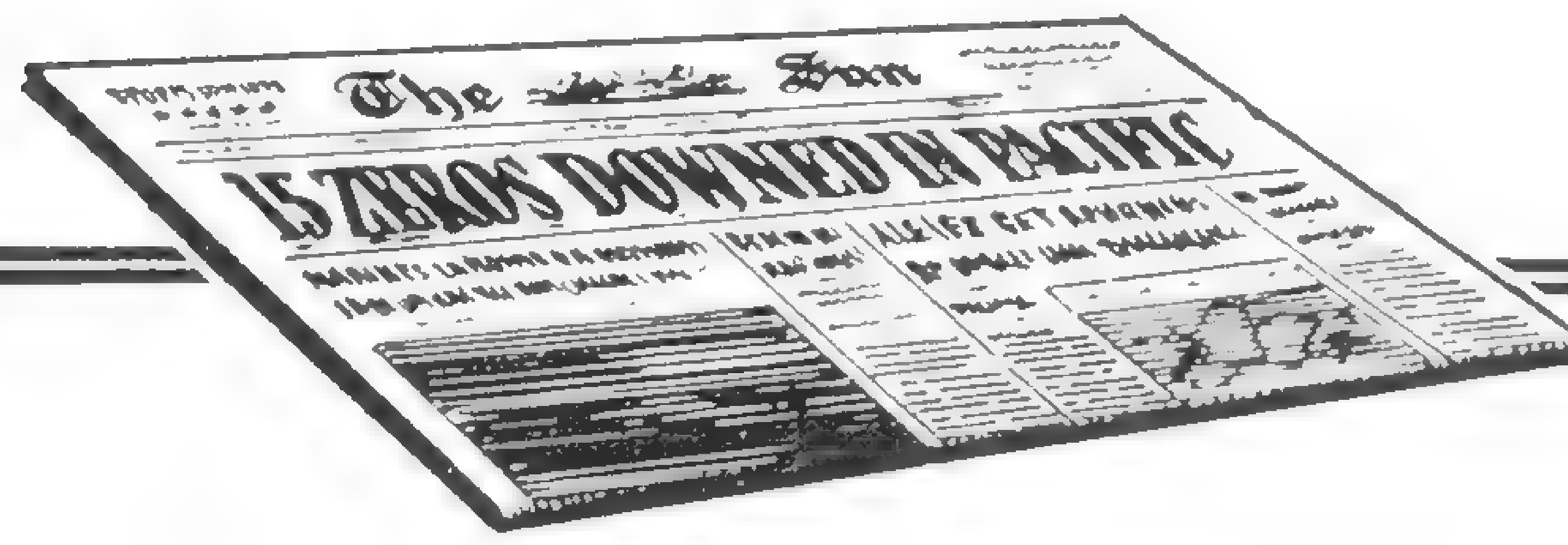
Sure Mr. Men's Wear—there are hundreds of thousands of young buckeroos off somewhere helping to lick the pants off those Axis apes. But that's not bad! That's good! Now—about those other good Americans working right here on the home front. They have to wear pants, and jackets, and overcoats. So how about telling them your advertising story? Let the three SUNsational sales stalwarts, MAX, MIN and DOM, balloon those volume figures. In The Sun you get MAXimum readership—Noted, impartial researchers, L. M. Clark tell us that The Sun is one of America's best read metropolitan dailies. MINimum cost—Sun rates are kind to your budget—a real profit lifter-upper, instead of a weigher-downer. DOMinant space—Sun ads are easy on the eye, make you want to buy—because in The Sun you can afford bigger, more compelling ads. Sun performance? Well, display advertisers have concentrated more lineage in The Sun for the past 18 years than in any other New York weekday newspaper!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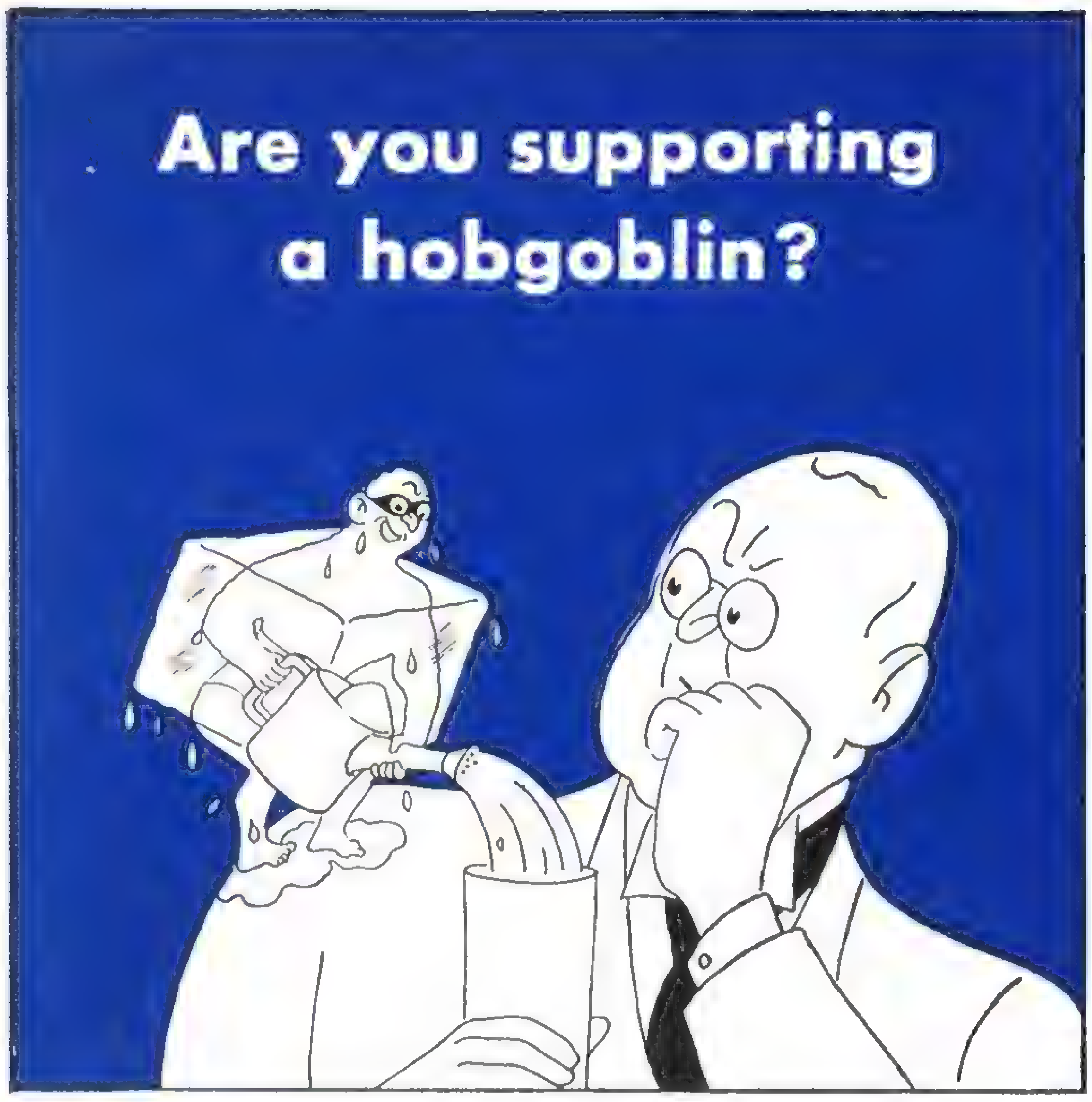
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A watery goblin plays hob with drinks made with ordinary club soda. Melting Ice. His air bubbles escape, eat sparkle-bubbles alive, leave your drink flat. Ice water drowns what's left.

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Fool him. Use Canada Dry Water and sip finer-flavored drinks. Its "PIN-POINT CARBONATION"*—millions of tinier bubbles—holds that sparkle!

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BUY THE BIG BOTTLE—
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Rise and Fall of the Luftwaffe III

Continued from pages 42-121-122-124-126

anti-aircraft guns, heavy machine guns, searchlights and aircraft detecting devices all over Germany. But he relied mainly on the offensive action of the Luftwaffe whose task was to destroy enemy bombers on the ground, that is, on their own airfields, and thus prevent them from reaching Germany.

The very day that it was certain that the Luftwaffe had not beaten the RAF, it was certain too that it was only a matter of time before Allied bombers would appear over Germany. As the majority of experts had predicted, defensive weapons were of little avail against enemy bombing, especially night bombing. The more these night bombings increased in intensity and scope, the more it became uncertain where the enemy would strike the next time, the more Goering had to disperse his defenses and the less he could achieve at any particular point. German anti-aircraft guns today are using up as much ammunition as the guns of all calibers fired during the big offensives of World War I. But that does not prevent the Allied bombers from returning.

And this is only the beginning.

The beginning for us. For the Luftwaffe, however, it is the fourth year. The Luftwaffe in this fourth year of war finds itself equipped mainly with models whose designs were frozen years ago, and with new models coming up slowly. Whatever its qualitative and its wide quantitative superiority was, it is losing both or has lost them already. It certainly has lost its best pilots and crews and, most important of all, it has lost its confidence. The men of the Luftwaffe know today that they can no longer surprise or out-maneuver or out-fight all their opponents.

And the reason for all this, in the last analysis, is that the Luftwaffe is involved in the very type of war which it was never intended to fight—a continuous, sustained, unrelenting war.

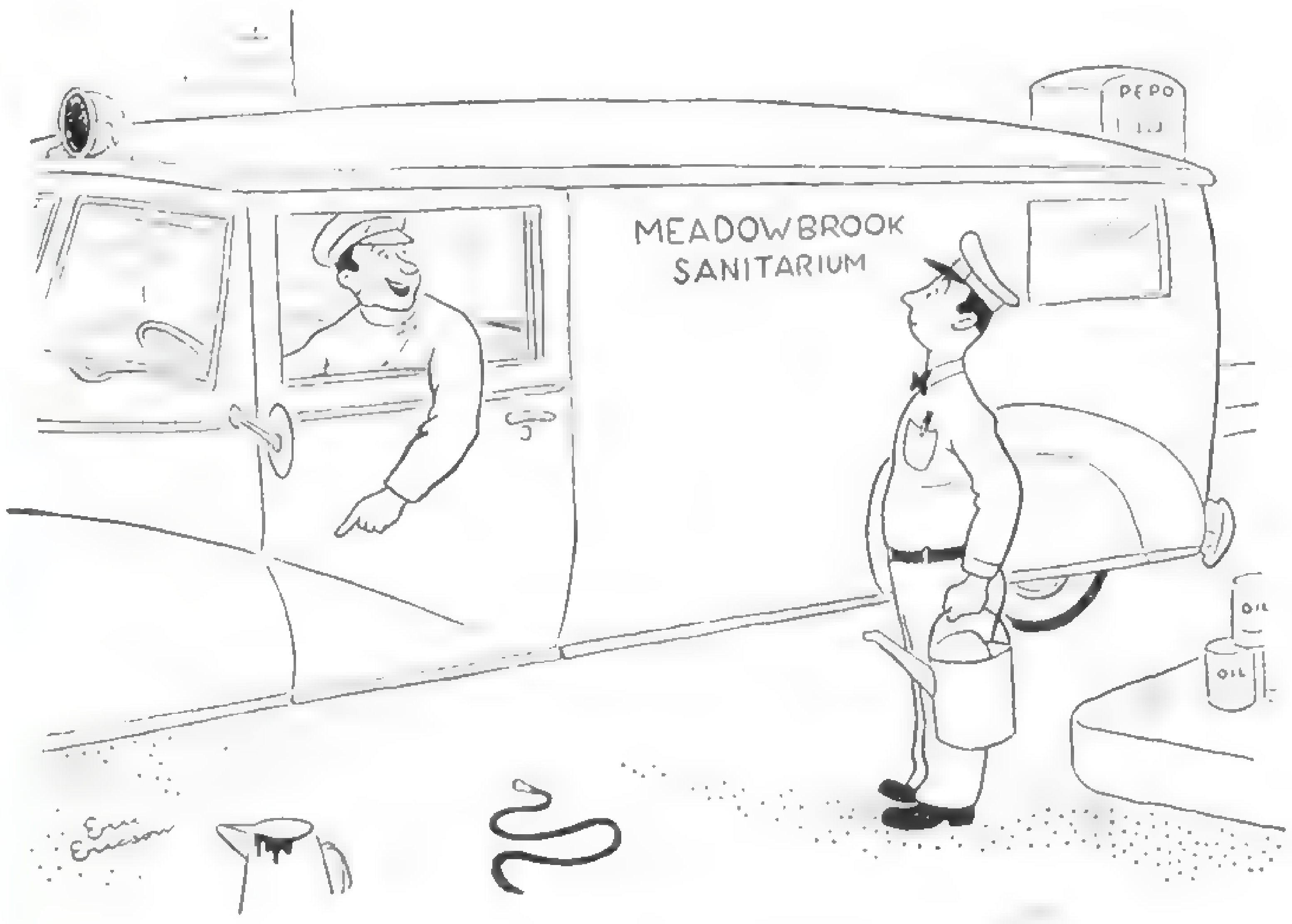
If by any chance, and through any kind of politics, Hitler should be allowed to revert once more to a phony war—and there are strong indications that he wants to do exactly that—then the Luftwaffe would have one more chance. But the Luftwaffe would have to produce from among its leaders a man able to overhaul the Luftwaffe in its entirety—its strategy, its tactics, its equipment. To put it bluntly, he would have to rebuild the Luftwaffe along sound, military lines. In such a case, then, anything would be possible.

I doubt that there is such a man in Germany today. And even if he existed, Hitler would hardly change horses at such an advanced stage of the war. But even if there were such a man, even if Hitler gave him full power—as long as we do not let up in our offensive efforts, as long as we do our utmost to beat Germany and to beat her now, the fate of the Luftwaffe is sealed.

This does not mean that we will never hear of the Luftwaffe again. We will still hear a lot about the German fliers. Undoubtedly there will be new mass raids over England. There may even be raids over America. To be sure, Hitler can no longer afford such raids and if he should undertake them, it will mean that he has given up budgeting his forces. In other words, he will no longer have a concrete, sensible plan. But, then, the Germans announced a long time ago that before giving up as they did in 1918, they would tear the whole world down with them in flames.

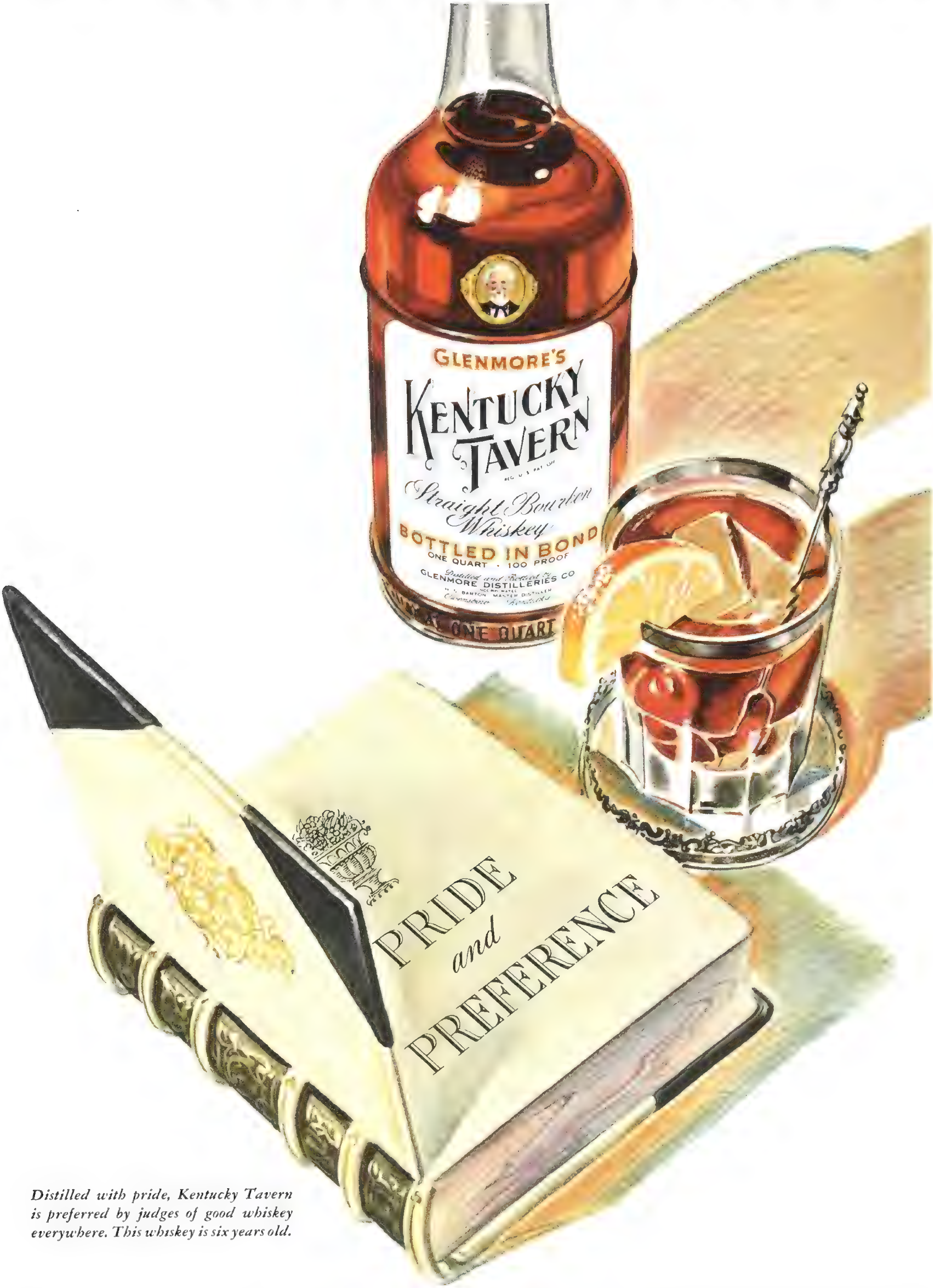
However, there is a great difference between tearing down the whole world in flames, and winning a war. The first can be achieved to a certain degree by the Luftwaffe. The latter can no longer be achieved. No desperate effort will give back to the Luftwaffe the decisive moment in history when it seemed to be the chosen instrument for winning world domination for Germany. The Luftwaffe is no longer the lightning sword striking whole nations down into the dust.

It has fallen into the abyss of military annals. ♯



". . . and some fresh, healthy air for the tires!"

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS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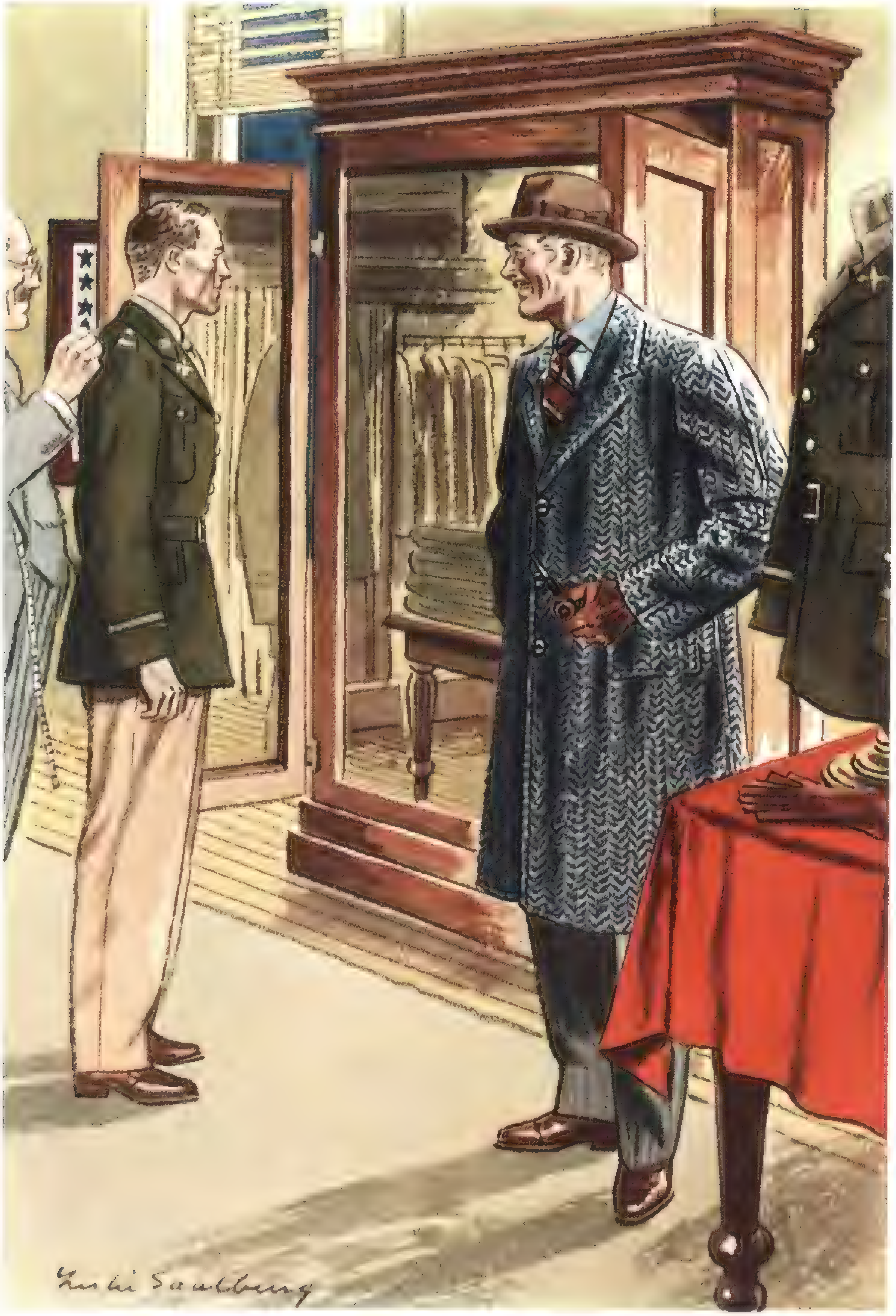
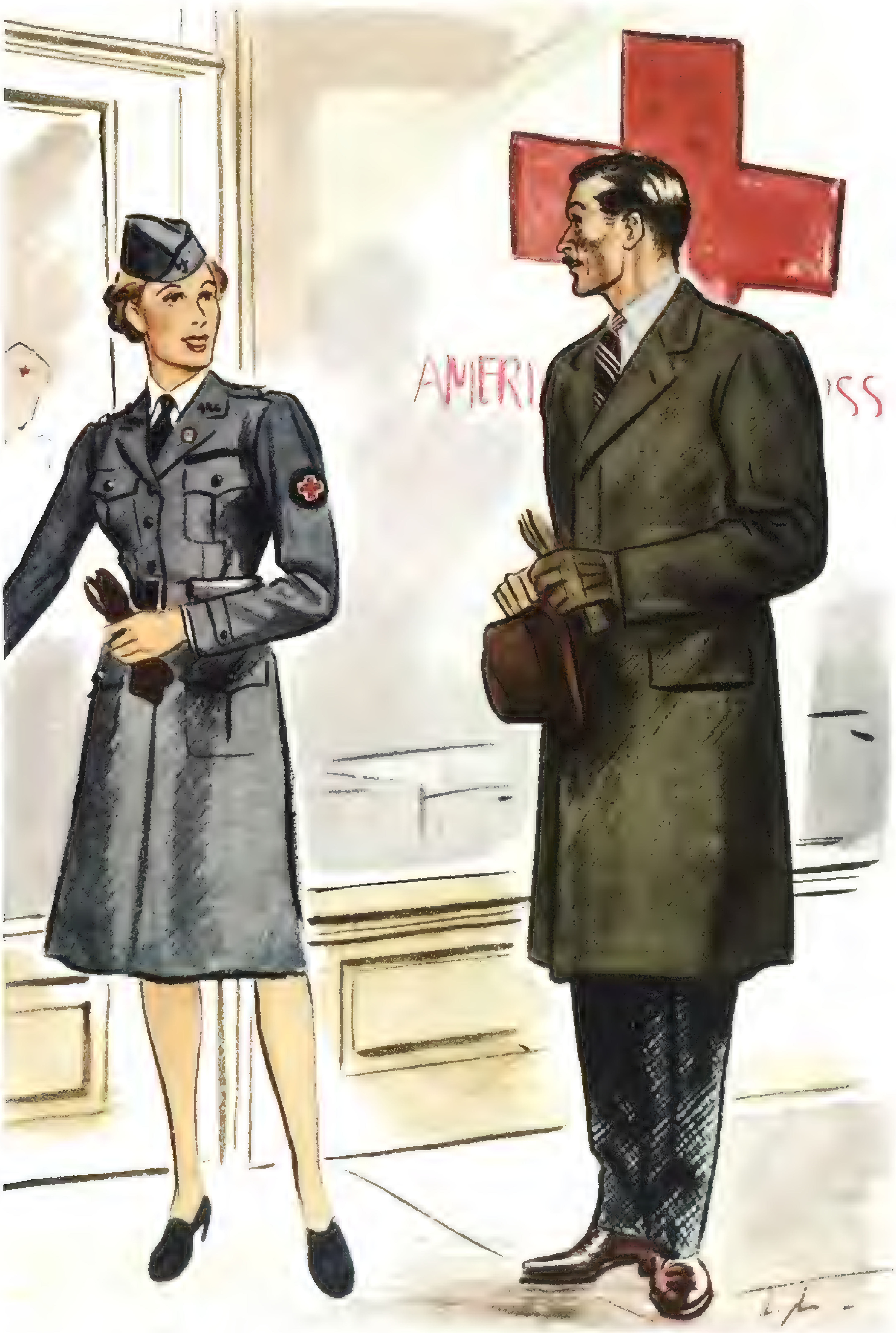


"right dress" for Easter

This paterfilius setup is dress rehearsal for the coming Easter parade . . . . the handsome, young warrior is being fitted for his new officer's uniform and the proud but envious poppa stands on the sidelines to coach the tailor. "Aw, hell, pop! Who's going to worry about a correct shoulder line while I'm out there trapping the Japs?" argues the lieutenant. But then, his poppa is a well clad man . . . just notice his grey-blue herringbone tweed topcoat, and if you look closely, gentlemen, you'll see that the sleeve has a fake cuff, made by welt seams across the lower part of the sleeve. This is just another WPB camouflage trick, but that town chalk stripe is no optical illusion, but the real down town stuff that made Wall Street what it is today. His allied accessories are in the formal groove . . . ruddy brown capeskin gloves, ruddy brown felt hat, straight tip shoes. The lieutenant's outfit is obvious, but this year his Easter bonnet will be trimmed with a gold plated bird!

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



"stagedoor joe" duration style

Now that a woman's place is on the home front, we find this attractive and able-bodied housewife working the nine to five shift for the Motor Corps of the American Red Cross. At present she's meeting her favorite husband for a well-earned cocktail after spending the day behind the wheel of a car which she handles like a baby. The husband who waits at the gate is well-tailored like his uniformed wife, and wears a fly-front topcoat of natural tan covert cloth with notched lapels. His suit is a sharkskin worsted, which is built for the long wear and tear of present conditions. His accessories include the grey and white striped shirt, a maroon and grey striped twill necktie, a ruddy brown felt hat with a turned-up brim, and tan pigskin gloves. The shoes are brown straight tip town style. You'd guess this gent were a good party-man from his crackerjack appearance, but in reality he's boss of a defense plant. But for this occasion his fashion assembly line is speeded up!

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

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For the Well Dressed Man

Nunn-Bush
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The Sporting Scene

Two ways for American sport to show its position in war effort

by **HERB GRAFFIS**
SPORTS

AMERICAN sport has not distinguished itself by smart, foresighted planning of its wartime conduct. Fifteen months have passed since the beginning of the war—yet sport, which is primarily a young and active men's element, has not sought the counsel of the most important young and active men's group of the nation, the warriors.

It's the old story. The elders are deciding by themselves what should be done. If the young fighters don't like the decisions, it's just too bad.

It'll probably be the same way when peace terms are formulated. The young men who have won the war for the United Nations will be completely shut out of the proceedings.

So far as we have been able to learn, The Esquire Sports Poll is the only civilian research enterprise that continually solicits the opinions of men in the fighting services on wartime sports. The club magnates and promoters in professional sports, and the elected and appointed officials in amateur sports, boss affairs entirely without soliciting the opinions and cooperation of the young men who are in armed service to preserve American sport.

Sport has done some curious things in its effort to present itself in its sincerely patriotic role. Possibly the screwiest enterprise it has conceived in its desire to do right was in polling people attending Western Conference football games last fall, asking these patrons if intercollegiate football should be continued. That is like asking a gentleman who is walking into a saloon if he would like to have a drink.

The unfortunate part of sport's performance is that the people who are conducting the wartime sports at home are deeply conscientious and eager to do the right thing. Undoubtedly 90 per cent of them would be for eliminating wartime sport entirely if they had the vaguest suspicion that home-front sport would cost the life of one American lad in battle action. Civilian sport, both professional and amateur, has been highly successful in raising money for war service organizations. However, it's the general public's money that is secured—and not an imposing amount in hard cash or time out of sport's own till, as the thoughtful sportsmen themselves concede. Hence the fund-raising is merely performance of a duty owed to the fighting men.

Sport in wartime pays a stiff penalty for its occupancy of a home-front spotlight. The debate among the Chicago Bears pro football team about missing Christmas dinner at home in order to play a benefit game for merchant mariners was one of those matters that put sport in a bad light. That the Redskins beat the Bears for the league championship, and that the Bears later willingly worked hard and for nothing in the league's All-Star team triumph over the Redskins didn't erase the public's recollection of the ill-timed controversy. Nor did Sammy Baugh's absence from that game, regardless of the circumstances, build up Sammy with the fighting or civilian public.

There are two things American sport still has to do in order to exhibit its true and valuable position in war effort and to win the strong approval of the fighting men and those civilians who at present are critical of sport's operations in wartime.

The first thing is to base its wartime educational campaign on testimony from doctors. There are many tremendously sincere Americans who are working themselves into seriously inefficient conditions because they are of the conviction that anyone playing or relaxing by watching sports entertainment is guilty of stalling in war work.

Propaganda from sports writers and sportscasters can't correct this situation, as such publicity quite naturally will be appraised as biased by occupational interests of the sources of propaganda.

Medical authorities testify that sport as a relaxer, refresher and builder of physical and mental strength is essential to the needs of wartime. The syndicated doctor columns in the newspapers have been packed with copy concerning the injurious results of failure to balance wartime strains with sports treatment. However, definite prescriptions of sport are few and the readers of the doctor columns usually are beyond the sports scope.

Second, sport must make a closer tie-up with young Americans in the armed services. These boys have the right to give some orders to the home front. They have proved themselves to be the top class of American sportsmen and as such should be consulted. It would be a worth-while contribution to the fighters' morale to have their expressions by mail solicited. It would be the smartest job of public relations sport could do.

The soldiers, sailors and marines are taking orders now, but when their present business is successfully completed they'll be giving orders—and those who want to be right side up when the war is finished had better be establishing themselves now as the fighting men's team-mates. ⌗

How Eisenhower Fights

"Ike" learned many lessons on grid and in ring in the days at Abilene

by ROBERT ALLYN WILSON

• ARTICLE •

THE thin blond youth shifted easily around the make-believe boxing ring in the basement of the Sterl Clothing Store in Abilene, Kansas. It was a typical summer day in Kansas. Outside, the sidewalks were dotted by only occasional passers-by, as a majority of the populace stuck to the shade. Fever was extra high in the store basement as the two boxers squared away. Shirts were unbuttoned at the neck, collarbands were discarded to one side and sleeves were pitched at high mast.

Crowding in a semi-circle were the crouched figures of Dwight Eisenhower's friends and the acquaintances of Harry "Dirk" Tyler, the town's No. 1 boxing protégé. The gloves beat a shave-and-a-haircut tattoo as the two sparred at each other. Then it happened! A right lashed out, and found its mark—squarely on the other man's button. Dirk Tyler's knees buckled; his head flopped forward on his chest and his eyes rolled slowly upward into his head as he slumped toward the basement's dirt floor. The man was out cold.

The blond owner of the devastating right stepped forward and gripped his foe, giving him time to regain his equilibrium and senses. Then he stepped back, ready to continue the job of licking a man who needed licking, and who had been asking for it.

But Tyler was through. He turned away, shucking off the gloves. That was the beginning and the end—the beginning of Dwight David Eisenhower as a fighting man, ready on call to hand out a licking wherever and whenever somebody needed a licking; and the end of Dirk Tyler as a ring prospect.

The plain facts of the situation were that Dirk Tyler had been spoiling for a licking for a long time. He had been talking himself into fights and getting himself out via the hand-to-mouth method—his hand, clenched, to the other guy's mouth.

"Ike," as everybody knows him in Abilene, at the time was a first year cadet at West Point back home on the furlough that is extended to West Pointers at the close of their first year. An old crony of high school football and baseball days, Bill Sterl, nephew of the clothing store proprietor, laid out the situation to the young cadet.

"Dwight," said Bill (and it is by that name that most of Eisenhower's real pals know him best), "they tell me you've been doing some scrapping in the Army. If you have really learned how to handle your dukes, I believe you can do us folks here in town a favor."

"Sure, Bill. What is it?"

"We've got a fellow in town who's been knocking the boys around a bit. We sort of figure you could knock his head off . . . or at least beat it back to its proper size."

That's the way it came about—the launching of Eisenhower as a man capable of handing out a licking where a licking was due, and asked for. Dirk Tyler, as a result of that bout, promptly gave up his hallucinations about becoming a boxing champion and settled down to a routine existence. But, whether anyone in Abilene at the time realized it or not, a new champion had started up the ways—not just a champion of the town, county, state or nation, a champion of all the peoples of the world who were being kicked around by bullies who needed a thrashing and had been loudly and profusely asking for it.

Young Ike Eisenhower, as a courageous and competitive youth, developed other now-familiar characteristics of combat on the athletic fields of Abilene and West Point. He was no Morning Glory. He was not the first to flash; but when he got up there, he was good; he was the best. That is worth remembering about him, as a general. Hampered, athletically speaking, by an unusually sharp intellect, Ike got into high school while several years younger and a good many pounds lighter than a majority of his classmates. He did not cut the figure at first that his brother, Edgar, two years older, did. "Big Ike" they called this item of the phalanx of six Eisenhower sons. Edgar was the big star of the Abilene high school teams.

Oren L. Snyder, now a farmer at Abilene, a member of the board of education, and, during Ike's boyhood, the athletic coach, enjoys recalling many of Ike's boyhood performances.

"Back in those days," Snyder relates, "we had only 12 men on the squad, and you either were darned good or you played your football mentally—and on the sidelines. Dwight just wasn't big enough for a couple of years, but he finally cracked the lineup his junior and senior years, playing end. He came back the next year to take a post-graduate course, and in those days post-grads were eligible. Though he weighed only about 150 pounds, he switched to tackle, and he was a wildcat. That year he was the most outstanding tackle in the valley."

According to his former coach, Ike's outstanding talents were speed and ability to diagnose the

Continued on page 134

in the March

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How Eisenhower Fights

Continued from page 133

opponents' plays. The most bitter rival on the Abilene schedule then, as now, was Salina. Situated some 23 miles west of Abilene, that city has a population of some 30,000, having been swelled recently by defense workers, soldiers and bomber pilots and crewmen. But even in that day, Salina was two or three times as large as Abilene.

Jay Bond, at that time coach at Salina, had a great team that year. Jay had developed a powerful play that had been mainly responsible for the team's string of victories. It was a delayed smash over tackle. Bond's quarterback, eager to run up a score, called for this pet play early in the game. It clicked perfectly as Dwight first was sucked out of position, then hurtled aside by a pair of blocks.

The play had worked so well that in the very next sequence of downs, the Salina quarter barked out the signals again for this ground-gainer. This time, however, when they unpiled the boys, the Salina ball carrier had been set back four yards. Again and again during the remainder of the game that afternoon, Salina tried to spring that play; but every time the result was the same. Young Eisenhower had been fooled by it once; but he was never fooled by it again all afternoon.

At West Point, Ike tried out for the Academy freshman team and was shifted to halfback, where he was an immediate success. He was regarded as a coming star for West Point until he suffered a broken leg on the gridiron. Not long after it had healed, he broke it again; and that wrote finis to his football career. Discontented at being severed from the sport he loved, he turned to the sidelines and became an Army cheerleader.

For competition, he turned to the ring, where he apparently was no slouch—as his battle with Tyler testified. From both football and boxing, Eisenhower learned lessons that were to come in handy during his military career.

In Abilene the subject of Ike's birthplace is taboo. West Point records give the place as Tyler, Texas. As a matter of fact he was born at Denison, Texas, on October 14, 1890. With his parents and brothers he lived there for two years, thus giving the Lone Star state claim to one more of the great heroes of this war.

Eisenhower himself, however, definitely designated Abilene as his home town in a letter to the Abilene Rotary Club when it voted him an honorary member. He wrote:

> Gentlemen: Your cablegram stating "honorary membership voted you today" arrived yesterday. I deeply appreciate the spirit which prompts the tender of this honor. I hope you will not have cause to revoke the membership, as when the war is over I would like to attend sessions of the Rotary Club of my real home town.

Abilene dolled up for "Eisenhower Day" when the nation observed "Heroes' Day" last summer and everyone in the city went out to the city park to buy war bonds and hear of Dwight's deeds. Mrs. Eisenhower, now 82, braved the July heat to visit the park and thank the citizens for their kind remarks about "my boy, Dwight."

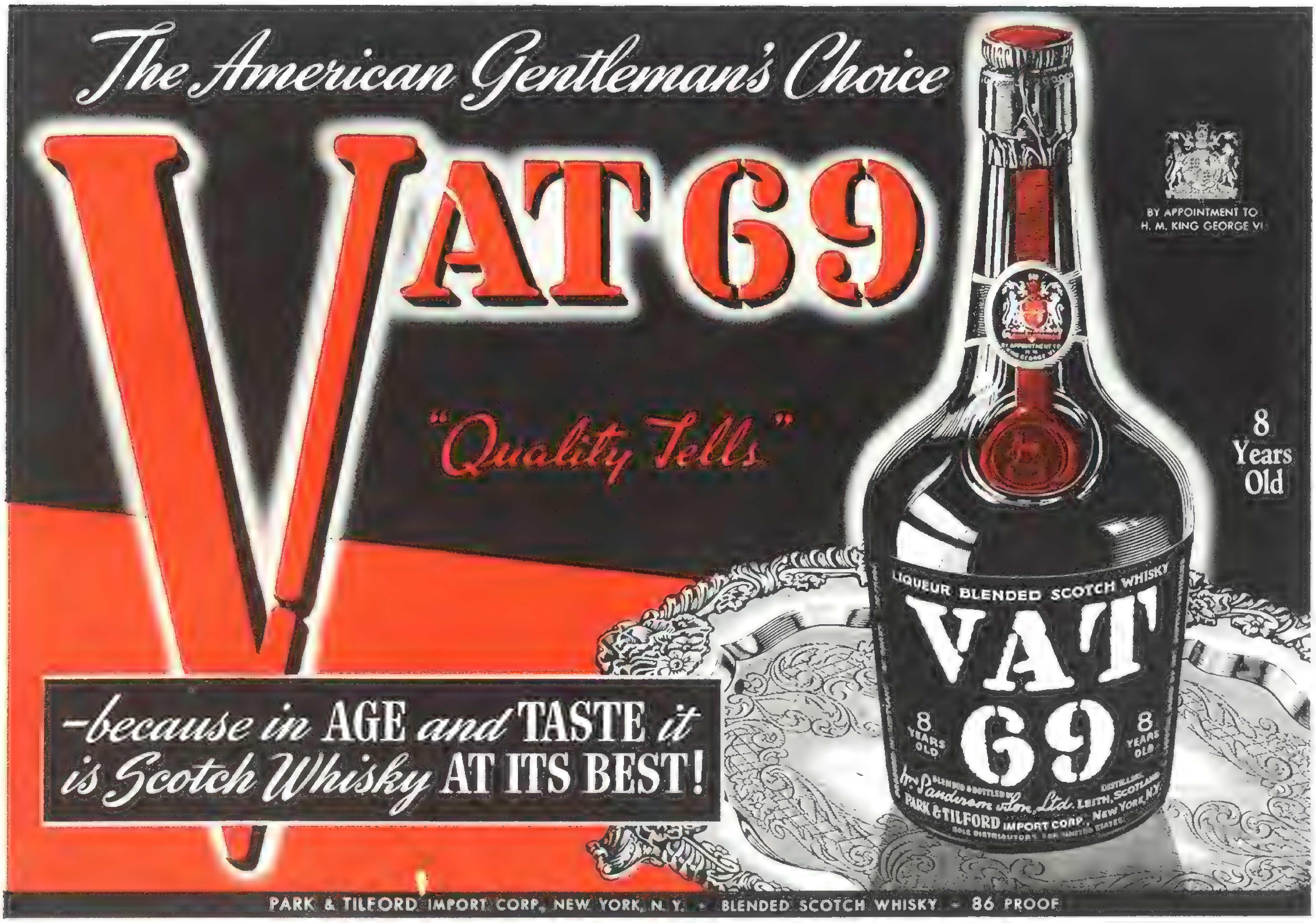
Quiet and reserved, Mrs. Eisenhower has led an unexciting life—if you can call the rearing of six husky sons such. She lives in a modest white two-story dwelling on a pretty little street on the south side of the business district. Only a few months before "Heroes' Day," Dwight's father had passed away, and shortly after that, Roy, one of her six sons, died. He was a pharmacist at Junction City, Kansas, just 25 miles east of Abilene.

All of the boys have scattered. Arthur, the eldest, became vice-president of the Commerce Trust Company in Kansas City. Edgar, who edged out Dwight for athletic honors, turned to law and is located in Tacoma, Washington. Earl is an electrical engineer with the West Penn Power Company near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The youngest brother, Milton, known to his brothers as "Scoop" because of his work as city editor of the Abilene Reflector, became a big shot in his line, too. Today his name appears next to Elmer Davis' on the door of the Office of War Information in Washington.

All of these, of course, are well known to Abilene residents. But there is one member of Ike's family that Abilene knows little about. It's Mrs. Dwight Eisenhower, the former Mamie Doud of Denver. Abilene does know that Dwight first met the pretty Miss Doud at San Antonio. She was 19, and Dwight was fresh out of West Point when they met at a dance.

Ike and his wife have visited Abilene several times, but for only short stays. As a result of close family ties, they have spent most of their time with Dwight's parents and for that reason few people in Abilene have more than a speaking acquaintance with Ike's wife. Dwight intends to take care of that item when the war is over.

Though Ike had intended to transfer into the air force—of whose value he long has been aware—during World War I, he was dissuaded by Mamie and turned his attention instead to tank warfare. He remained with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the tank corps for four years, being in command at Camp Colt, Pennsylvania, where, at the age of 28, he was given the temporary rank of lieutenant-colonel. The camp and 6,000 men under his command became known as the best organized camp in the United States and he received the Distinguished Service Medal for "displaying unusual zeal, foresight, and marked administrative ability in the organization, training and preparation for overseas service of technical troops of the Tank Corps."

He accompanied General Pershing to France to locate the United States cemeteries—his first trip abroad—and later was transferred to the Philippines where he served as General MacArthur's right hand man for several years.

After his brilliant work in the Louisiana maneuvers, he was summoned to Washington by General George C. Marshall and made chief of the War Plans Division. Second only to Marshall, Eisenhower presided over the group which drew up the strategy for American armed forces. It was his job to determine whither U. S. forces should be allotted, where they should defend and where attack, and when they should be committed to action. So successful was he, that Marshall turned naturally in his direction when selecting a man to head the North African expedition.

Having spent the majority of his life in the Army, Ike naturally has fallen into the ways of the average career soldier in that he is blunt and direct. Unlike many Army men, however, he has a sense of humor. While carving out a name for himself in those Louisiana war games, he stopped at a mess tent one day where he pinched off a liberal hunk of hamburger, and continued on his way, munching the ground beef.

The flabbergasted mess sergeant exploded to a subordinate: "God, is he tough! He eats raw meat!"

Invited to a fancy luncheon in England, Ike turned down the invitation with the laconic: "Hell, I can't go. I've got a date in Berlin." They say the British, who lay great stress on formality, get a kick out of his nicknames for Lord Mountbatten and General Hastings Ismay, whom he calls respectively, if not too respectfully, "Louie" and "Pug" for short.

From Pearl Harbor until Ike led the Allies into North Africa, there was considerable uneasiness in Abilene about the way the war was going. But now Abilene has figured that North Africa is a major key in the Allied victory campaign, and with Eisenhower in command, all tension has been relieved in the loyal Kansas town.

It's just as Mrs. Eisenhower said when she was asked about the outcome of the war:

"Dwight's there—and he can't lose!" ⧻

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

AGAINST APPEASEMENT

I have just finished reading your editorial of this month's Esquire issue, and I must say that I am a little disappointed in the stand you have taken about that very good story.

Why did you have to make an apology for the story, and the words that were in it? If the words fit the story and are true to life or otherwise, use them. I can't imagine for the life of me—a southern officer of the law, depicted as brutal as some are, using any other words.

It is highly regrettable that some members of my group have feelings so touchy and high strung that they are fanatical and irrational in their thought. This state of warped mind is one of the obstacles that hinders free thinking peoples' reaching an understanding between groups and blocks the strides already made to that end.

Esky, don't give ground to these narrow-minded people, but continue in your present channel, and call a spade a spade regardless. Let there be no appeasement in being right.

This is one subscription that won't be cancelled on account of a magazine that is unbiased, and an exponent of justice to all.

I will feel a deep sense of "lack of courage" on your part, however, if you digress from this role, by having a bum say, as he walks up to a back door of a house, "May I have some carbohydrates, fats and proteins to replenish this human anatomy of which I am an integral part?"

Albert C. Burwell,
1st Lieut., M. C.
Fort Huachuca, Ariz.

WHERE MEN ARE MEN AND WOMEN ARE ANN SHERIDAN

I have just looked over the letters on the Sound and Fury page of the latest issue of Esquire. Before saying more, I would like to make it clear that I am not a Texan, but I resent the popular contention concerning Texas and Texas people.

Because of government work, it is impossible for me to sign this complaint, but I would like to have the personal privilege of informing P.F.C.s Donald Rose and Dan Carter that Texas is not without feminine beauty. Might I call to their attention that several of our most beautiful cover models and screen stars are Texans? If they wish to be technical, I might name Ginger Rogers, Ann Sheridan, Mary Martin and several others. However, it seems that the privates' educations have not exceeded that of the narrow spinster type which seems rather common in certain "necks of the woods." I've no special taste concerning Petty legs and Varga legs, but it irritates me to have a bunch of narrow-minded jackasses rattle just because one artist's originality is different from another's.

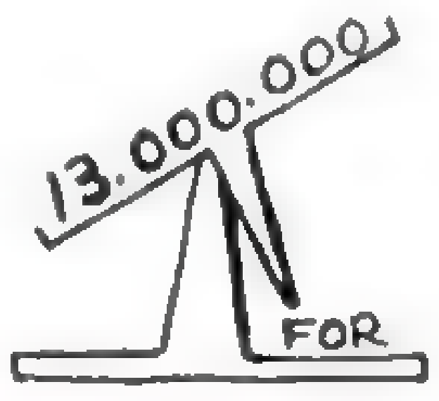
If it's okay with Esquire, I'd be very happy to match wits with both the privates and Jim Sheppard, the latter seeming to be a real intellect . . . the type from the North Carolina backwoods.

Do I get a response?

Sincerely,
San Diego, Cal. R. H.

MORE DISCRIMINATING THAN SENSITIVE

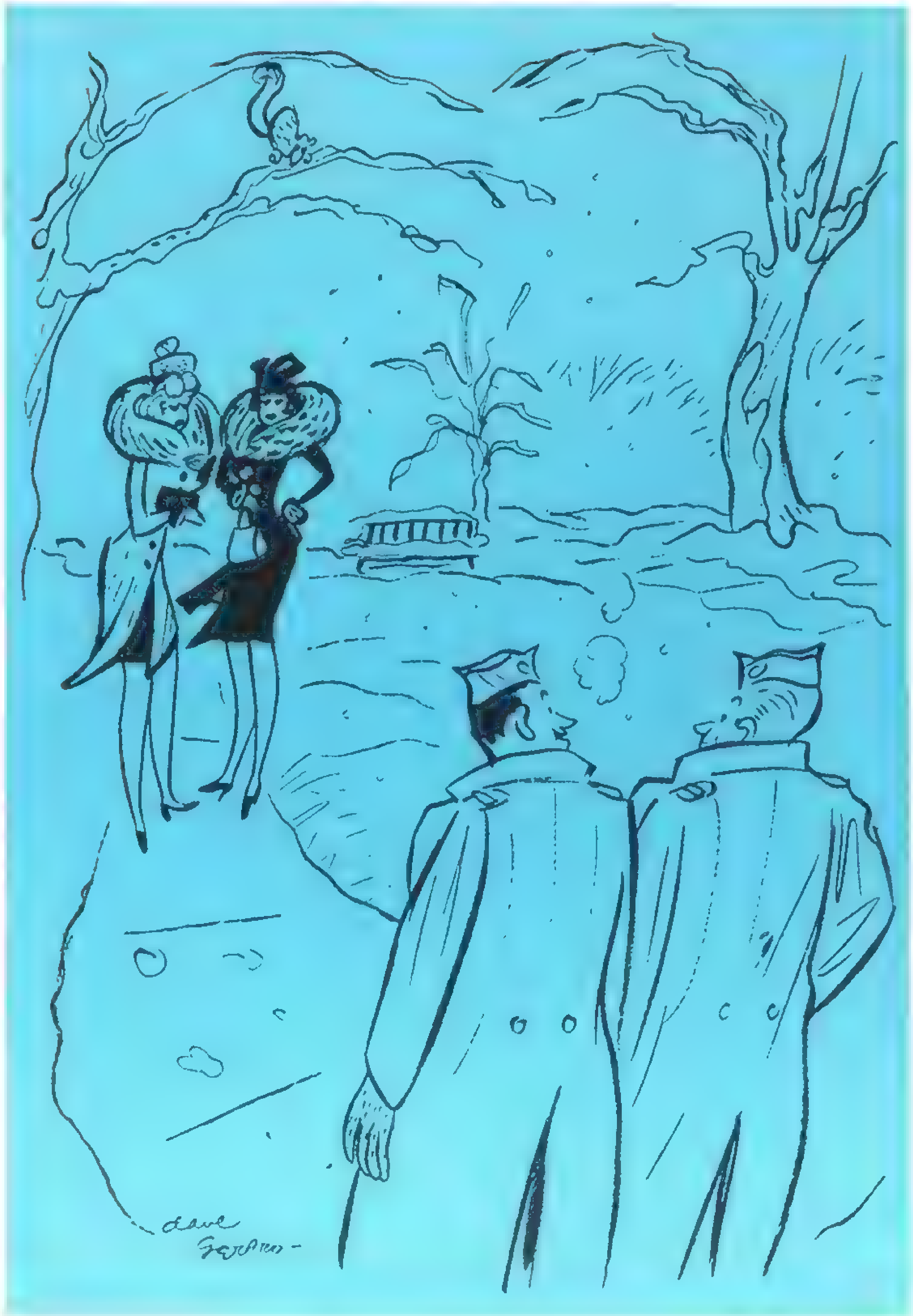
I have just read your excellent February editorial. I hasten to be one of the first to correct the completely false impression conveyed by the "several score" Negroes who, like Dr. Gilmore, took their pens in hand to rebuke Esquire for publishing Elmer Grossberg's story. I refer to the impression that they spoke for the thirteen million Negroes of this country, or even for the small percentage of that number that reads your peerless publication. They didn't speak for me, nor did they express the sentiments of countless others who, like myself, seldom find the time, or just don't bother to write letters to editors, even when we know we should.



Don't give any more thought to the Gilmores, Mr. Gingrich. We do object to certain words that are applied to us when they are used, as they usually are, to deride or disparage. At no time did Mr. Grossberg's words—even the one that "insulted" the Gilmores—inspire anything but intense compassion for his unlearned, innocent Negro hero, and equally intense scorn for his ignorant white tormentors. Anyone who could possibly read anything else into his lines is more sensitive than discriminating. The majority of your Negro readers do not belong to this hypersensitive clan.

We who have followed Esquire from its beginnings know it is our friend, in fiction, in articles, in policy. And even money says I speak for considerably more of the thirteen million than did the presumptuous Dr. Gilmore.

Yours very truly,
Melba A. Sweet, Managing Editor
The St. Louis American
St. Louis, Mo.



"I'll draw their attention with a frontal approach while you try an encircling movement"

BURNED OUT AT TEN

Time was when I picked up your magazine and considered the money well-spent. Now I buy it for sentimental reasons hoping to find a change. But as usual the disappointment with the February issue is deep.

Esky old man, you are all worn out. You've lost your vim and vigor. Perhaps you need a gland specialist. I hate to see you go to pieces like this. You see, we have spent some happy times together and I want those times to return.

First of all, get rid of William Lyon Phelps. He really is a first-class bore. Next move your kitchenette over to Good Housekeeping. They will make much better use of it. While reporting sports is allright, I can't for the love of Man Mountain Dean see what useful purpose the Sports Poll serves. When the sports reporters are wrong, they're terrible. When they are right, they're so woefully dull. It's a shame forcing Abe Simon to live.

As for the fiction! Do your authors, so-called, confine their work to the mornings after or do they employ their grandchildren to write for them? As bad as they are, they are getting worse month after month.

Yes, Esky, old age hurts us all I know, but you seem to have been hurt more than the rest of us. In your youthful days we all pampered you. Told you how wonderful you were. Even luscious ladies chased you a little too much. Now you're all worn out. You have grown stagnant through the years. But your ego won't permit you to admit it. Look out Esky, old man, the embalmer is knocking on your door.

Sincerely,
Salamanca, N. Y. Just an old friend

Stars in the Service

Colonel Frank Goettge of Marines, grid great, victim of treachery

At the Maxwell Memorial Football Club dinner in Philadelphia, Captain E. J. (Iron Mike) Moran of the *Boise* said:

> "We were all brought up on sportsmanship. From the time we were kids we were taught sportsmanship. Knock the other fellow down, then help him up. That's the way we play. But we're in a different league now. Let me tell you of an athlete I knew—Frank Goettge. Had a year at Ohio University; then went to the Marine Officers' School at Quantico. He was a colonel in Guadalcanal. He was playing the game our way one day. Some of the enemy threw up their hands in surrender. But attached to the backs of their hands were grenades. . . . That's why we're not taking prisoners. All bets are off. We're playing for keeps."

In a letter Major General Arthur A. Vandegrift, commanding officer on Guadalcanal, wrote on August 14:

> "I write this with a heavy heart. We lost Frank Goettge when he went to the rescue of an ambushed reconnaissance force on Guadalcanal."

In school at Ohio University, Goettge played tackle on the football team in his one year of residence, 1916, under the war-time abrogation of the one-year residence rule. He left school in 1917 to enlist in the Marines, and was commissioned a lieutenant in the Fifth Marines and served with distinction on the front in France.

Following the war he served at Quantico under Major General Smedley D. Butler and won recognition as one of the greatest football players in American history. After watching him in action at fullback for the Marines against a strong Navy team early in the 1920's, Walter Camp wrote: "Today I saw a football player who, for today at least, was greater than Jim Thorpe."

In 1929, Goettge was a captain in China. Later he advanced to major and was assigned as an aide to President Herbert Hoover.

* * *

Pilot Captain William Vanderkloot of Lake Bluff, Illinois, who flew the B-24 Consolidated Bomber that carried Prime Minister Churchill and his party to the Casablanca conference with President Roosevelt, was captain of the Culver Black Horse Troop in 1933, and also was the outstanding member of the varsity boxing team. Captain Vanderkloot also had the honor of carrying Churchill to Moscow via Egypt last August, for which he was awarded the Order of the British Empire. In his cadet days Vanderkloot took enough time off from his boxing, riding, and studies to experiment with the wingless airplane.

* * *

On a recent casualty list of the Marines was the name of Captain Frank Spang, one of the greatest all-around athletes in the history of Pennsylvania Military College. He was on the varsity football, basketball and tennis teams for four years, winning the tennis tournament cup for four years in succession; and in addition had two years of track, one year of baseball and one year of golf. In scholarship as well as sports he was a ranking man, being the first in his class to have his name entered on the Dean's list. It was placed there during his sophomore year and remained there.

He joined the Marines immediately upon graduation in 1939. After a term in Iceland, he completed studies as a flight instructor at Pensacola. He had been active in fighter work, scouting and dive bombing before leaving for the Pacific battle zone.

* * *

Back in 1915, Illinois College, Jacksonville, Illinois, had a championship football team in the Little Nineteen. Captain and outstanding star of that team was Julian Neil Frisbie of Virden, Illinois. This same great athlete, now Lieutenant Colonel Julian Frisbie of the Marines, has been decorated with the Silver Star for efficiency that made possible the annihilation of a Jap regiment on Guadalcanal. Colonel Frisbie was of the class of 1917 and attended Illinois College for three years, leaving in 1916 to join the Marine Corps. During the first World War, he rose to the rank of Captain.

Other outstanding Illinois College athletes in the service include: Willis Munger, grid star who is in the officers' training school at Fort Knox; Floyd Newkirk, formerly a member of the Newark and New York Yankee baseball teams, who is in the field artillery; Gale McWard, former football player who is in the signal corps; and Herb Scheffler, member of the Boston Red Sox' farm teams of Rocky Mount and Greensboro in the Piedmont League, who is now in the Army Air Corps.

* * *

First Lieutenant Jeff Gossard, red-headed basketball star at Hiram College, Hiram, Ohio, two years ago has completed a year of overseas flying with the Army Air Forces. For some time he piloted bombers out of India on raids on Burma. Next he was flying over Rommel's raggedeers in Africa.

A letter from a Lieutenant Frank H. Woltman of his squadron states:

> "The British are circulating pictures of a certain bombing back in the days when Tobruk was still in German hands. They call it the finest example of American 'pin-point' bombing. The Yanks call it 'pickle barrel from 20,000 feet.' Jeff was in the leading plane of the whole formation that day."

Another Hiram star, Howard Bradbury, who played football there nearly thirty years ago is in command of a United States warship which has been in the Solomons action. Ensign Robert Baker, a golf star while in school, sent a Jap ten yen note from Guadalcanal as a contribution to the school alumni fund. Lieutenant Commander Gaylor Bates, who was an all-Ohio football tackle back in 1924, is ship's surgeon on a transport sailing in Indian waters.

Lieutenant Wendell George, '40, U. S. Navy flier, was finally able to keep his date with his Hiram College classmate, Miss Kathryn Oldacre. They were married last fall at Boulder City, Nevada. The groom was ordered to Alaska last summer on the eve of their earlier marriage date and his telegram caught the bride just as she was leaving her home in Chicago to meet him. Lieutenant George was a pole vaulter, football and basketball player in college.

* * *

Two former Pittsburgh basketball stars, Melvin Port and Jack Scott, are captains who were with the Marine assault forces in the Solomons. Captain Port won All-East recognition as a leading scorer in his years on the team, 1939 through 1941. His team went to the semi-finals in the N.C.A.A. tournament in '41, losing to Wisconsin. Captain Scott was a cage regular in 1939. Both men are red-headed and both live in Pittsburgh.

Another Pittsburgh captain is Captain James E. Simms of Company B, 106th Medical Battalion, Camp J. T. Robinson, California. He was a member of the 1932 Rose Bowl football squad.

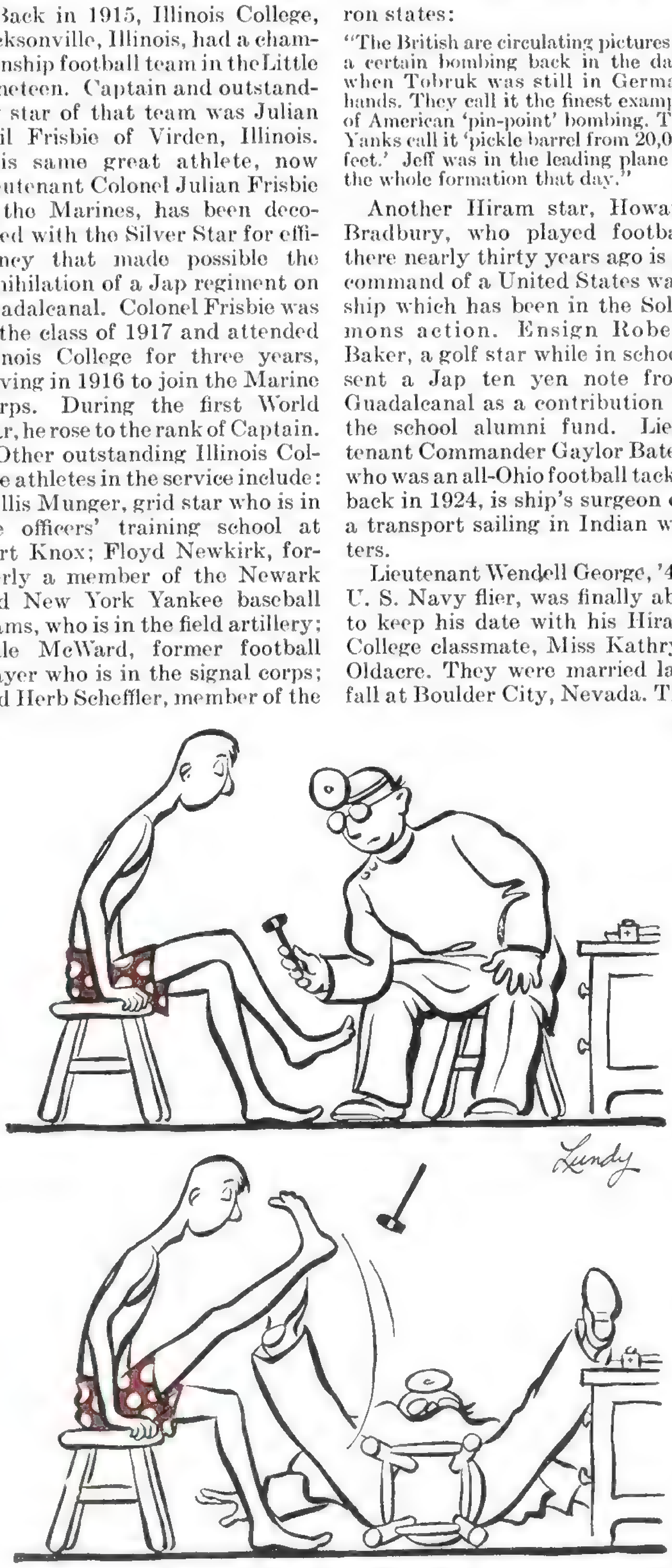
* * *

Two former athletes from Eastern Illinois State Teachers College, Charleston, Illinois, have won citations. Lieutenant Paul Henry, football and basketball star while in school, joined the Army Air Corps and became a transport pilot carrying paratroops. On December 16th he was cited by General Doolittle for "performance of an extremely hazardous offensive in transportation of paratroops into Tunisia November 29."

Lieutenant Harry Wood, football and baseball player, was attached to the *Lexington* after receiving his wings. On December 18th he was presented the Navy Cross along with others by Vice Admiral John H. Towers who stated that "our fighting men possess the essentials of fortitude and determination which win battles and which will win the war as well." Lieutenant Wood and Lieutenant Harry A. Frederickson of Spokane, both dive bomber pilots, received citations for attacks on two Jap carriers, one of which was sunk and the other damaged during the Coral Sea battle. At a later date Lieutenant Wood became lost from his carrier, was forced to land on an island and was guided back to American forces by friendly natives. It was while he was lost that the *Lexington* was sunk.

* * *

Before the war, Bill Martini was a football star and freshman class president at Western Illinois State Teachers College, Macomb, Illinois. When the war came he enlisted in the Navy. During the North African invasion Seaman Martini swam out to the boat in which Chief Boatswain's Mate Lloyd Morris was being strafed by machine guns. Morris probably would have drowned, except for the fact Martini disregarded the attacking planes and dragged him ashore. ⌗



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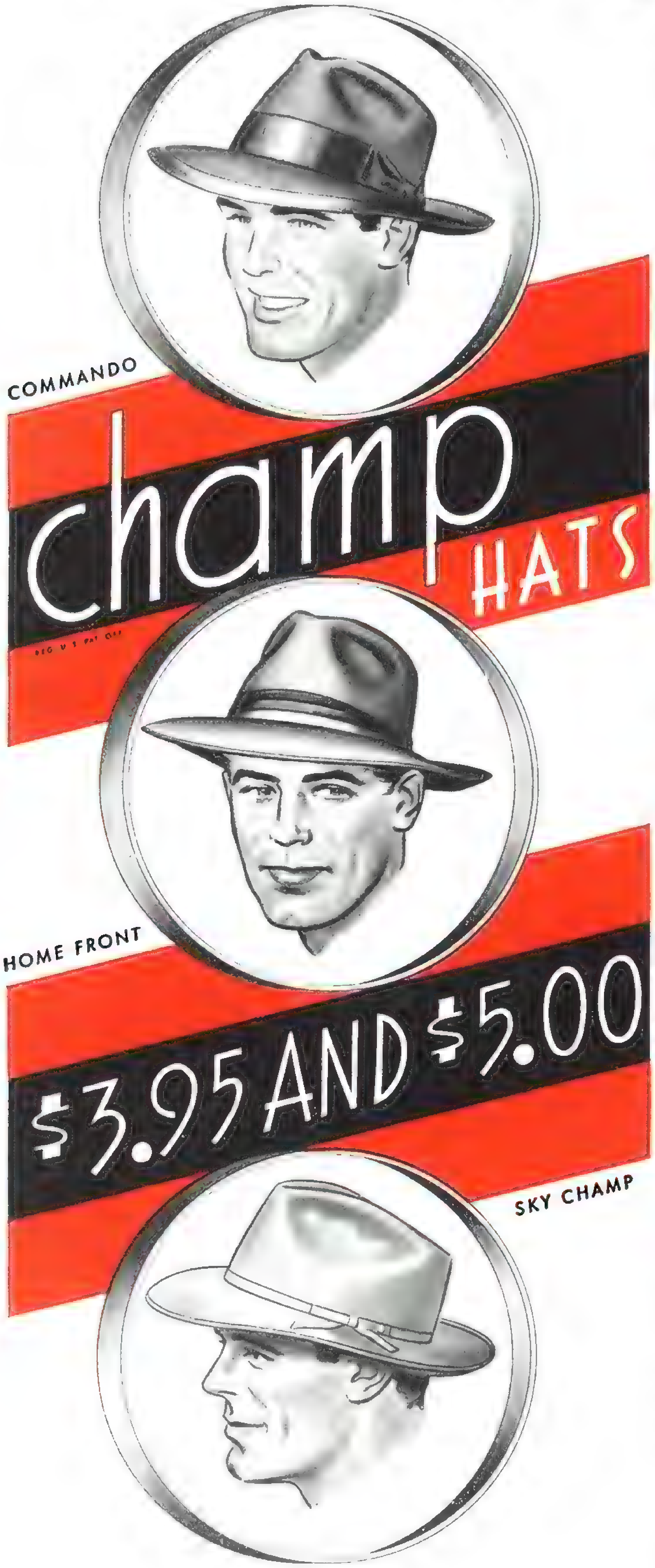

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Down on the Farm

Continued from page 55

them karosene lamps. Ought to have the weather side o' the house done by sunup."

"But don't we git to have no ham and eggs and cornbread and pie for breakfist? I can't work on no empty stummick!"

"Paintin' ain't work, Willie—it's ony fill-in ontil time to charn butter."

"I got a awful languish for a rare beefsteak, Gramma."

"Beefsteak? Why, boy, you got to have a ration card to git any beefsteak, and even then they ony take the ticket and put you down for one after the war's over. Where you lads been o' late?"

"We been in the Army," said Corky Smith.

"Oh, well, enough of this fiddle-dee-dee. Early to bed and early to rise, for when you're asleep you can't tell any lies."

At the end of the week Smoot and Corky were hardly more than shadows. "You boys is been a fine help to your ole granny, I'm a cross-eyed pigeon if you ain't," acknowledged Grandma Smith.

"I see on the fence a sticker says there's a double feature at the Bijou Palace in town," said Corky. "How about we all go in and celebrate the end of our furloffs?"

"Got no gasoline to go gallivantin' around the countryside," said Grandma.

"The three of us could all climb up on Cross-Eye Nellie. It's ony four miles to town."

"And have that mare chew up an extry bale o' hay?"

"But what does civilians do to have any fun? They can't ride no place, they can't have no pie alla-mode or beefsteaks—"

"Sest legare, as them foreign Latiners say," said Grandma philosophically.

In the morning Corky said, "Well, we got to leave in a couple of minutes." He sighed a vast sigh of relief.

"Wish you had a furloff to stay over another week. I been yearnin' to have the house wallpapered. What ain't to be jist ain't, however. Well, Major Smoot, if ever you git another leave, you know where to come. The house looks pretty for certain. It's a proud piece o' dabbin' you did, boy."

"Yes, ma'am," said Smoot. "I guess there ain't nothin' the matter with this sore, swelt-up arm that time won't cure."

"Anyway," said Corky Smith, "we had our furloff without spendin' much cash money."

"That is a real consolation," said Smoot, looking in his wallet to see if the remainder of his precious five dollars were intact.

When Grandma Smith saw Smoot's money she said, "Aha! Give that here, young man!" imperiously.

"What—?"

"Ain't you heered of inflation? Once inflation is let loose it's worst than a plagg o' locust." She went to a cupboard and withdrew a sheet of War Savings Stamps. "A fair exchange ain't no robbery," she asserted as she gave Smoot the equivalent of his money in stamps. "Loose dollars is as bad as loose talk. I'm the volunteer agent to sell bonds and stamps around these here parts. It's a good thing for you I seen that money first, or Lord knows—"

"But we already has signed up to superscribe ten per cent of our pay for war bonds, Gramma."

"And little enough it is. Beat the Axis over the head with your taxes, that's your ole granny's motter."

"Well, we haff to leave by now," said Corky.

They walked wordlessly down the road, looking for a truck to come by. Smoot's brooding silence was unnatural, and finally Corky could stand it no longer. "Ain't you gonna say nothin'?" he mumbled uncomfortably.

"Huh?"

"I said, ain't you gonna bawl hell out o' me?" Not being bawled out left Smith frustrated, unsatisfied, and ill-at-ease.

"I been thinkin'."

Corky looked at his partner quizzically. This was an unfamiliar side of Sergeant Smoot. "Thinkin'?"

"Yeah. I been workin' out a new scheme to figger a way to git all the boys in camp to start sendin' out chain letters to cheer up the civilians back home. We should tell them not to lose courage but to bear up with their hardships. We should maybe sent them a nice layer cake or somethin' now and then, or maybe a cartoon of cigarettes if they are ladies." Smoot sighed, not unhappily. "In the meanwhile, the sooner I git back to camp is not a minute too soon for me!" #

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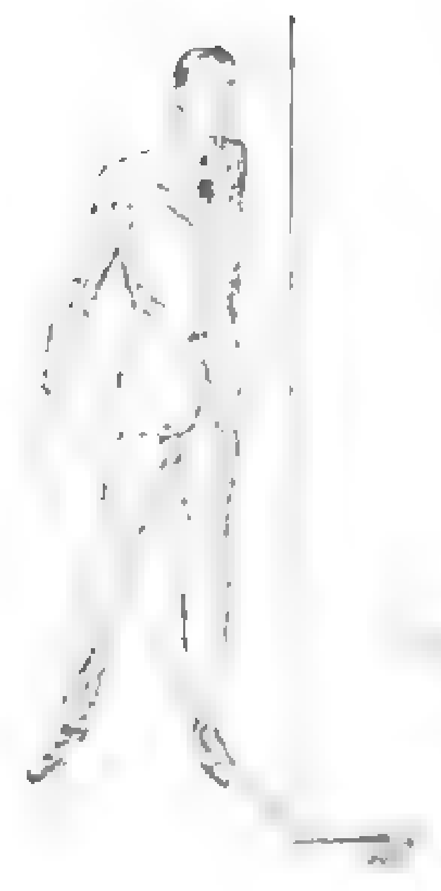


Variation in B Flat

Continued from page 34

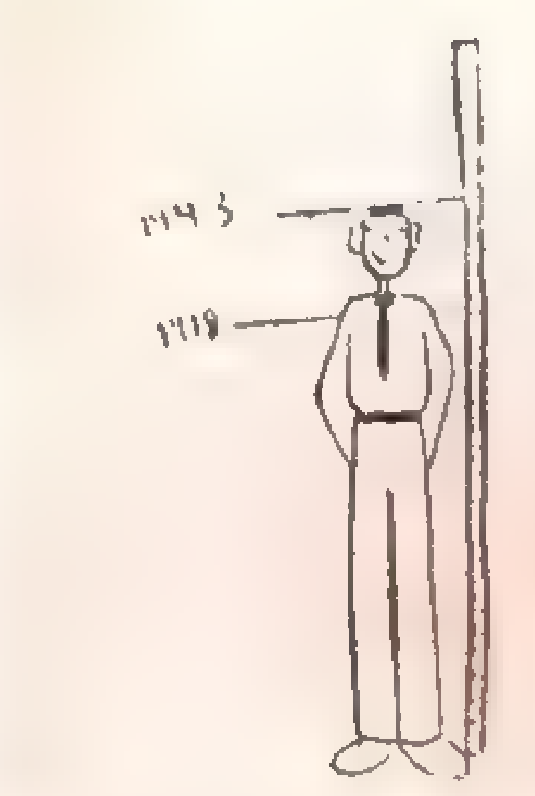
you will never play better, Anatole. Because you are poor."

I nodded. "If only I had a wealthy cousin," I said, "I should have no worries."

Potaskin looked at me sharply. "You are thinking of Boris Bendefski," he said.

I *was* thinking of Boris Bendefski, my fellow student at the Conservatory, whose famous cousin had just given him a magnificent Guarnerius.

My teacher continued in a kind voice. "You need harbor no envy toward Bendefski," he said. "He is no musician."



Statistics show that modern soldiers are taller than the ones in World War I. But the stories they have to tell aren't.

I shook my head. "You are wrong, maestro," I corrected. "Boris has great talent. His ability to play the most difficult scores is really incredible."

"Nevertheless," said Potaskin firmly, "he is no musician. He is merely a machine which can translate notes into sounds. I tell you, Anatole, you will some day learn the quality of imagination is the greatest treasure a musician may possess. *Imagination* and *humility;* those are the ingredients of genius."

"Yes, maestro," I said humbly, and I left the room, carrying my valueless violin under my arm.

You may wonder why Potaskin had seen fit to lay so much stress upon Boris Bendefski, and I shall tell you. Boris was a blood cousin of Chirikoff, the great concert violinist. In the days when I was a student, Chirikoff was a name which those in musical circles spoke in reverence. It was he who had received a villa and princely honors at the hands of the Czar, in recognition of his virtuosity with the violin. It was Chirikoff who held even the Romanoffs in the palm of his hand because of his artistry. And it was Chirikoff who contributed generously to the St. Petersburg Conservatory of Music, so that the school was able to remain solvent. Naturally, Chirikoff was highly respected.

And what of Boris Bendefski, the cousin of the great man? Boris wore the finest clothes obtainable. He moved dazzlingly in the highest circles. He spoke familiarly to princes and dukes. He attended all the fashionable balls, escorting only the most beautiful and unattainable women in Russia. Men whispered enviously that Boris Bendefski maintained highly indecent relations with a certain ballerina.

I was not one to envy a man for his worldly possessions. Let him have his wardrobe, his friends and his demi-mondaines. But that Boris should possess a Guarnerius whose tone was the voice of strength and splendor itself, that I could not help envying.

He was an excellent violinist, and it was freely acknowledged that a brilliant career lay before him. He had merely to win the Politov award, with all the attendant honors, and he would be well on his way to following the footsteps of his eminent cousin.

I myself had long cherished the dream of winning the Politov award, but I knew that it was hopeless. Boris was a good violinist, and he was a cousin of Chirikoff who was also a friend of Politov. And certainly the faculty of the Conservatory would not find it expedient to antagonize Chirikoff, whose endowments kept them in bread and butter.

It was a bitter pill to swallow, but poverty had made me practical. Yearly, the ablest student of the Conservatory, as chosen by the faculty, was acclaimed the winner of the award. This year it would be Bendefski, and only a miracle could prevent it.

Some men will tell you that only the angels can accomplish miracles. If that is so, then Fabien Potaskin was an angel. It was he who told me the news.

"Anatole," he said one afternoon, "I think we have taught you all we can. I think you are ready to take your place in the musical world."

I stared at him in amazement. "But where shall I go? What shall I do?"

He smiled in a paternal way. "How would you like to play with the St. Petersburg Symphony Orchestra?" he asked.

I opened my mouth to speak, but words would not come. I merely gaped.

"Why do you stare?" asked Potaskin in exasperation. "Do you see a fly on my nose? Have I said something particularly stupid?"

At last I managed to stammer a few words. "You . . . you . . . said that I might play with the St. Petersburg Orchestra . . ."

"I said no such thing. I merely asked if you would like it."

"But how can it be arranged?" I asked eagerly.

"You have merely to win the Politov award," said Potaskin with naïve simplicity.

My spirits sank. "That is impossible," I said. "It is Boris Bendefski who will win."

Potaskin rose angrily. "Boris Bendefski!" he shouted. "Why must I forever hear his name! Why must he be fore-ordained to some great, lofty pinnacle while others must forever remain

Continued on page 140

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Variation in B Flat

Continued from pages 34-139

worshipfully on their knees?"

He paced the floor with huge strides, his nose quivering with righteous anger. When at last he had become sufficiently calm to speak coherently, he turned to me again. "As you know," he said, "the faculty of the Conservatory held its meeting last night in order to nominate the winner of the Politov award. The winner is given a cash sum and a contract with the orchestra."

"It is a great opportunity for a young musician," I said bitterly.

"This year," said Potaskin, "it was the opinion of the faculty that Boris Bendefski be chosen."

"If that is the case," I said, "there is no hope for me."

"Anatole, please do not interrupt. The faculty made its decision. I protested against its choice. They presented me with many arguments to show why Bendefski should win. But still I protested. I tell you frankly there was turmoil in that meeting. I shouted at them, I cursed, I threatened to resign. At last a compromise was reached."

"A compromise?" I asked.

"A compromise," continued Potaskin, "which, while not entirely satisfactory, was the best I could arrange. There will be a contest between you and Bendefski to determine who is the better violinist. The winner will receive the Politov award."

It was not possible. For a moment I thought I had imagined the words. "I shall never forget what you have done for me," I said tearfully. "But what if I should not win?"

Potaskin refused to entertain the notion. "How can you lose?" he asked. "You have imagination. Bendefski has none."

You see how matters stood. My career, my very existence, depended on the outcome of that contest. It was Bendefski or I. It was my imagination versus Bendefski and his Guarnerius.

When I left Potaskin's study I reeled as though intoxicated. How can I lose, I kept saying to myself. Potaskin himself says that I shall win. What a glorious day it is. How good it is to be alive, how wonderful to feel . . .

And then I saw Bendefski.

He was standing in the corridor, his long body hanging loosely together, and an expensive cigar hanging from his mouth. He stared at me superciliously, allowing his eyes to start at my toes, then to travel slowly to my face. The way he did it made me feel that I was in need of a bath. I became acutely conscious of the fact that my suit was neither new, modern nor unpatched.

"Good afternoon, Korlokovitch," he said condescendingly. It was the first time he had ever spoken to me. Bendefski did not speak to everyone, I assure you. I managed to stammer a conventional greeting.

He removed the cigar from his mouth and flicked the ashes carelessly on the floor. "I understand," he said casually, "that we are to be rivals for the Politov award."

"I have just heard the news," I said.

"I consider it unwise."

"And why is that?"

He shrugged his shoulders expressively. "I do not approve of such cruelty," he said. "Your hopes have been raised for nothing. You would have been far happier, Korlokovitch, had you never glimpsed such an unattainable goal."

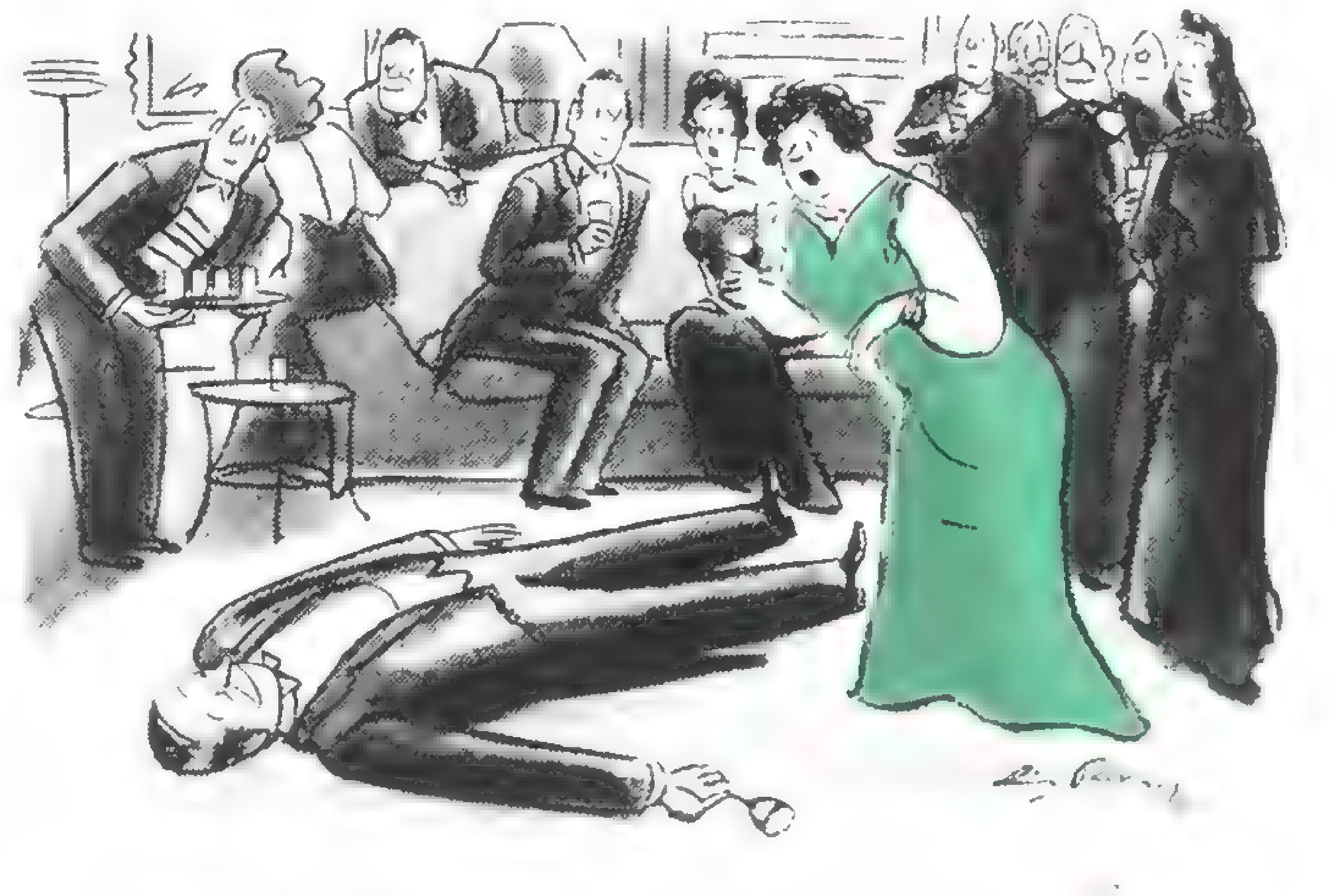
The blood rushed to my face. "We shall see who will win!"

He studied me with considerable distaste. "It is a great humiliation," he said, "that I must compete with a pauper. How my friends will laugh at me."

"And what will they say when you have lost the award?" I asked hotly.

"If that should happen," said Bendefski, "my Guarnerius is yours. A Guarnerius wagered against nothing. It is the proper odds."

During the days that followed I practiced every available hour. I haunted the Conservatory's library of music, devoting myself



"Why, Mr. Phipps—you've ruined your appetite for dinner!"

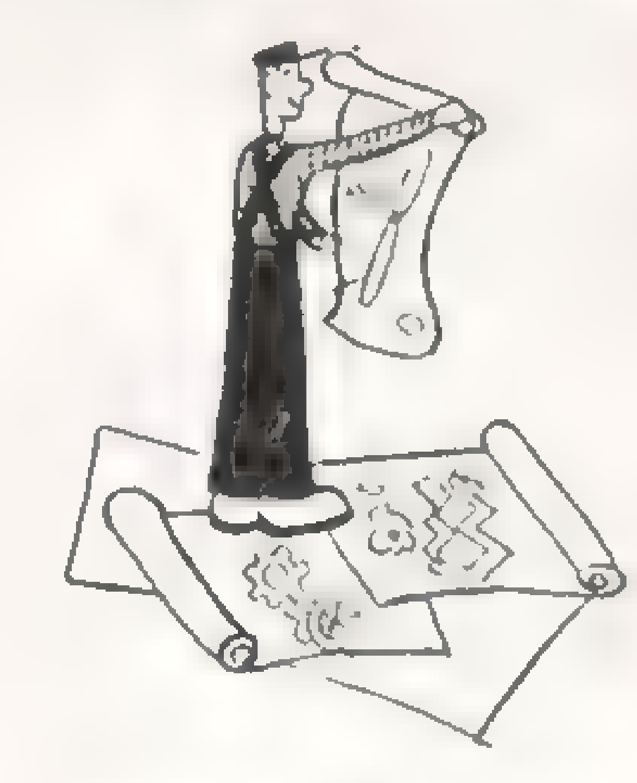
exclusively to the most difficult compositions, playing them until they were mastered. I ate sparingly in order to save money enough to purchase a new set of strings for my violin.

One morning I received a message. My presence was required in the Director's office. When I arrived I found Bendefski already there, talking animatedly and intimately to a small, fat, roundfaced gentleman.

The Director interrupted them as I came into the room. "You will excuse mé, gentlemen," he said. "This is Korlokovitch. We will get on with the business."

The fat man regarded me doubtfully with the same interest a bacteriologist would evince upon spying a new shape under his microscope. "Sit down, Korlokovitch," he said coldly. "I happen to be the donor of the award you are seeking. My name is Politov."

He turned to the Director. "I am happy to see that my friend Bendefski is one of the finalists," he said. "If one derives satisfaction from helping a fellow man in his chosen career, how much greater is the satisfaction when the fellow man is a personal friend."



Times Change

World War I: "Hang the Kaiser."

World War II: "Give Kaiser more ships and planes to build."

My heart sank to the bottom of my stomach, and there it remained. I was sorely tempted to yield then and there, surrendering the prize and the glory to Bendefski without a struggle. But my knees were so weak I could not rise from my chair.

"But let us discuss the details," said Politov. "Each year the prize is the same. A contract with the St. Petersburg Symphony Orchestra and a cash award as well. This year, however, a complication has developed. We have two prize-winners, one of whom, unfortunately"—he glanced briefly at me—"must be eliminated."

He cleared his throat with an important cough and continued. "If I asked the gentlemen to play something by a well-known composer like Tschaikowski, for example, whoever might be more familiar with the composition would walk off with the honors. It would be a test, not of one's skill, but rather of his familiarity with the music. That would not be fair."

The Director nodded his head in agreement. Bendefski stared out the window as if bored to distraction by a silly game which must soon be over.

"So," said Politov proudly, "the contest will consist of sight reading. I have a manuscript which has never been played in public. The contestants will have fifteen minutes in which to study the music. Whoever plays better will, of course, be the winner."

"Admirable," said the Director, beaming broadly.

"Ingenious," said Bendefski dryly.

"The contest will take place tomorrow afternoon in the Conservatory auditorium," said Politov. "There will be an audience consisting of the Conservatory's faculty and students."

"Most satisfactory," said the Director.

"And one thing more," said Politov. "I must caution you that I shall be a most tyrannical judge. I shall close my eyes and listen to the music. Any faults, no matter how unavoidable, will have none of my sympathy. Should one of the strings snap in the middle of the piece, you must realize that it will be a damning event. If the tone of one violin should be, by any chance, more mellow than the other, I should naturally award the prize to the contestant who played more pleasingly. Is it understood?"

"Eminently impartial," smiled the Director.

"Quite," said Bendefski.

I, like a fool, said nothing.

"Very well. I shall see you here tomorrow at three. And good luck to both of you."

It must be plain to you that Politov was stretching impartiality to the point where Bendefski was certain to win. It was obvious that Bendefski would create a finer tone with his Guarnerius than I could produce from a stick of wood such as mine. Yes, indeed, Politov was impartial. And Bendefski, as a result, was almost certain to win.

I went to my rooms immediately, and there I considered the matter carefully. I remembered what Potaskin had said . . . that imagination was a necessary ingredient to success. I pondered deeply for hours, and when darkness fell I remained huddled in my chair, still pondering how my imagination might aid me.

I was in the Director's office promptly at three the next afternoon. Politov arrived shortly afterward, accompanied by the expansive Director.

"Good afternoon, Korlokovitch," said Politov genially. "I see you are on time."

I mumbled some platitude about promptness, and then we waited for Bendefski, who arrived half an hour later carrying his precious Guarnerius under his arm.

"Now gentlemen," Politov began, "we are ready to commence. I have brought the music with me," he removed the sheets from his briefcase, "and I shall allow you fifteen minutes to study it. You will notice that it is written in pencil. It may be somewhat

Continued on page 142

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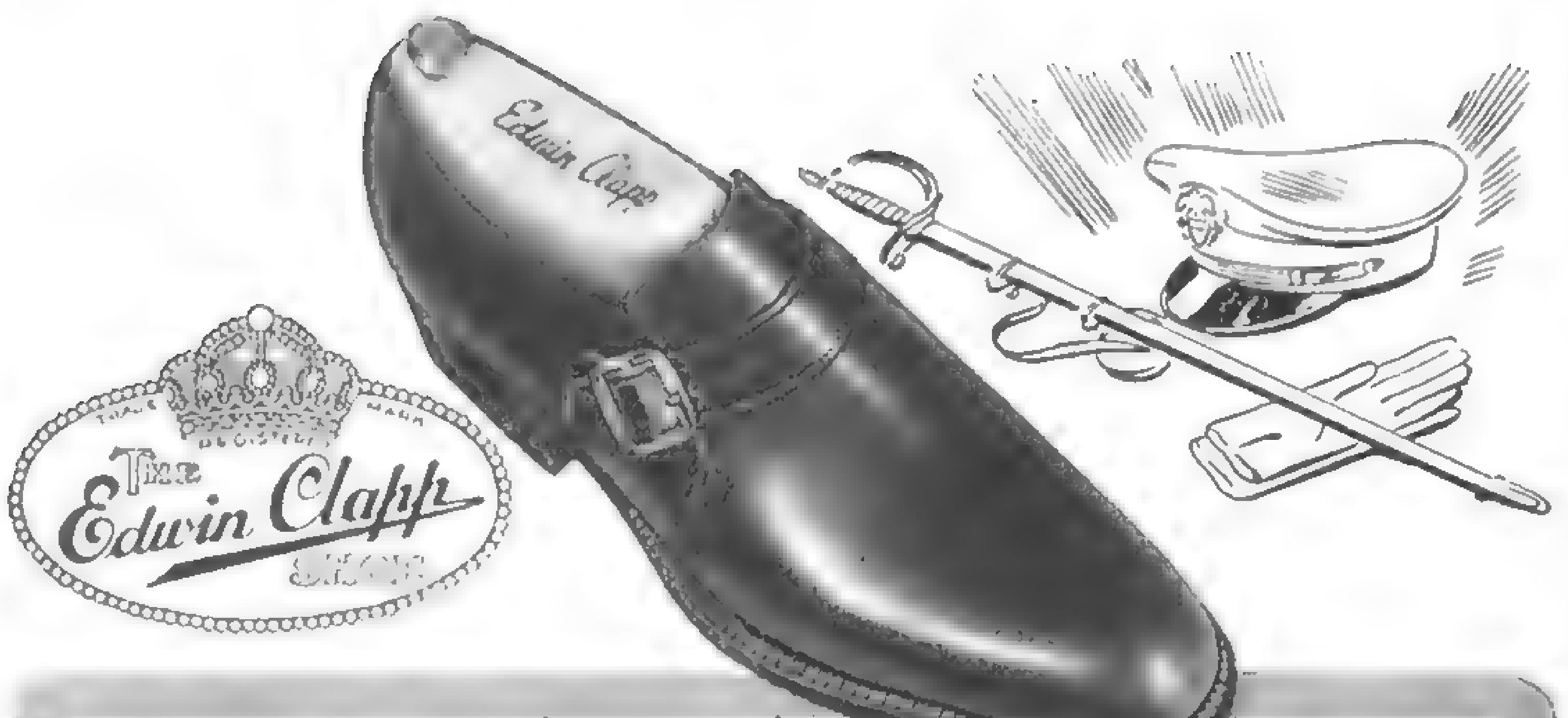

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Variation in B Flat

Continued from pages 34-139-141

difficult to read, but I am sure you are both such accomplished performers that such an obstacle will not disturb you."

"Not at all," said Bendefski.

"You are at liberty to make whatever penciled notations you wish on the manuscript. You, Korlokovitch, you are scheduled to play for us first, during which time Bendefski will remain in this office. Afterward, Bendefski will play. Is it understood?"

We agreed that it was, and the Director and Politov left the room. Bendefski and I spent several minutes studying the music, paying no heed to one another, each of us using our pencils to darken those musical hieroglyphics which were not clear.

At last Bendefski rose and walked across the room toward me. There was a knife in his hand with which he was sharpening his pencil. "I have broken the lead," he explained.

"Have you finished studying the script?" I asked.

"Yes. It is not at all difficult," he said in a surprisingly friendly tone. "It will be child's play."

I nodded. "I wonder if the two are the same?" I asked.

"You may look at mine if you wish. It is lying on the desk."

I went to the desk and glanced over his sheets. They were identical with mine, written in two flats, the same music, note for note.

"Really, Korlokovitch, how do you dare play for Politov with such an instrument?"

"It is all I can afford," I said.

He plucked one of the strings. "How you can expect to compete with a Guarnerius I cannot imagine," he said.

I turned my back upon him in order to make a final study of the music. "We shall see," I said softly, "we shall see."

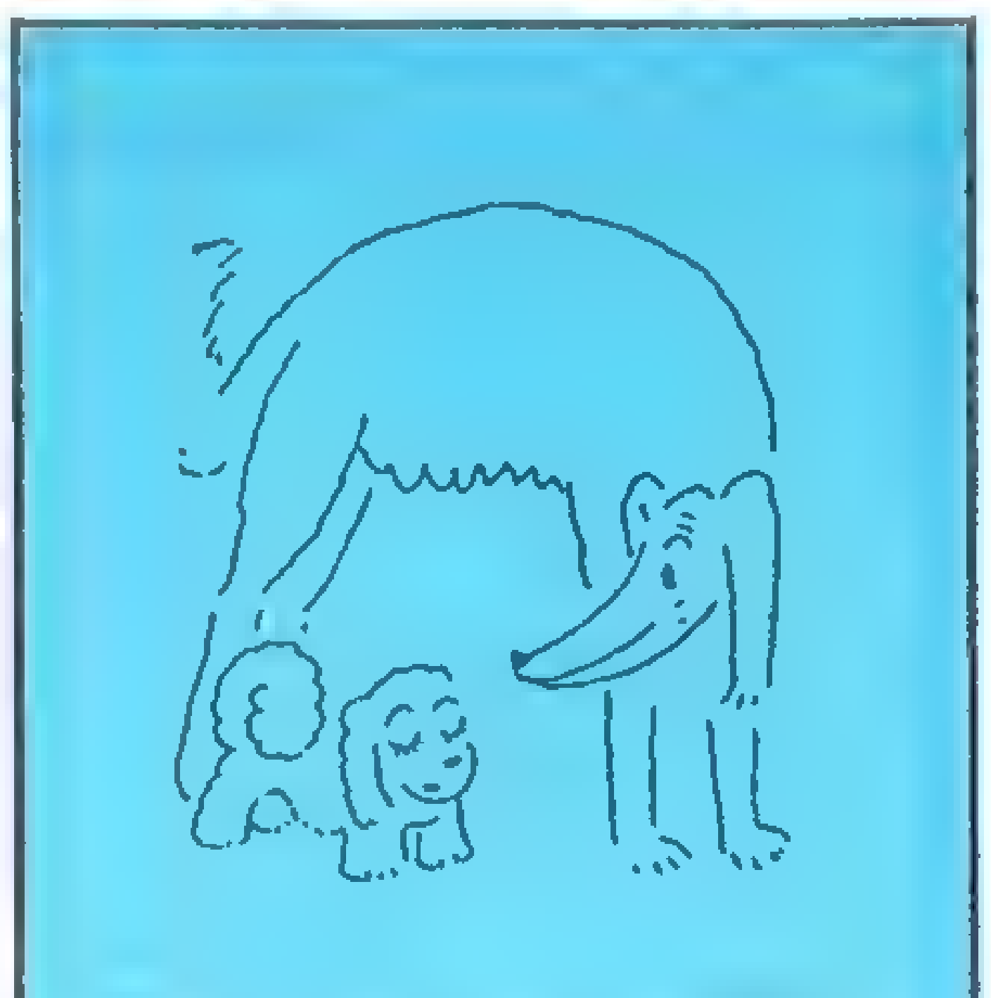
A few moments later the Director came into the room. "Are you ready, Korlokovitch?" he asked. "Politov is waiting."

"I am ready." I crossed the room, took my violin, and went into the auditorium where my audience was seated. Fabien Potaskin was sitting in the front row. He nodded to me encouragingly.

"You may begin," said Politov.

I placed the music on the stand in front of me, wiped the perspiration from my hands, put the violin under my chin and played. My fingers moved with the swiftness of an antelope, my bowing was perfect. Somehow, I cannot say why, the tone of my violin came forth clear and mellow. It was not so good a tone as a better violin would have afforded, but nevertheless far better than I had expected. I gained confidence as I progressed.

And then, suddenly, from the corner of my eye, I saw a flicker. "A shadow," I thought, and ignored it. But then it came again. My eyes left the music for a fraction of a second, and I saw what had caused that flicker. I felt a sinking sensation in my body, and my fingers grew weak. I do not know how I continued to play, but it must have been by mechanical instinct.



Then there was the Wolfhound who asked the cunning poodle if she'd like to see his itchings!

A great catastrophe was about to occur, and I was powerless to prevent it. The A string on my violin was on the point of snapping. I continued to play grimly, but my brain was whirling with one question. How did it happen? I had examined the strings carefully that very afternoon and could detect no flaw. That flicker which I had seen was a loose strand vibrating freely. Only a small thread held the string together, but soon . . . soon it would break.

Just as a man is supposed to relive his entire life in that brief second before death, I relived mine. I saw Bendefski sneering at me, I saw Bendefski sharpening his pencil, I saw Bendefski with my violin in his hands, I saw Bendefski holding a knife . . . That was it! Bendefski had done it! He had nicked the string with his knife when my back was turned. It was clear.

That string would never withstand the burden of a *fortissimo* passage. I knew that if I brought the bow down hard on the A string there would be a snap, and with that snap would go my hopes of winning the Politov award. I prayed fervently that there would be no *fortissimo* passage. I turned the last page of the music, and there I saw it . . . a long passage marked *fortissimo!*

It was there, and it must be played. I drew the bow sharply across the string. I saw the free strands whirl madly for a moment, and then . . . two measures before the end of the piece, the A string snapped!

Politov shook his head sadly. "It is too bad, Korlokovitch. It was a magnificent attempt. But I warned you, did I not, that a broken string would prove a damning event."

I nodded, thinking deep and murderous thoughts about the treacherous Bendefski. He had not been content with the advantages he had already possessed. No! He had made doubly sure of winning by nicking the string with his knife. It was a foul act, and I prayed that vengeance would soon come.

Slowly I returned to the office. "How did it go?" asked Bendefski. There was a decided smirk in his expression.

"My A string broke."

"Tsch, tsch," he clucked in feigned sympathy. "How unfortunate. But you must remember that fate chooses her victors wisely." He promptly gathered his music and departed from the room, leaving me alone with my thoughts.

I thought of Potaskin and his assurances that my imagination would see me through. "Well, Potaskin," I muttered to myself, "I have staked everything on my imagination. We shall see what it can accomplish."

I remained in the Director's office for what seemed hours. Surely, I thought, Bendefski has finished his piece by this time. It cannot be that they have forgotten that I am here, that they do not consider it worth while to advise me of the decision. Surely I am worthy of that small consideration.

The door opened and Fabien Potaskin entered the room. "Anatole," he said solemnly.

I looked up.

"Anatole, when your A string broke I could have sworn that only a miracle could place the Politov award in your hands."

I waited.

"That miracle has happened. Bendefski's playing was incredibly bad, and you have won!"

I cannot tell you how joyous I was at receiving the news. I went to him and clasped his hands. "You were right," I cried. "Imagination is a wonderful thing!"

He shook his head slowly, and his nose took the shape of a question mark. "Imagination does not explain why Bendefski played so abominably," he said.

I laughed happily. "You are my friend," I said, "and to you I shall confide my secret. Politov told us we were at liberty to make any penciled notations which we desired on the manuscript."

I paused dramatically. "Therefore," I said, "I took the liberty of revising the manuscript. An extra flat placed by a note here and there, a few sharps sprinkled liberally throughout the score . . . do you understand?"

"No," said Potaskin, "I do not understand. Adding sharps and flats to the score would have made you play off-key. It would have reduced the music to miserable screeching. I fail to see how such a revision . . ."

"That is exactly the point," I said triumphantly. "It was not *my* manuscript which I revised. It was Boris Bendefski's!"

* * *

Korlokovitch paused briefly and sat back languidly in his chair. "That," he said simply, "should be ample enough proof of the great value imagination is to a musician."

"It proves nothing of the kind," I said. "It merely shows that musicians are a dishonest lot and cannot be trusted."

"You are thinking of Bendefski, of course," said Korlokovitch, "and I agree with you."

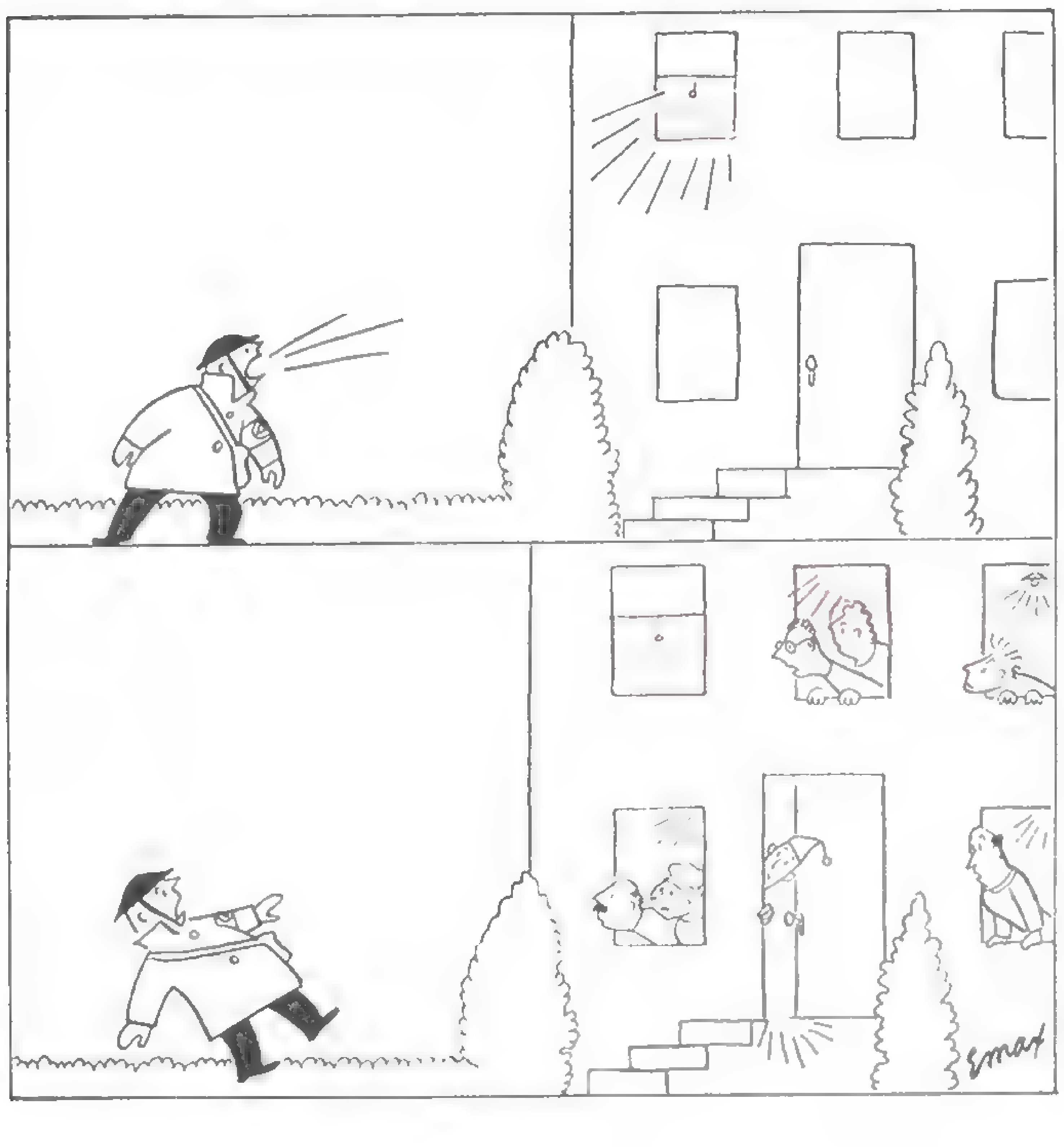
"But what of yourself?" I asked. "Do you think that you acted very honorably or honestly when you tampered with Bendefski's music?"

He stared at me in amazement. "My ethics on that occasion," he said, "cannot be questioned. I merely exerted the power of my imagination to win the Politov award."

"And Bendefski?" I asked him pointedly.

"That," said Korlokovitch emphatically, "was entirely different. What he did was the foulest sort of perfidy. It was dishonest, dishonorable and treacherous. It was low, despicable, villainous . . ."

You see what I mean? Never trust a musician. ♯



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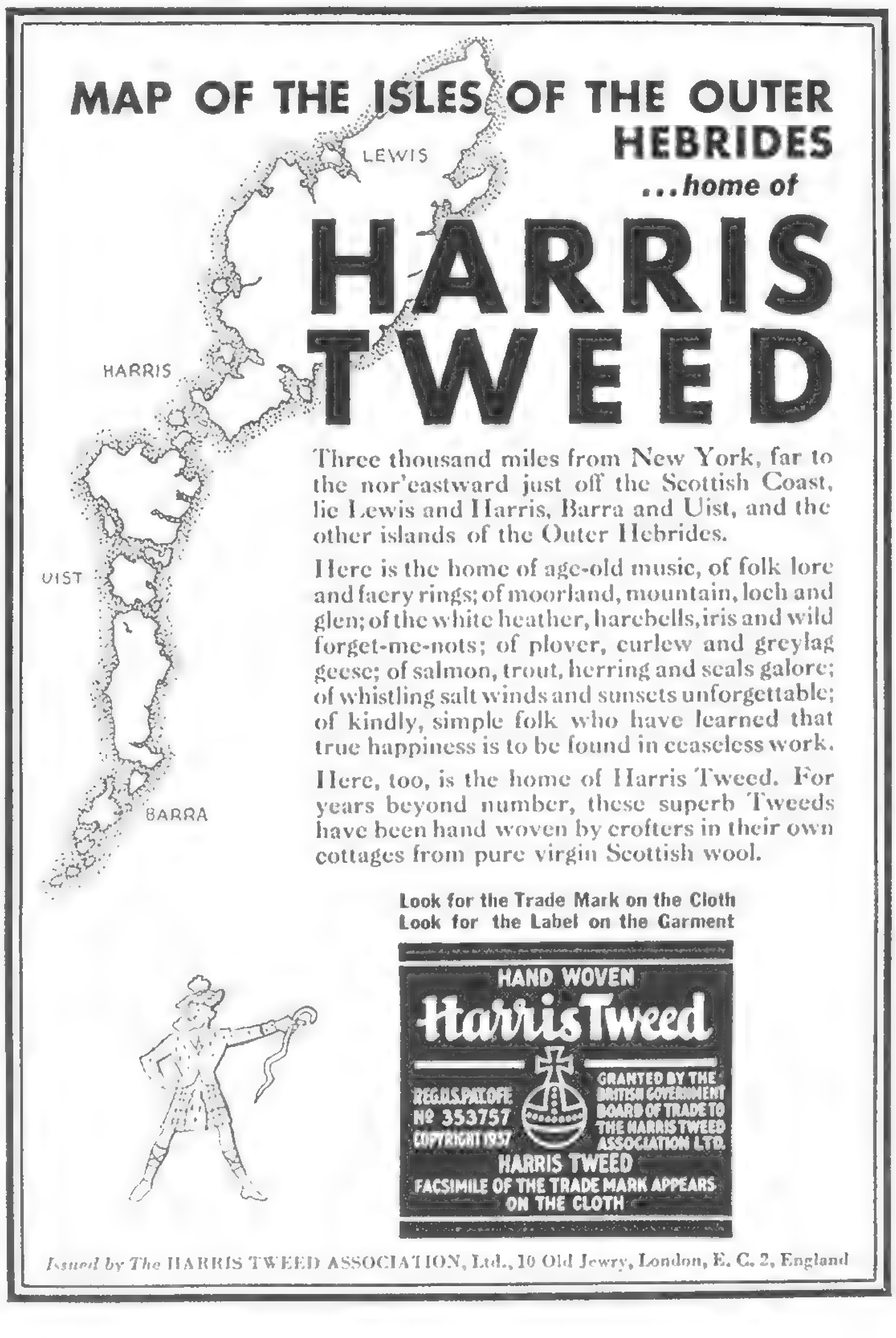

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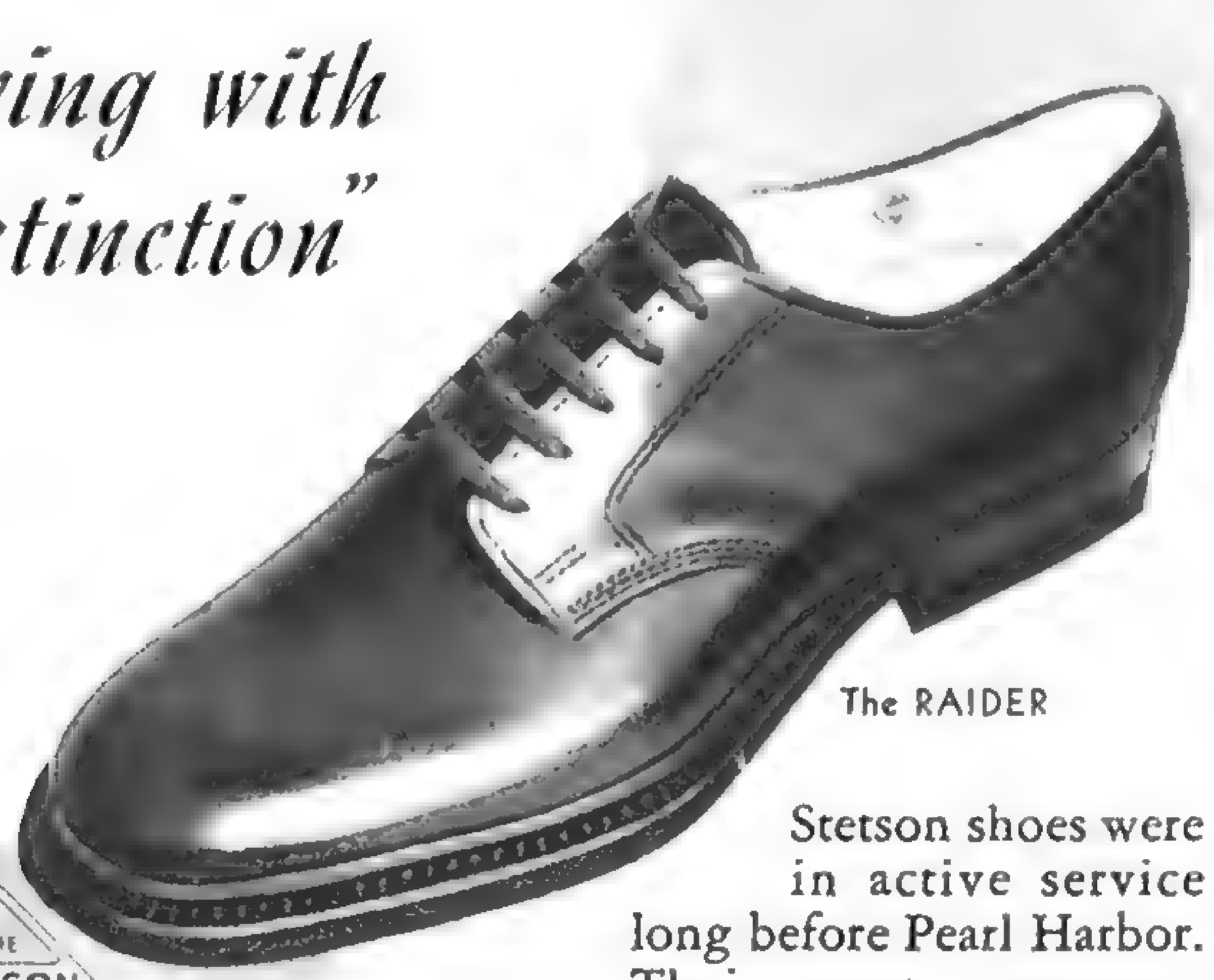

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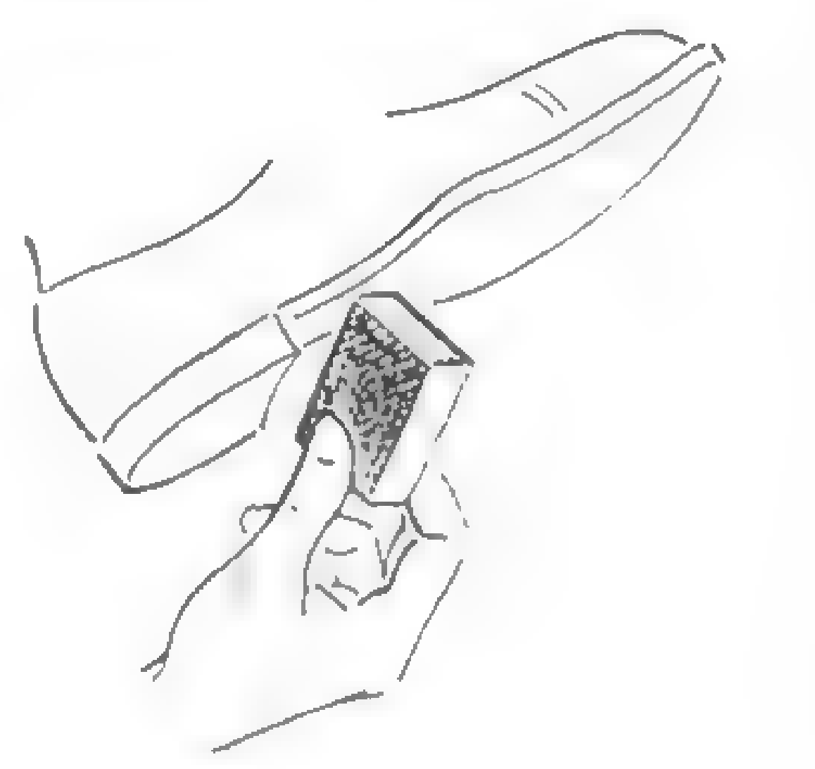


The Yellow Fox

Continued from page 83

our heads. Beautiful and peaceful.

How strange! Here was sky, sea and land. And here also was man, a small little speck in a vast universe. And where we were lying hand in hand there was a feeling of quiet and peace. But in other places of the world there was so much unrest. We who lie in peace are close to something . . . How far is that evil spirit away?

The clouds overhead were quite as they were the previous night. Great dark masses floated by in a fair breeze and every now and then there was a gap through which the pale moon strained with difficulty. Sometimes as we looked far out upon the horizon we could see a patch of light from the moon travel across the sea. But on the sea itself there was nothing to be seen.

So as not to make any noise, we whispered to each other. All the time we were alert for something, something evil which we were certain was close about. The flashlights were ready. The gun also. It was a strange feeling. We waited and waited. Several hours passed.

Then suddenly we noticed a blink of yellow light. It flashed on and off in rapid succession. At first we could not see where it came from. But it came again and again, and looking up toward the top of the mountain, we could see its source.

There was a long pause in the heavy black night, and then it flashed again. We noticed that there were short flashes and also longer ones.

I pressed her hand tightly and she pressed mine in reply. No words were necessary. We got up quickly and gathering our things started down the mountain.

At first we groped about because we did not want to use the flashlights until we were completely covered by the woods. We came down as rapidly as possible. It took us no time at all. My people had gone to bed and the house was dark, but reaching the door, we turned on the lights.

Mary spoke into the telephone and I stood beside her.

"Tell them," I said, "that we will meet them at the Creek Hollow garage and show them the road into the mountain."

As soon as she hung up the receiver we got into the car and started off for Creek Hollow. They were already there, five men in a car, and without getting out we just turned around and started back. They followed.

It was one o'clock in the morning, the exact same hour I had seen the yellow fox the evening before, when we reached the house and started up the side of the mountain. They had powerful lights with them, and each man carried a carbine. This time we were headed for Highfield and still higher.

On the way up Mary exclaimed: "There it is!"

Our lights were all extinguished instantly and they too saw the yellow light flash from near the mountain top. They saw it only once, but once was enough to assure them that this was no fool's chase.

The rest you all know. It was as you read it in the newspapers.

The shack had one side which was nothing but a bamboo screen. This was rolled up when the signals were flashed. The shack itself was made mainly of branches tied with heavy twine and tar paper. Here and there a board or two helped hold the sides together.

The two Orientals, as you know, were later identified as a former butler and a former chauffeur. Both had worked on a rich man's estate about fifty miles away. They seemed to know our wild country pretty well.

They were soon handcuffed and we came down the mountain. We stopped at the house so the men could telephone their office. While they were phoning I looked at the Japs closely. They were calm and collected. They did not seem at all disturbed by their capture. At least they did not show it.

"Did you see a yellow fox?" I asked.

Their eyes shifted to the side.

"Did you see a yellow fox!" I repeated.

"No. No see," said one.

But a strange trembling took hold of them. Their stoic manner broke down completely. Their eyes shifted rapidly from left to right and strange little sounds came from their lips.

"There's a yellow fox loose!" I shouted. #

God from a Machine

Continued from page 48

all jammed into the place, along with every spear and knife on the island. The stink was awful. They was all mumblin', chantin', witchin' that gunboat away!"

Casey motioned for me to take another drink. "You'll need it," he said. But I shook my head.

"They was a little fire at the back of the temple. The idol was shinin' behind it. Then I noticed that the closest ones was talkin' to it, arguin' with it. After I'd been there a little while, damned if I didn't feel like puttin' in a word or two myself!

"Maybe it was the atmosphere of the place, or maybe it was the drinks I'd had. Or maybe I'd been livin' among them too long. Anyway, I wanted to have a look at that idol. I didn't care whether they liked it or not. I was big enough to shove my way, and I did it."

Casey leaned forward, his eyes gleaming. "Do you know what they had? What they'd found on the beach and drug up the bank and built their temple to? *A torpedo!*

"Yessir, a loose torpedo that had missed its shot and by the grace of God floated over the reef and eased up on the shore. And now it was settin' in that black hole, gleamin' above the coals of their fire."

Casey, remembering, had to have another drink. "It sat there, with its bellyful of death, while those poor fools jabbered to it. And all of a sudden I couldn't help myself." His hot eyes bored into mine. "Know what I did?"

I shook my head in wonder.

"I got down on my knees."

Casey *must* have had another drink then. I remember only a lot of coughing and cursing.

"When I got up off my knees," he said at last, "I went after those natives. I called 'em everything in the book. 'You fools,' I yelled. 'You double-damned idiots, wastin' your time in talkin'. Your god is the one to talk!'

"I had to knock a few of 'em silly before the rest would budge. But they did it. They lugged that torpedo back down to the beach, with me drippin' cold sweat every foot of the way. They got an outrigger canoe and lashed the torpedo the way I showed 'em.

"'Now,' I said, and I had my gun out, 'do what I tell you. Work that canoe into the water, easy. Take her around the lagoon and catch a big swell. Catch it just right, and aim the canoe at that gunboat—and then jump! Your god'll do the rest.'"

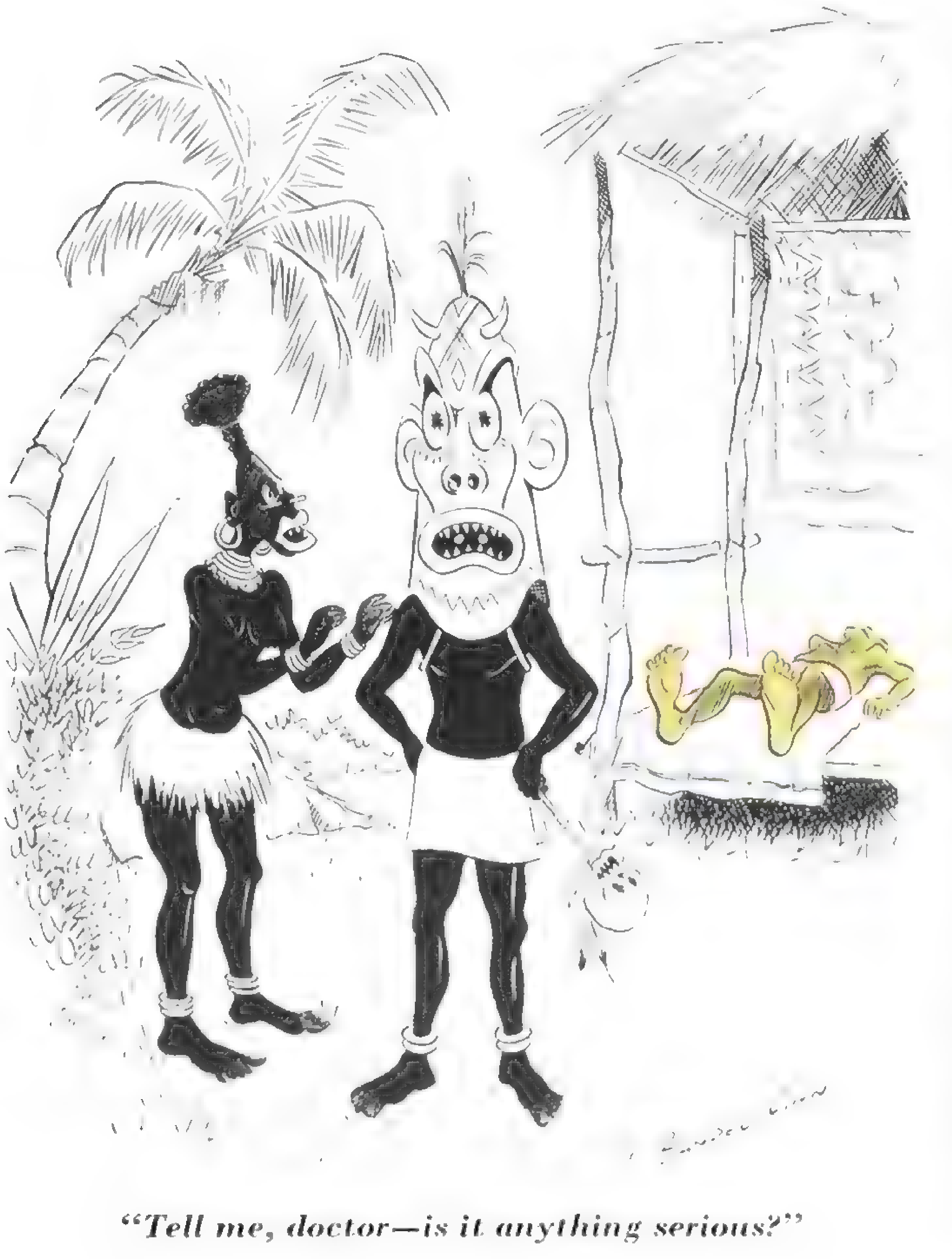
I didn't say anything. I could not. I listened to Casey's heavy breathing and I watched the candle highlight his huge figure.

"Casey," I whispered, "*you took that canoe out!*"

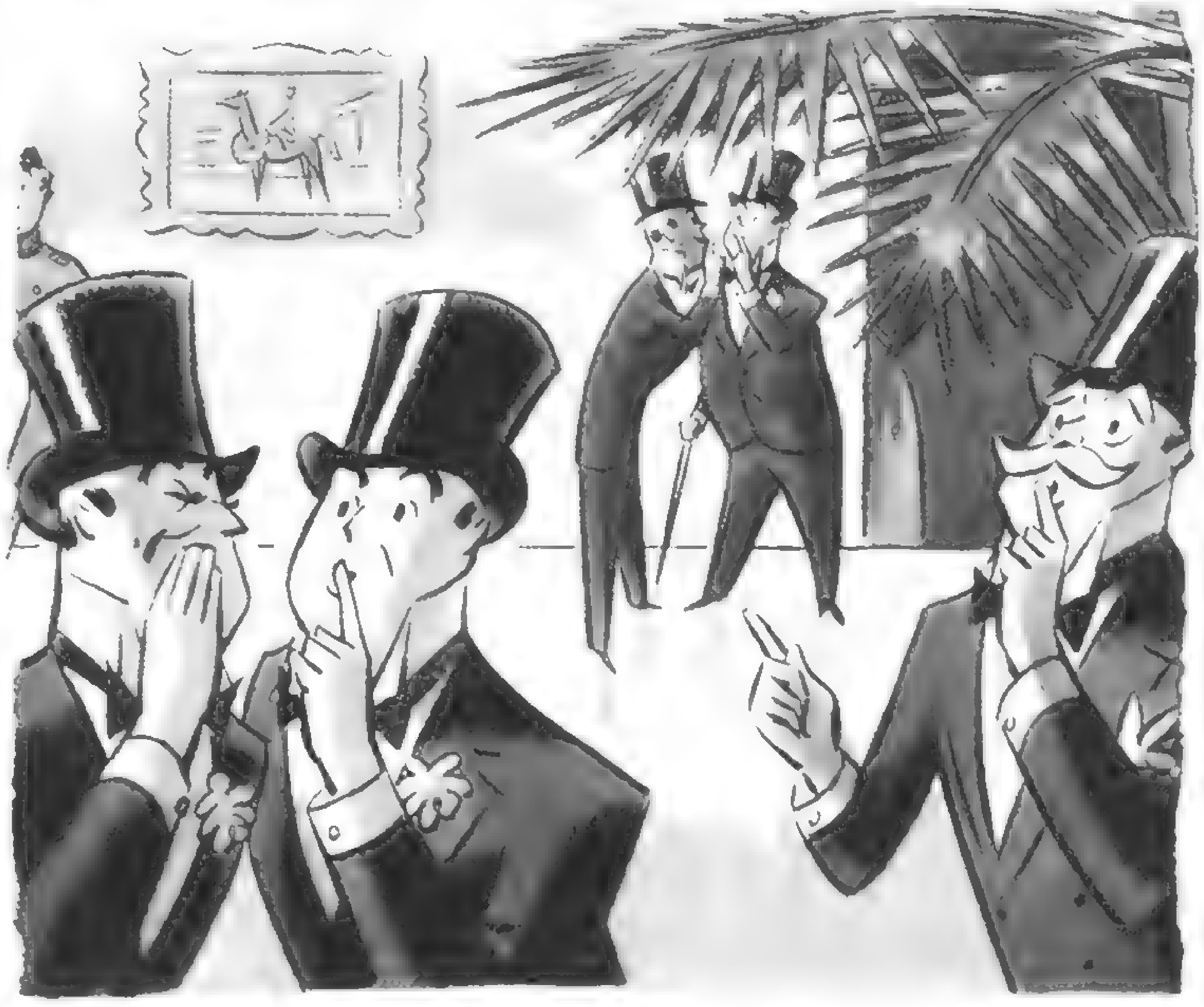
He wouldn't meet my eyes. "I had to do it," he muttered finally. "Those natives took their god for granted. But I knew better. I'm a white man."

I didn't get it. I just stared at him.

"Don't you know," Casey said hoarsely, "who sent that torpedo? And do you think I could let Him down?" ⋕



"Tell me, doctor—is it anything serious?"



Metropolitan Moments . . . . . . by Wisdom

"Be Careful, Chum, of What You Say
A Lot of Ships Are Lost That Way"

It's no secret that *all* of Calvert's distilling facilities are now devoted to war purposes. But it is cheering to know that before war struck, large reserves of rare, selected stocks were laid away. Of these reserves—which are now *irreplaceable*—the very *cream* was set aside to carry the proud label of Calvert Reserve. Refined to a magnificent lightness, Calvert Reserve is—and will continue to be—the *"finest whiskey you can drink or serve."*

Used in moderation... **Calvert Reserve** *...should last for the duration*

Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Remember Me!

I'm noted for taking kindly to harsh treatment. So is FIELDCLUB—that's why you'll find my picture on every pair of slacks or shirt or jacket made of this famous fabric. Look for me in your favorite store. Remember: just ask for FIELDCLUB.

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Wash it if you will
Dry clean it if you will
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PRODUCT OF CRAMERTON MILLS

GARDENS
for
Victory!
Scott Barrie
HOLLYWOOD
Reg.

... FOR A PERFECT PICK-UP

WEAR A

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RECIPE for a perfect sport coat: Take virgin wool fabric, add a dash of color, spice with exclusive pattern, tailor according to *Scott Barrie of Hollywood, and presto—you get that grand and glorious pick-me-up feeling which comes from wearing the finest. Write now for style chart and name of nearest dealer.

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FREE Print your name and address on margin of this ad, mail to Eagle Clothes, and receive a genuine leather Pocket Case to hold ration books, war stamp books and other papers.

MEET *Your* MASON SHOE EXPERT!

Near you today is one of our Factory Trained Experts. He knows how to fit your shoes for lasting comfort. He knows style, leather, workmanship. He'll help you select the right shoe for amazing relief from tired, aching, tender, sore feet.

He can fit your foot, right in your home or office, drawing on stocks of over 50,000 pairs of high quality, finely styled, carefully built comfort shoes, at low Factory-to-Wearer prices. There's no extra cost for this Personal Fitting Service.

Cut-away view of FOOT PRESERVER shoe designed by Dr. R. M. Kiel, D.S.C., for your lasting foot ease

VELVET-EEZ Air-Cushion Nailless Insole cradles your feet on 10,000 tiny air bubbles, utterly DIFFERENT, and wonderful for tired feet.

AMAZINGLY COMFORTABLE!

"Commando" Military Style Shoes

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.

And Associated Companies

CHIPPEWA FALLS. . . WISCONSIN

Time and Detroit Did It

Continued from page 31

time; damn the expense." And like Lincoln's famous dictum about General Grant's whiskey, the "go ahead" gets results.

"Actually the war hasn't created anything new," "Boss" Kettering said to me, striding through the hush-hush mazes of the General Motors Laboratory, "but what it has done is to give us a chance to put what we already know into operation." He picked up a filter, eyed it affectionately. "This," he said, "is now made from pressed metal. It goes into the fuel injectors on Diesel engines. The Diesel engines are the result of our long and scientific research on oils. First we improved the oil, then we improved the engine. The result is that for the first time, our submarines are operating with American Diesels."

Pressed metals are another case in point. Although the process was known to some extent before, metallurgical research chiefly by "Andy" Langhammer's Amplex Division of the Chrysler Corporation, and by the Moraine Products Division of General Motors, makes it possible, now, to stamp out complex metal armament parts as a pill machine knocks out the famed pink pills for pale people.

This in itself is one of the chief developments of the auto industry, under the increased pressures of war. In the Amplex plant I saw complex tank and gun emplacement parts, some of them weighing up to sixty pounds. The grooving, cutting, and shaping they required were enough to require two to five hours of skilled labor.

"How long do you think it took to make this part?" Langhammer asked me, looking over a particularly complex piece of gearing. I guessed a conservatively astronomical figure. "Nonsense," said he, "it took twenty seconds."

In the next room I saw some of the robot Vulcans at work. A certain amount of iron, or bronze powder is fed by a hopper into one half of a die. The other half comes down at pressures up to 200 tons. A second later, out pops a pressed part, perfectly formed.

"Squeeze it," said Langhammer, handing me an embryo bearing. I did; the part collapsed like the French government. Meanwhile, a conveyor belt carried parts of pressed metal powder through a series of furnaces blazing with jets of hydrogen and other gases. We walked to the receiving end, and I picked up a part after the heat treatment. Putting it on an anvil, I socked it with a sledge. Nothing happened, except for the bouncing back in my face of the hammer. The part was as hard as tool steel.

The payoff on powdered metallurgy is this. By controlling the pressure in the stamping, the parts made from powder can be made porous. A bearing made of Oilite—the Chrysler trade name for its special products—can hold up to forty per cent of its volume in lubricating oil. Put into a tank, or an anti-aircraft gun, it will function in the Arctic or the African desert, with no more attention for the duration.

In the General Motors plant a salesman, overfond of coffee, tried a powdered metal strainer in his Silex. The strainer didn't work, *qua* filter, but it accidentally paved the way for the use of powdered metal in improving the performance of the submarine Diesels.

"Your coffee is lousy, Patch," one of the Diesel engineers said, after tasting some of a brew that was progressively growing more rancid, "but this filter is exactly what I've been looking for to keep the fuel injectors from clogging."

* * *

In the summing up, there is this to say: with the exception of two items, which are not to be discussed, the auto industry is so far ahead of schedule that it has become almost an embarrassment to the Army. In some plants there is actually a shutdown—although this seems unbelievable—because quotas have been filled. The Fisher Body plant at Pontiac, for example, turned out 90 mm. guns at such a rate that the Army, confronted with tactical changes, called for a slowdown. Production was arbitrarily slowed, and personnel cut by twenty-five per cent.

One company which, last February, was given a quota of M-3 tanks, took off its coats, set up its assembly lines, manufactured the tanks, delivered the goods, tore down the line, and now, with its concrete floors as bare as they were at the start, is casting around to find something else to make.

The box score as of April, 1943, is a cheery reflection of Esquire's estimate a year ago. It proves, brightly and mathematically, our abiding faith in America's real secret weapon, our unemotional, material, mechanical "know-how." "This is a power war, an engineer's war," we held, "to be won not on the playing fields of Eton, not by slogans, nor bravado. It will be won on the drawing board, on the testing block, and on the assembly line. And these are our national heritage . . ."

Victory, we said then as we reaffirm now, if not in the bag, is at least in a streamlined, cellophane package. And, if need be, we can take even this commodity . . . and put it into mass production.

We may be a slow-thinking people in the social arts; we may be unlettered, as yet, in the more efficient and pleasurable ways of living. We may be totally lacking in *dolce far niente.* But when it comes to things that can be seen, measured, tested; things about which there is no guessing, we are without equal in the world.

And one of these days, when this war will have been won and forgotten, this peculiarly American passion for facts, precision, and production will turn inward and make culture hum. ##

The World Series of Basketball

Continued from page 81

that if the tournament could not be self-supporting it would be best to discontinue it. The 1940 playoff consequently faced a rather dubious future.

Again, it was Olsen and his aids who stepped forward to remind the die-hards that the tournaments in such sports as boxing, golf, cross country, fencing, gymnastics, tennis, swimming, track and wrestling also were money-losing enterprises at first and that basketball certainly didn't deserve to be purged at the end of just one year's trial.

It was with great reluctance that the powers finally permitted the second year of play. Mr. Olsen wanted a financial winner without fail on this occasion, and he reasoned if tournament basketball had to be monetarily supported, the best place to conduct it would be where the game was regularly patronized on the biggest scale.

So the Eastern playoffs were held in the Butler University field house in Indianapolis, right in the heart of the basketball country. With the Big Ten champion, Indiana University team, winning the title, the meet was a financial success.

Kansas City was making an equally auspicious debut into NCAA competition at the same time with a brilliant Kansas team furnishing the necessary incentive in both the Western and National finals, even though the Jayhawks eventually lost the national title to the Hoosiers.

Huge crowds had swarmed to all games, both in Indianapolis and Kansas City, and the financial worries that had plagued the opening venture a year previous dwindled away. The old debt from the 1939 fiasco was wiped out as the 1940 meet happily revealed a neat net profit of $9,522.55.

Half of this amount was distributed among the competing teams and the balance was placed in a brand new account entitled: "For Future NCAA Basketball Promotion." Olsen's foresight of planting the playoffs in such cage centers as Indianapolis and Kansas City, in the hotbed of Midwest basketball, cemented the tournament in the national spotlight.

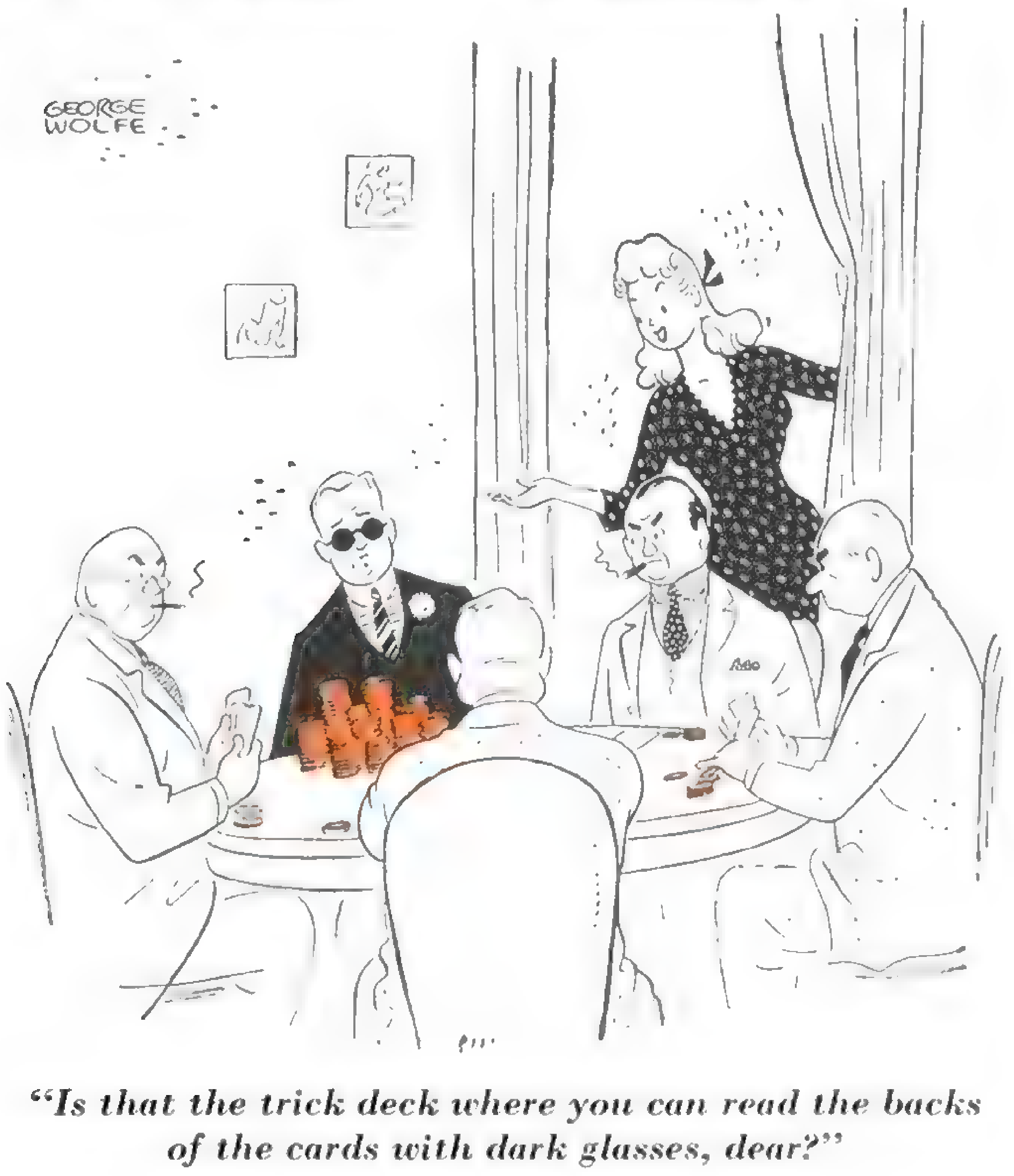
Now as the time draws near for the tournament of champions, war has caught a firm grasp on all sports.

Even so, basketball, with its small number of players necessary to form a team, seems likely to be the least affected. The World Series of Basketball should hardly feel the pinch, further than the transportation problem existing throughout the land.

The Eastern tournament continues to be shifted from one site to another, but Kansas City's fealty toward the sponsor and support of big-time basketball, whether a home team is involved or not, cannot be questioned.

With basketball this year enjoying one of its greatest seasons of popularity, both the preliminary eliminations and the final tournament this season will unquestionably provide an outstanding highlight in basketball history. Every section has formidable teams for the title tournament field.

The National Collegiate Athletic Association's tournament of champions stands forth as a new goal for the game. It gives the college basketball teams throughout the country a real championship to look forward to. Americans love a champion, and through the foresight and persistence of such basketball enthusiasts as H. G. Olsen and George Edwards, the country at last has facilities for deciding the best in the land in the basket line. ⧺



"Is that the trick deck where you can read the backs of the cards with dark glasses, dear?"

GET MORE PLEASURE WHEN
YOU'RE OFF THE JOB . . . WEAR
Rough Rider Slacks

If you're working on an essential job, you know that it's as important to relax after work as it is to work hard while you're on duty.

That's why you'll want to wear Rough Riders . . . they're tailored to give you a maximum of freedom as well as handsome good looks.

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WEAR LONGER...tailored of sturdier fabrics, made better all the way thru.

SMARTER STYLES...Rough Rider sets the styles . . . others follow.

BETTER FIT..."Contour-cut" which gives you more freedom and comfort.

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Gin

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Distilled from Grain

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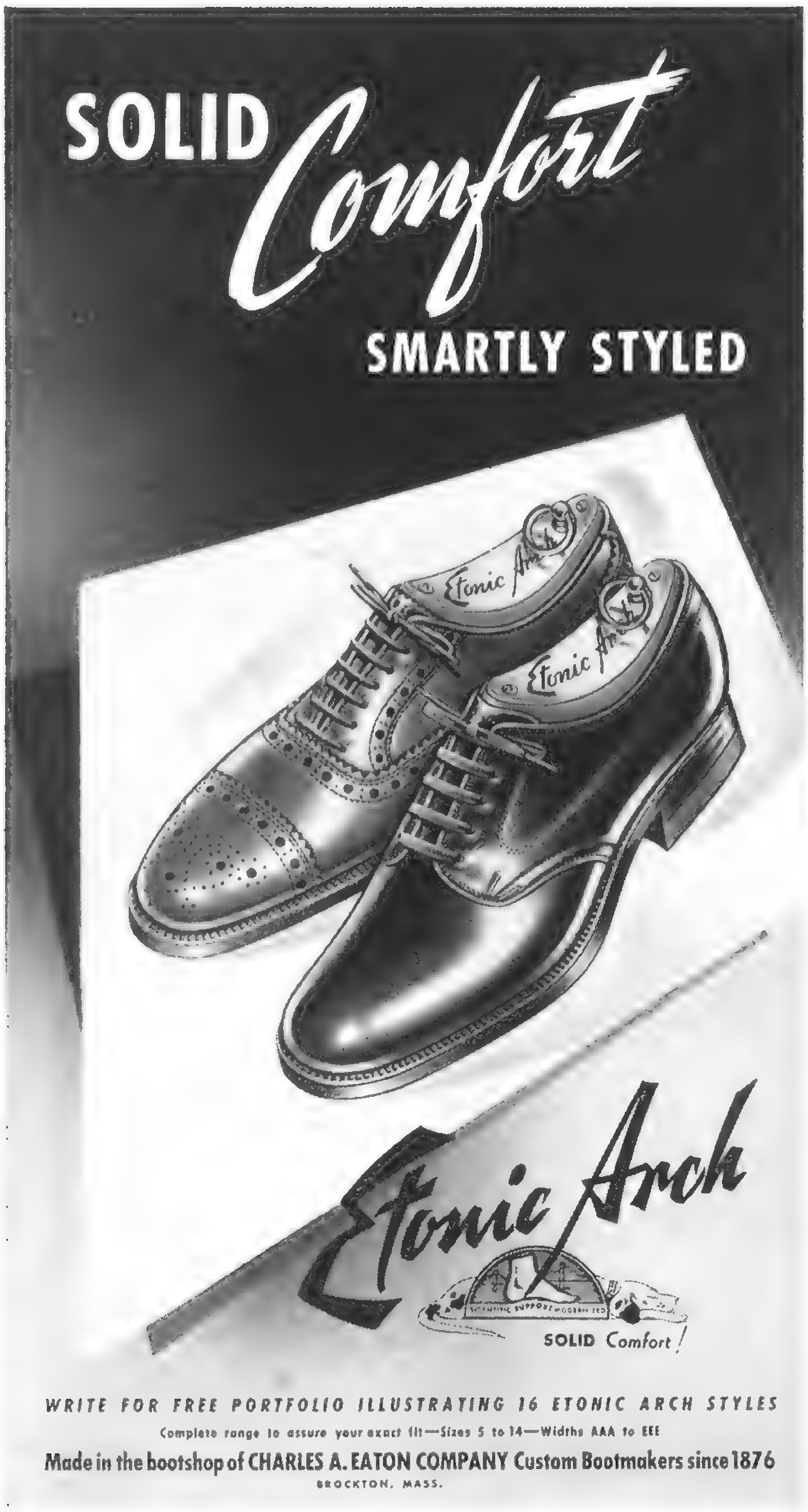

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How War Came to Zorek

Continued from page 59

whom he did not know must have treated him in this foul manner. Zorek had not wronged anybody. He was a good dog and now he lay there, wretched, covered with blood, and whining with pain. His house was destroyed, his people dead, and he himself wracked with the pangs of hunger. He was seized with a wild spirit of revolt. He snapped about him angrily.

He howled weakly and then grew silent. Redeeming slumber descended upon him. But the growls of his empty stomach awakened him at daybreak. The wounds had crusted over but he was still too exhausted to stand up; so he remained lying there and whined feebly.

Then he heard the footsteps of a man. Zorek's ears sprang high. He saw a man standing in front of the burned homestead, a man who resembled Zorek's master, a man who might be Zorek's new master, who would give him food, who would defend him. The dog raised himself wearily and ran giddily to the stranger. He wagged his crooked tail so eagerly that it beat against his flank. The stranger waved at him threateningly with his arms. "Go away! Go away!" he said. As Zorek remained there, imploring not to be chased away, the man stooped down quickly and picked up a rock from the ground, but before he could throw it the dog fled with his tail under his belly. Panting, he sought refuge in the grass. He had the inborn fear which all dogs have of this motion. Dazed, he staggered around. He picked up something green with his teeth. Then he decided to stretch out on the ground. Now he caught sight of the cat again but the cat took no interest in him. It continued its mouse hunting quietly while Zorek slunk anxiously away.

He stepped out into the open plain. Once more his heart began to swell with yearning hope.

A group of soldiers came marching along, about twenty men, heavily armed. On their backs they had knapsacks containing all sorts of provisions.

Zorek breathed in the smell. Rapturously he looked at the men. They were real masters, real defenders.

Trustingly he ran to them and began wagging his tail enthusiastically for them, dancing around the group.

He knew nothing about war. He could not distinguish between friendly and enemy troops.

The soldiers were standing around the wretched remains of what once had been the peasant farm. One of them laughed: "That's what I call good work."

The others said nothing.

The dog danced as if enchanted.

The man who had laughed aimed his pistol at Zorek and fired.

Zorek collapsed, struggled a little, and then stretched out.

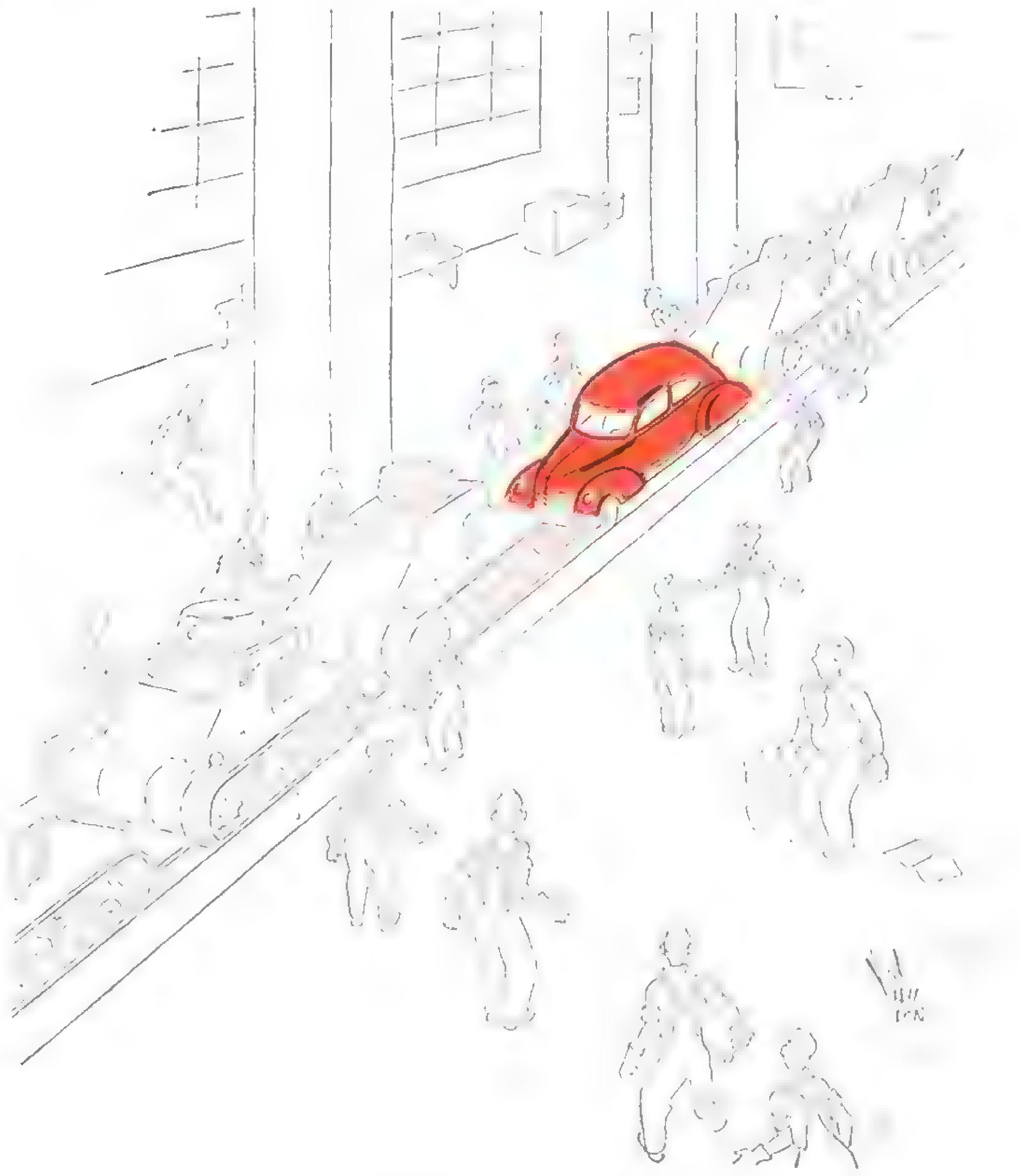
"Why did you do that?" asked one of the soldiers, disgusted.

"Because it was a mad dog," the man answered.

A third soldier spoke, irritated: "It was not a mad dog. It was wagging its tail. A mad dog does not wag its tail!"

"So what?" The man shrugged his shoulders. "What of it? It was only a Polish dog!"

In silence the soldiers set out to continue their patrol. They felt disgusted with themselves. ⌗



"Damn if I know"

"FIRSTS"
A ZENITH HABIT

A government official was being shown a new idea in the Zenith laboratories. In passing, he commented upon the outstanding manner in which the radio industry was effecting the rapid and continuous changes necessitated by war requirements. A Zenith official replied—he said:

"... the answer is easy. Radio and Radionics represent a trigger-quick, fast moving business. Concerns that couldn't change overnight' are out. In this industry, we're used to fighting with new ideas — only — now we're 'fighting' Japs and Germans instead of each other."

In that statement is evidenced the condition that made possible Zenith's attainment of industry leadership. Ever increasing public acceptance of Zenith name and product resulted from a never ceasing stream of Zenith "firsts"—new features—new devices and new sets which enabled us to truthfully say to the public:

"ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS"

Today you find as commonplaces—essentials—of most radio sets—features first introduced to the public by Zenith—such as—

"FIRST" PUSH BUTTON TUNING ...
Years—yes, *years* ahead of the industry—(1928) a Zenith set embodied push button selection of the station desired. Our slogan in 1928 was "Push the button —there's your station."

"FIRST" HOUSE CURRENT SETS ...
"Way back when" (1926) all home radios were operated from storage batteries until Zenith offered the first set run by house current.

For over seven years, Zenith Radio Corporation has advertised on our short wave sets—"Europe, South America or the Orient Every Day or your money back." It has never been called upon for a refund.

Below—A Few New Zenith "Firsts"—"Frozen" by Zenith Changeover to War Production

"FIRST" LONG DISTANCE PUSH BUTTON PORTABLE ...
1942 saw the national introduction of a revolutionary new portable—the Zenith Trans-Oceanic. Without increase in size or weight it gave *push button* operation for foreign and U. S. short wave stations—tuned in the same way as locals—and standard broadcasts too. It contained a disappearing fish pole antenna plus dual Wavemagnets—operated from battery or house current—was born of Zenith pioneering in LONG DISTANCE RADIO RECEPTION.

"FIRST" SAFETY AUTO RADIO ...
The only auto radio you can operate WITHOUT TAKING YOUR EYES OFF THE ROAD—or—YOUR HANDS OFF THE WHEEL—the Zenith Safety Foot Control Auto Radio. This remarkable new radio was on the FORD, NASH, MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR, HUDSON and WILLYS. Owners of these cars will gladly demonstrate their Zeniths—give you a "preview" of "tomorrow's radio today"

—AND THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE MANY ZENITH "FIRSTS"—

"MILITARY SECRET"

Today all Zenith production centers on war needs. What we are making is a military secret. But three things we *can* tell you. *First*...we are dealing with the thing we know—Radio—and Radionics exclusively. *Second* . . . we are learning every day—gaining new knowledge which will reflect itself in Zenith civilian products when the time arrives. *Third* . . . we now know—by first hand experience—that our Army and Navy are more than "up-to-date"—they are alert and progressive in thought and action—almost unbelievably so. This fact is a great reassurance to us here *as citizens*—it commands our complete confidence as it would yours if you knew what we know.

RADIONICS
The New Miracle Industry

Four great industries are destined to lead this country back to normalcy after victory is won.

Planes and Radionics are two of the four. Radio—never a necessity on ship or train—is as essential as the engine itself to that great new form of individual and mass transportation—the airplane.

1917 WAR RUN BY TELEPHONE
1943 WAR RUN BY RADIO

—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO

ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

BETTER THAN CASH
U. S. War Savings Stamps & Bonds

Confirmation in Wartime

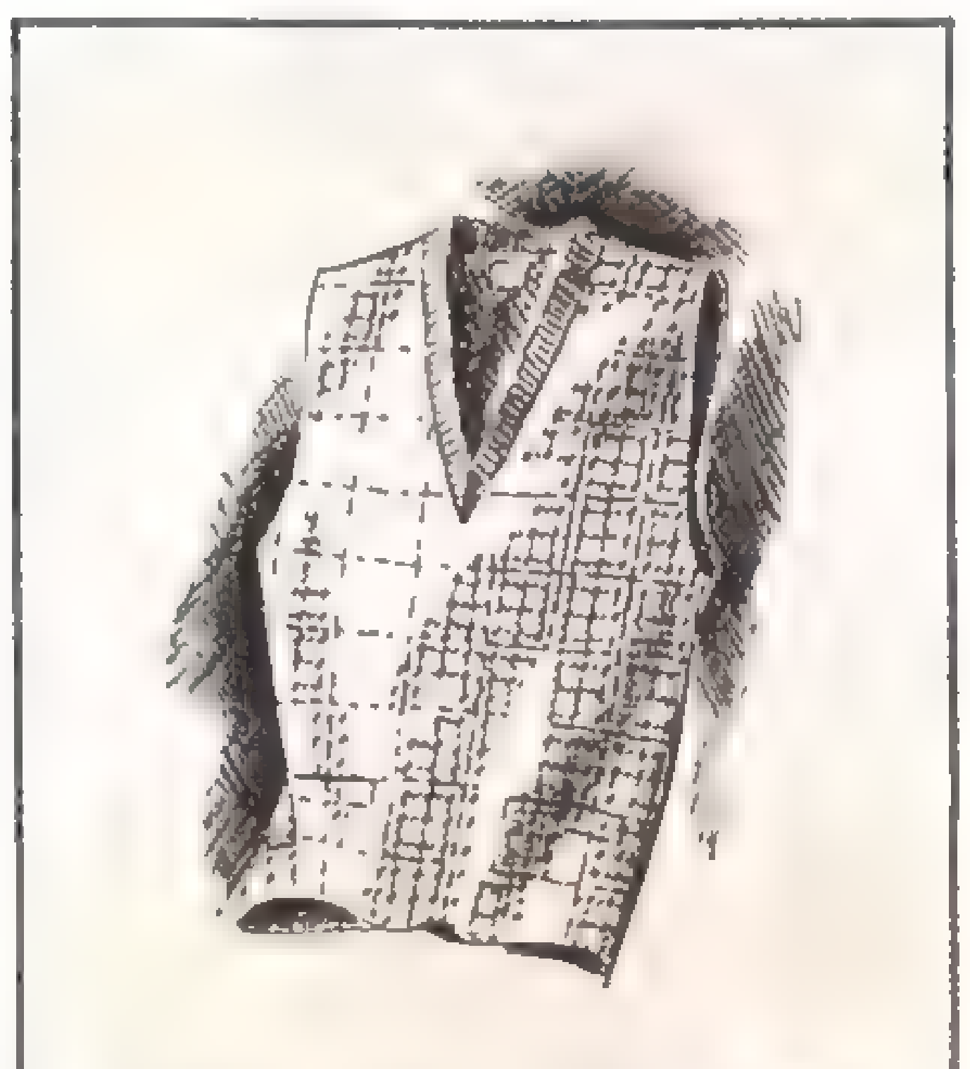
Continued from page 39

bathroom like the coat of the junk man's horse shines in the rain.

I go back to my bedroom, and on my dressing table there is a lulu of a silver wrist watch. Also a good fountain pen, and there is a silk praying shawl, and a leather prayer book. The wrist watch is from my Aunt Fanny, the fountain pen is from my mother, and the praying shawl and the prayer book are from my grandfather . . .

My mother comes in looking like she don't know a thing . . .

"Mom," I say. "With this pen I will write a letter to Pop every day, and with this watch I will count all the hours until he comes home, and with this shawl around my shoulders, I will pray for you and for Pop and for everyone I love. Also for Aunt Fanny . . ."



Tweed front pullover with knitted back and no sleeves complements sport clothes

My grandfather is waiting for us when we go to his house. He does not speak. He puts on his coat and we go to the synagogue; my mother, my Aunt Fanny, my Grandpa, and me, and as we go I can see how the people are looking at me in my new suit as I carry my praying shawl and my prayer book in a blue velvet bag which is embroidered with holy letters in gold thread.

We arrive at the synagogue. My mother kisses me. My Aunt Fanny also kisses me. Then they go up to the balcony where the women sit and look down at the men, and at the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord, and at the Bema where the Cantor chants the prayers.

The Beadle looks at my grandfather and he looks at me.

"Come," he says, and we follow him down the aisle. There are plenty of people already in the synagogue and they are wearing their praying shawls over their heads. They look like ski troops.

The Beadle finds a place for us in a corner at the back.

My grandfather shakes his head. "Here we will not sit. I will sit in my customary pew and my grandson will sit beside me . . ."

"Today it is impossible," says the Beadle. "The son of Mr. Glass, the jeweler, is also to be confirmed today, and he has reserved four rows of pews for his relatives and his customers . . ."

My grandpa's eyes grow big, and his beard begins to tremble. "When boys are confirmed," he says to the Beadle, "they are equal before the law. Of the wishes and desires of Mr. Glass I do not wish to hear!"

The people are looking at us and shushing us, and I can see Joe and Sammy over on the other side laughing like mad. I tug at my grandfather's coat . . .

"Let's not make a fuss, grandpa," I say. "It's okay to sit here. If we have trouble I will get nervous and I will not be able to sing . . ."

Grandpa looks at me sadly and says a bitter prayer under his breath. Then we sit down. Grandpa puts on his praying shawl. In three places he kisses the braided collar of the shawl, then slips it around his shoulder and swings the ends into place. Carefully I take my little silk praying shawl out of its bag and put it around my neck. When I stroke it with my finger tips I can hear it hum like a fly buzzing against a window pane . . .

The service begins and the congregation listens to the Cantor and prays out loud where they have to pray out loud. I also pray—but not very loud on account I am saving my voice . . .

I look up to the balcony and I see my mother and my Aunt Fanny and they are saying their prayers together from the same book.

It is getting pretty close to the time for the Confirmations, but Sol hasn't shown up, and the four rows of seats are still empty. Naturally I am not wishing that anything should happen to Sol . . . because it would be quite a tragedy for him if his Confirmation had to be postponed.

And just as I am thinking that, the door opens and Sol comes in with his battalion. All the merry men of the Glass family, not to mention the customers. They shuffle and they talk and they laugh and cause quite a commotion which is not very nice . . . but that is the way they are.

Sol struts to his pew wearing a tuxedo. He looks like an undersized waiter—the lug, and I can hear him telling everybody about the party he is going to have at Chasen's Ball Room that night. His father sits there and puffs and groans with his asthma—and even if he didn't have seven kids, the Army still wouldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole . . .

It comes time for the reading of the Law, and one by one they take the holy Scrolls out of the Ark and carry them to the Bema. Carefully they take off the ornaments and the velvet wraps and open up the Scroll. Then, one by one, they call the names of the men who will read portions of the Law from the Scroll. The men brush the holy words with their praying shawls, and then kiss their shawls. And when they have read their portions of the Law,

Continued on page 150

MARCH 1943
IN LIKE A
OUT LIKE A
BUT
IS ALWAYS
"Gentle as a Lamb"

Tonight—for a genial, gentle, smooth Scotch highball, make one with

OLD ANGUS BRAND

A NOBLE SCOTCH

Old Angus Brand Blended Scotch Whisky
National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y. • 86 Proof

Man . . . If You're
STOUT
Here's Style and
Comfort for You!

V-LINE

The Scientifically Designed
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●

Not merely a "big size" of a regularly cut suit of clothes, but an altogether new and different way of cutting and tailoring that takes pounds off your appearance . . . gives you new freedom and comfort! Scientifically designed for stout men and men just developing their "bay window." Available in a wide variety of fabrics, colors and models, both single- and double-breasted.

Your clothier or department store can obtain a V-LINE Slenderizing Suit for you quickly, because of V-LINE's famous "In Stock" service. Or write us direct for name of nearest V-LINE store.

V-LINE CLOTHES CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Confirmation in Wartime

Continued from pages 39-149

they offer gifts to show their gratitude . . . and the Scribe slips pieces of paper in beside their names in his book to show how much they have given. He does not write because on the Sabbath writing is forbidden . . .

Pretty soon it is time for the Confirmations. I look up to the balcony and I see my mother looking at me. I send her a kiss. She waves her hand to me. I begin to feel kind of choky. I clear my throat and try to sit quietly, but inside me everything is trembling and my mouth is hot and dry . . .

Gosh—if only my Pop were sitting here beside me giving me a pep talk and everything . . . but there is only Grandpa and he is reading the Law to himself and stroking his beard. It is like I am not there at all . . . Grandpa said Pop will hear me across the ocean and across the bloody rivers. Will you hear me, Pop? Will you hear me sing "Blessed art Thou, Oh Lord God—King of the Universe"? Will you hear me wherever you are—in Australia maybe? . . .

The Cantor calls out a name. Grandpa raises his head. But it is not my name. It is Sol's name. Sol struts up to the Bema and when he looks back at his friends, he makes with his hands like he is a boxing champ entering the ring. His father clips his ear. Sol just grins . . .

He sings his piece, and as I listen, I am laughing inside. Sol's voice is like the voice of a hen which is trying hard to lay an egg. Poor Sol—he can't sing for peanuts. And when he is finished it is quite a relief for a lot of other people beside myself . . .

But Sol's father is so proud of his son, he offers gifts right and left. Two hundred and fifty dollars to the building fund, a hundred dollars for the Cantor, a hundred dollars for the Saturday night suppers, fifty dollars for the Scribe, twenty-five dollars for the Beadle . . . Boy—I can hardly reckon up that much jack . . .

Everyone is laughing and shaking hands with him and all the congregation is talking about his generosity . . . and everyone is anxious the service should be over so they can retire to the basement for the free drinks and eats Mr. Glass has provided . . .

Suddenly my grandfather rises and stamps with his feet. He claps his hands together, and the noise dies down . . .

"Have we taken leave of our senses?" he says. "A child of Israel waits to be confirmed . . ."

Mr. Glass and his party leave the Bema. The people look at me. I feel my face going red. The Cantor calls my name . . .

". . . the son of Benjamin, the son of Eli, the son of Isaac and Jacob . . ."

I go up to the Bema. Behind me, Grandpa walks slowly and I can hear his shawl rustle . . .

I stand on the Bema before the Scroll of the Law. The words jiggle —I can't read them . . .

"From your heart, my son—from your heart," Grandpa says.

I sing. It is so beautiful to sing the way Grandpa taught me—and my lips are not dry, and my mouth is not hot . . . Sweet like watermelon when the sugar is crusted. Clear like the water which flows from the high mountains . . . And across the ocean and across the bloody rivers, your father will hear you and his heart will sing with joy in his son who is to be a man . . .

It is so quiet . . . I can hear my heart beating, and the Cantor is smiling at me and nodding his head, and the old men in their white shawls who stand around me are shaking themselves and their eyes are closed . . . and I see my grandfather looking at me the way he looks when the Passover wine which he has made is sweet and good . . .

And up in the balcony my mother cries for her son who is now a man . . . but she is crying also because Pop isn't here . . .

I sing to the end, and the people shout with praise and when the Scribe asks what gifts I will make, a man stands up and says:

"From the son of a soldier, we take no gifts. To him we give our thanks . . . We thank him for the honey in his voice—for the beauty of his learning . . . Amen!"

I go back to my pew. Everyone shakes my hand. Everyone smiles at me.

"Now you are a man," they say to me. "Now you are a voice in the House of Israel!"

We go home. My mother, my Aunt Fanny, my grandfather and me. All the way home, my mother cries unashamed. Grandpa holds my hand tightly in his. He does not speak.

Aunt Fanny says: "Some day you will sing like Caruso!"

"Grandpa," I say. "Did Pop hear me sing like you said . . ."

"He heard you," Grandpa says. "All soldiers whose sons are confirmed in their absence hear the singing of their sons . . ."

I open the door. There is a letter lying on the floor. It is from Pop! I cannot open it because on the Sabbath the tearing of paper is forbidden . . .

"Open it," my grandfather says. "The Lord will surely overlook such an offense on this day of days . . ."

There is a letter for me, and there is a letter for Mom. I read.

"My dear boy: By the time you receive this you will be thirteen. You will be a man like all men. I will be thinking of you on that day and hoping that your mother has arranged to have you confirmed. Sing sweetly, sing joyfully. I will hear you across the ocean. God bless you . . ."

I look at the envelope. In the top left hand corner it reads APO 146. America Pays Off! #

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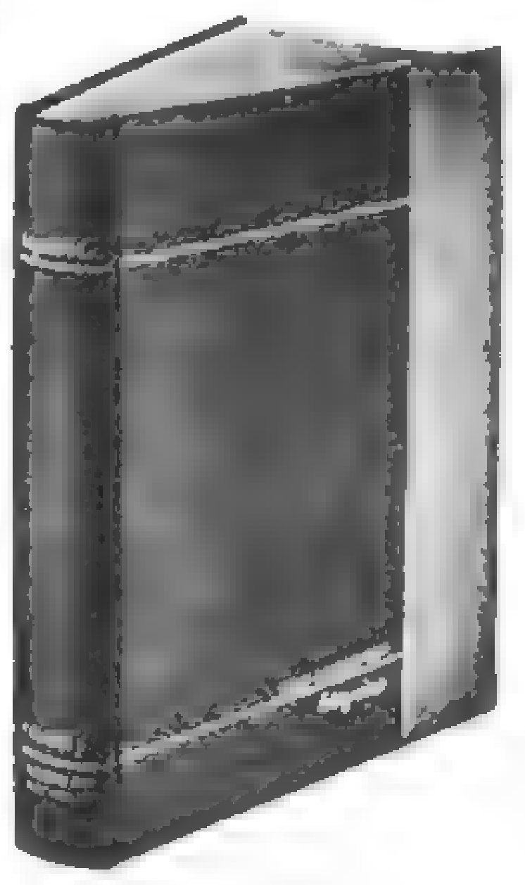

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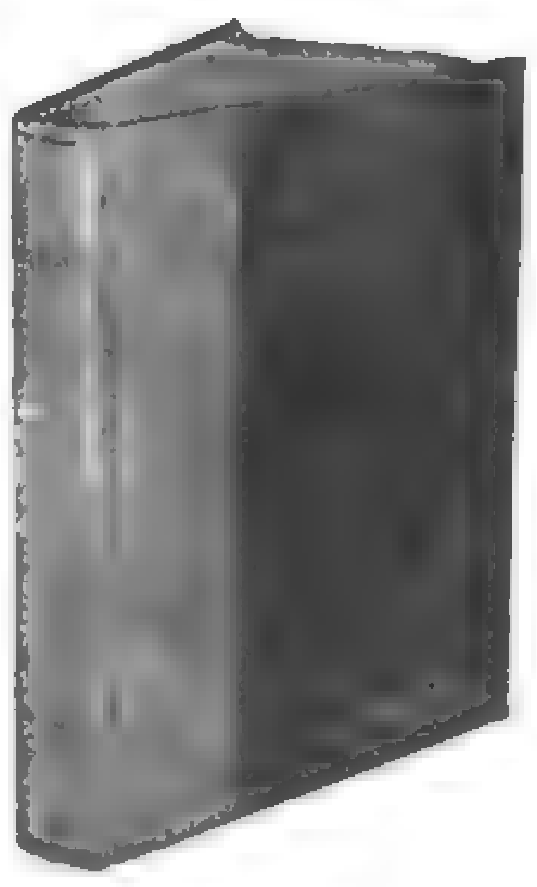

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Eight 21-Gun Salutes

Continued from page 73

gets over the slump of the fourth program I heard, it will be a honey. I hope for everyone's sake that it is a network, not a local show.

5. *George Jessel's Professor.* This has the quality of Professor Lamberti's act (mentioned in despatches and recommended for the medal of honor some months ago); it may even be an old act, for all I know. But it is masterly. Jessel does it at the end of a two-hour vaudeville in which he has been embarrassingly personal and tremendously funny and florid and sharp and hammy and very tricky indeed, one after the other. The Professor act is all preparation for a lantern slide lecture; the speaker is a refugee who seems to have walked into an actor's dressing room and come out with whatever adhered to his face, in the way of half a beard, some tufts of loose hair, a putty nose and spectacles.

In the midst of a steady flow of mixed English in the best foreign pedantic style, he pours water not into the glass but on the table, remarks that he can't see a goddam thing, and goes right back to working up his quarrel with an absent assistant. He is, moreover, deaf; and when he can't hear what is being yelled at him, he blandly insults the shouter. Little grimaces, wide-mouthed, almost silent laughter in the midst of tales of horror, physical hokum, surprise all, come one after the other, so that the finale in which the blind-mole lecturer mistakes the slide of an exotic female for that of Niagara Falls, and lectures accordingly—is merely a climax. For five or six minutes, Jessel has been way at the top of the profession he delights to be sentimental about—vaudeville.

6. *This Is The Army*, from the show *This Is The Army*. And

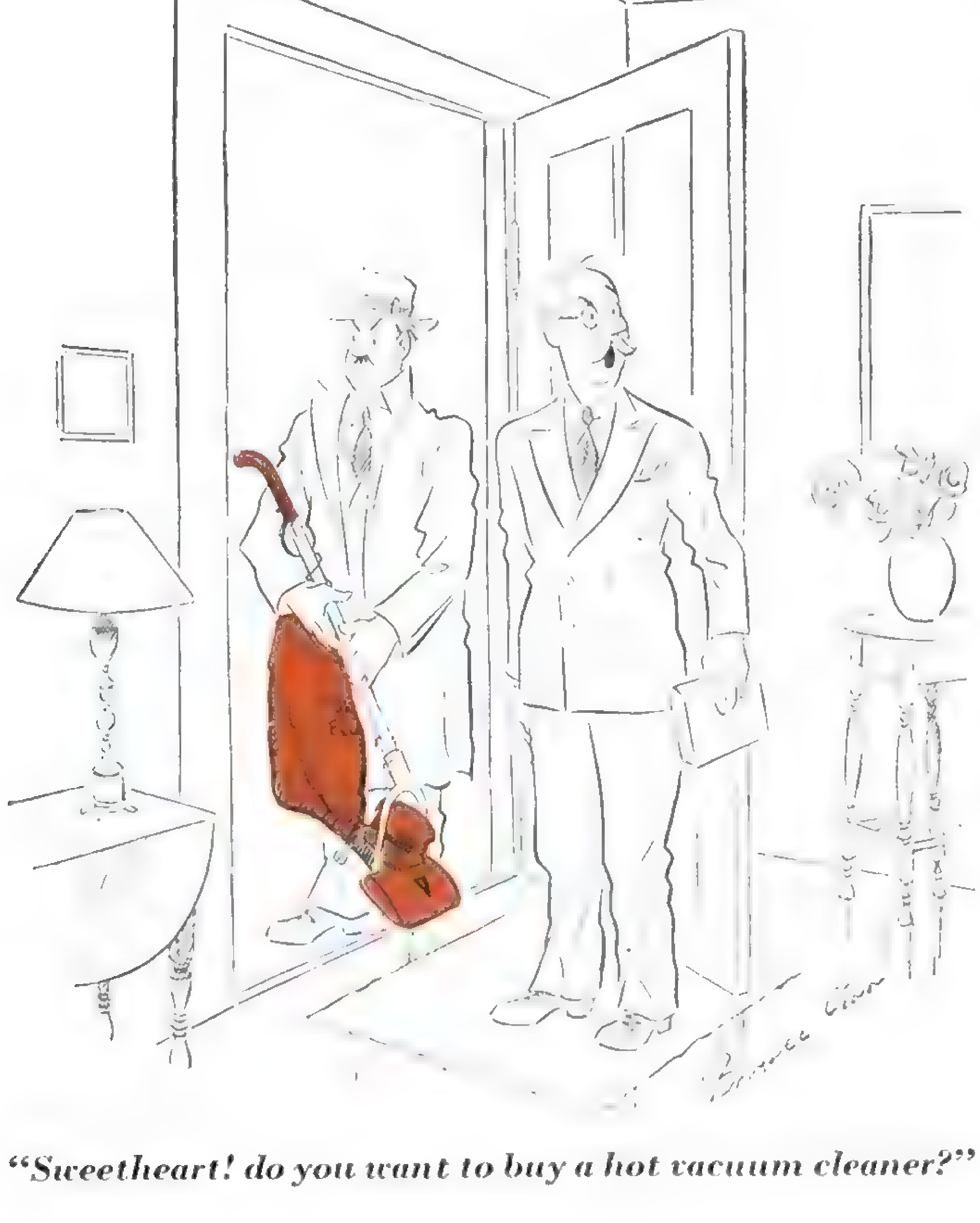
7. *This Is the Army*, the show itself. And

8. *The Army* and all the other armed services.

Because when you're giving out 21-gun salutes, they come first and deserve the best. There's very little a civilian can do except cooperate in sharing, extend himself in investing, and altogether make the huge effort to be a good citizen, a patriot, and a decent person. So we can be grateful when Irving Berlin and his clever Ezra Stone put together a show which is so spontaneously right, so happy a tribute to at least one of our services.

The song itself wasn't "hit parade" stuff—on the other hand, you can't spoil it. Even I can't spoil it; it rings right in my ear when I sing it. And note that this is no cinch. Nine out of ten singers spoil the Stage Door Canteen song, stopping after "heart" instead of after "at"; after "there," where Berlin had placed no pause, and not pausing on "with," where Berlin, who might be supposed to know his business, wanted it.

Well, these are my notes for possible pieces. I probably won't write them but they give you an idea. Once you begin to like entertainment, it repays you. You are never bored. ##



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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 76

Jones and Morris Green on the one hand and the Guild on the other. Lawson had had *Roger Bloomer* produced by the Equity Players two years before the Guild got wind of him. Rice was first produced by John D. Williams, two years after the Guild had started operations, and had had two more plays produced by Sam Harris and Samuel Wallach before the Guild got around to him. Anderson was first produced by Brock Pemberton (who also, incidentally, produced Pirandello before the Guild apparently ever heard of him) after the Guild had been going for nearly six years. Anderson, furthermore, had had all of seven plays produced by Arthur Hopkins and others before the Guild got into touch with him. Sherwood was first produced by William A. Brady, Jr., and Dwight Wiman after the Guild had been in operation almost ten years, and had had four other plays shown before the Guild did anything about him. As for O'Neill, the facts are too well known. John D. Williams introduced him into the professional theatre when the Guild had already been in business for quite a spell and Arthur Hopkins subsequently re-established his popular success—before the Guild, after almost nine years in which he had had all of eighteen plays produced, finally appreciated his merit sufficiently to take him on.

6. "While the commercial plays were well acted by excellent artists who seemed to us to be wasting their talents on rubbish (sic), the Guild began to arrange marriages between good actors and good plays . . . Artists such as the Lunts, Edward G. Robinson, Henry Travers, Helen Westley and many others emerged."

Commentary: Aside from the fact that three of the emerged great artists specifically mentioned subsequently lodged themselves in the Hollywood canning factories, what has been the later nature of many of these marriages between good actors and good plays? A few choice memories: the movie mugger Paul Muni and Emlyn Williams' rubbishy *Yesterday's Magic;* the movie mugger Stuart Erwin and the movie scenario writer Ketti Frings' *Mr. Sycamore;* the English part-time movie actor Leslie Banks and the American screen and stage actress Sylvia Sidney put to rout by the movie scenario writer Ben Hecht's *To Quito and Back;* the movie ham Harry Carey ruining Eugene O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness!;* the movie cutie Claudette Colbert throwing the hooks into O'Neill's *Dynamo;* the movie ramrod Fredric March and Sophie Treadwell's terrifyingly dull *Hope For a Harvest;* the movie actress Mary Boland knocking Sheridan's *The Rivals* for a loop; the movie scenario writers the Epstein brothers, *And Stars Remain* with Helen Gahagan and Charles Richman brought on from Hollywood to marry it: Eva Le Gallienne as Mathilde Wesendonck, of all persons, in the play about Richard Wagner called *Prelude To Exile;* and the movie pet, Katharine Hepburn, in Philip Barry's nonesuch, *Without Love.*

Not to forget, by no means to forget, the movie idol Franchot Tone in *Hotel Universe,* that metaphysical beaut; the London movie belle Constance Cummings in the dramatization of *Madame Bovary;* the marriage between those amateurish actors and the claptrap called *Washington Jitters;* and Tom Powers as the Japanese Yato in Dr. John Haynes Holmes' *If This Be Treason* (there was something!). And that's not the tenth of it.

Now for a more general picture:

1. The Theatre Guild has not in all its twenty-five years on its own discovered or initially sponsored one, single, worthy American playwright, save possibly Behrman. In addition to those already named, it has allowed other producers to launch Odets, Saroyan, Steinbeck, Wilder, Ardrey, Turney, Kingsley, Glaspell, Connelly, Green, Kelly, Wexley, Conkle, Arent, Lillian Hellman, Riggs, Hecht and MacArthur in their gala early days, Edwin Justus Mayer, the early Lawrence Stallings, Vincent Lawrence, Lula Vollmer, et al.

2. The Theatre Guild implies that it has always been ready and eager to produce good plays, irrespective of their commercial value. Here is an abbreviated list of samples of plays it evidently considers good and has more recently produced, along with a list of plays that it either at the same time peremptorily rejected as no good or—despite its lament as to a good script shortage—did not have the enterprise to find:

PRODUCED

1934. *Jig Saw*
1935. *If This Be Treason*
1936. *But For The Grace of God*
1937. *Washington Jitters*
1938. *Dame Nature*
1939. *Jeremiah*
1940. *Liberty Jones*
1941. *Papa Is All*
1942. *Mr. Sycamore*

DID NOT PRODUCE

1934. Obey's *Noah*
1935. Anderson's *Winterset*
1936. Green's *Johnny Johnson*
1937. Carroll's *Shadow and Substance*
1938. Carroll's *The White Steed*
1939. Ardrey's *Thunder Rock*
1940. Saroyan's *The Beautiful People*
1941. Koch's and Huston's *In Time To Come*
1942. Saroyan's *Get Away, Old Man*

The Theatre Guild has rejected Sean O'Casey's *Purple Dust,* to say nothing of the same author's *Within The Gates, The Star Turns Red,* and his latest, *Red Roses For Me,* and has highly admired and produced instead Tennessee Will-

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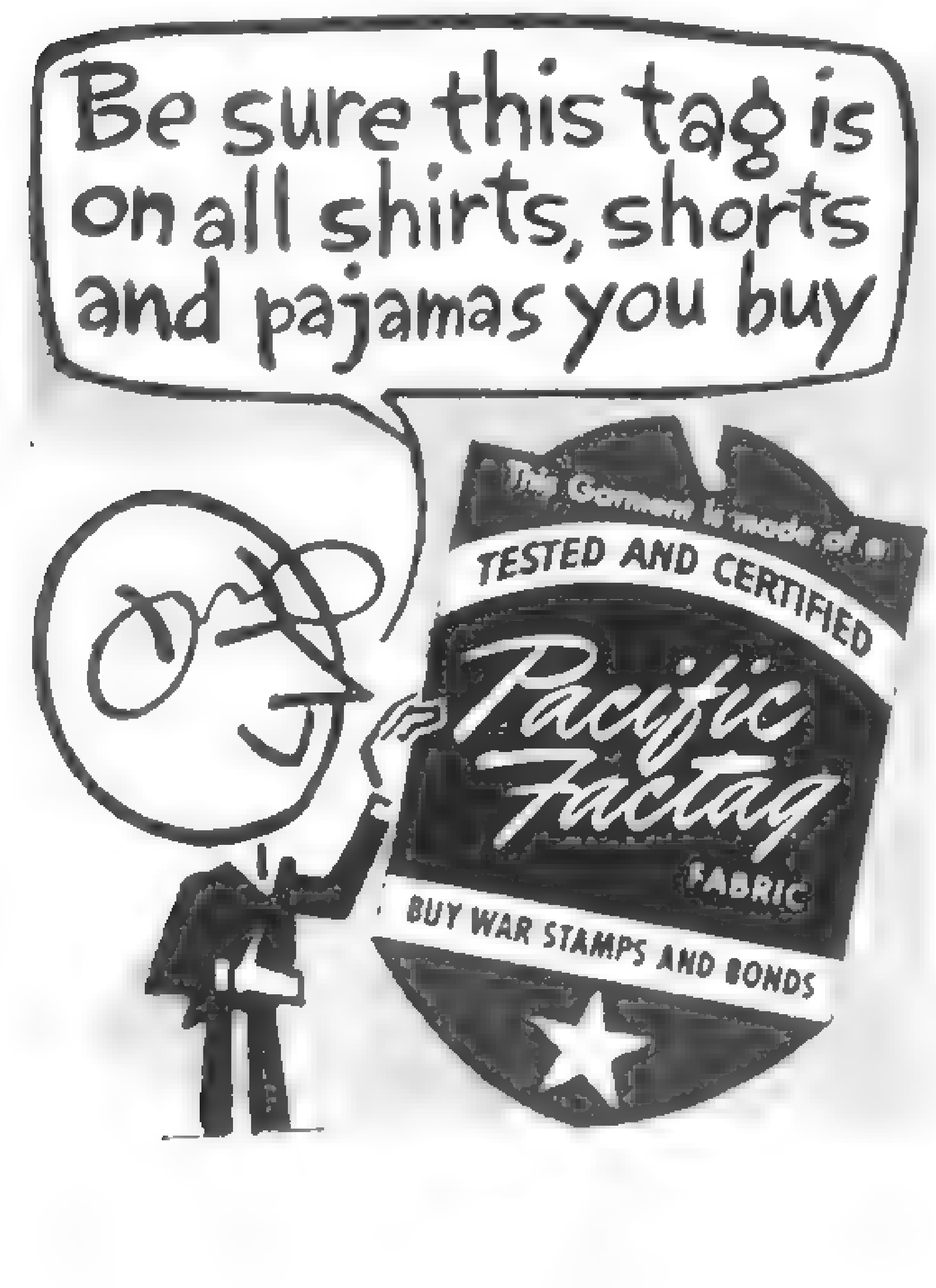
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iams' cheap sex-shocker, *Battle of Angels*, which shut down after a few days' engagement out of town; has had its Mr. Langner declare to Rouben Mamoulian, whom he unsuccessfully urged to direct it, that the trashy dictator play, *Passenger To Bali*, which was a deservedly disastrous failure when put on by another producer, was the finest play he had read in years; has claimed credit for Saroyan's prize play, *The Time Of Your Life*, when all credit save some financing was Eddie Dowling's, since it was Dowling who found the play and produced it successfully after the Guild had badly botched matters; has also claimed credit for producing Saroyan's *Love's Old Sweet Song* when Dowling similarly deserved all of it; has put on in *Parade* the most amateurish revue to have been seen up to the time on the New York professional stage; has rejected Synge, Yeats, Dunsany and Robinson among the Irish dramatists, every one of the witty pre-war Germans, ditto the French, and all of the Spaniards; has not in the last ten years developed a single new important actor or actress; ditto scenic artist or stage lighting expert (the Lunts, operating with the Guild in name only, have nevertheless done their share); and, finally, aside from the plays of O'Neill and the *Rain From Heaven* of Behrman, has produced not the best work of any important American playwright but, when it has produced the playwright at all, invariably the lesser.

In its early days, the Theatre Guild, for all its noted lapses, was something. It was not, as its Mr. Langner claims, responsible for the things its Mr. Langner so vaingloriously claims. Not by a very long shot. Yet it did its beginning job, such as it was, fairly enough, and with a promise of better things to come. But that promise has long since vanished and today it is for the most part simply another commercial producing organization, not as good as some and much worse than others. It has got to the point, indeed, where it declines to book some of the more artistic but commercially doubtful enterprises of other producers with its large out-of-New York subscription audiences. Under the circumstances, therefore, I renew my prefatory suggestions. Let the Shuberts take it over. If you think I am joking, here for your information are some few of the plays the latter have produced or financed either wholly or in part while the Guild was putting on such inferior stuff as I have hereinbefore recorded:

The Green Bay Tree, Beggar On Horseback, Men In White, The Children's Hour, Shadow and Substance, The Time Of Your Life (along with the Guild), *The White Steed, The Man With A Load of Mischief, Seventeen, Death Takes A Holiday, The Skin Game, As You Desire Me, Parnell, Twelve Thousand, Russet Mantle, The Blue Bird, Street Scene, Chicago, The Copperhead, Cyrano de Bergerac, Falling Leaves, The Matriarch, Lady Precious Stream, The Good Companions, Hindle Wakes, Cynara, Farewell to Arms, The Father, Laburnum Grove, March Hares, Lysistrata, Roseanne, The Five Frankfurters, Scarlet Sister Mary, Les Hannetons, A Thousand Years Ago, Topaze.*

In other words, and further still, the plays of Pirandello,

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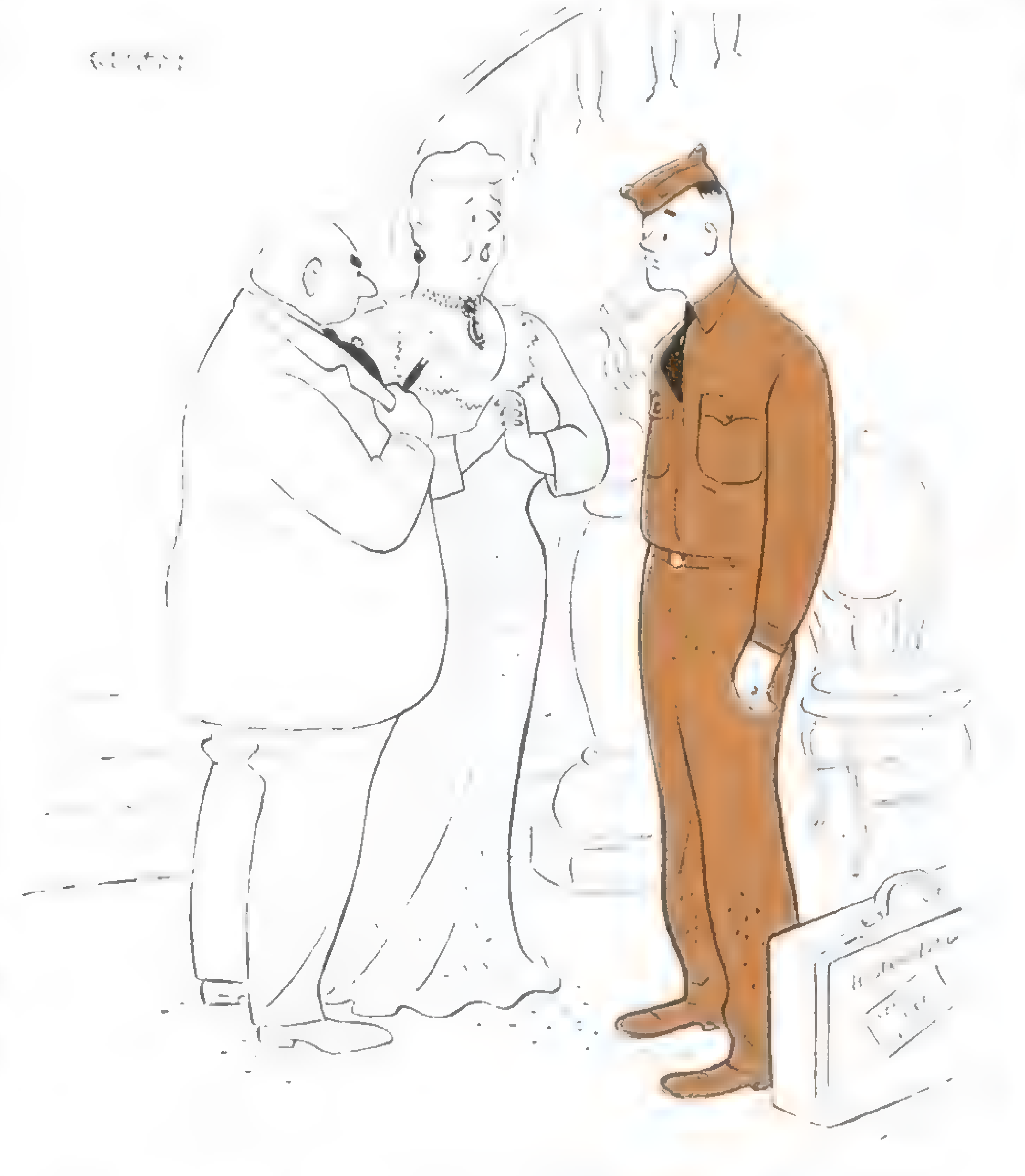

"—and when you told them you were used to having breakfast in bed, what did they say?"

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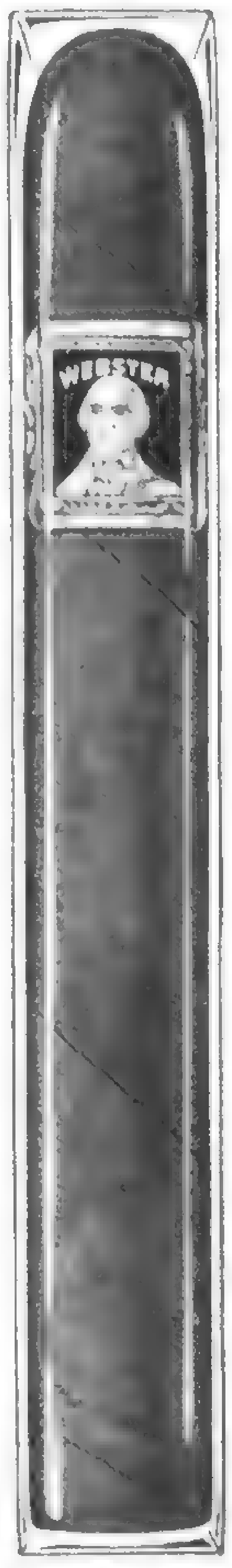


First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 76-153

Brieux, Bourdet, Maeterlinck, Galsworthy, Bruno Frank, Carroll, Houghton, Giacosa, Rostand, Strindberg, Beyerlein, Bracco, Rössler, Shairp, Pagnol, Tolstoi, Drinkwater and other such foreign dramatists, along with such Americans as Vincent Lawrence, George Kelly, Lillian Hellman, Percy MacKaye, Sidney Kingsley, Saroyan, Tarkington, Riggs, Maurine Watkins, etc.

Better still, though the Shuberts, like the Guild, have also put on or helped to finance their share of both low and lofty trumpery—they have never, in sponsoring the equivalents of the Guild's *Karl and Anna*, *Red Rust*, *Mr. Pim Passes By*, *Man's Estate*, *Midnight*, *Escape Me Never!* and *Call It A Day*, claimed for a split second, as the Guild has, that they were doing it all in the name of art. Nor have they ever tried to persuade the public and the critics, when in some single season they have produced the equivalents of the Guild's aforesaid 1929 *Karl and Anna* and *Red Rust* and when in the same season they might have produced instead *The Silver Tassie* and *Children of Darkness*, that the fault was other than their very own.

II.

Among our many other commercial producers, in the Guild's definition, you will doubtless find Guthrie McClintic. What kind of low, inartistic, money-grubbing fellow is this Mr. M.? His latest box-office cadge in association with his wife, Katharine Cornell, is Chekhov's *The Three Sisters* no less, surely a pretty shameless offering. And look at the kind of actors he has, in the Guild's phrase, married to it: Katharine Cornell, Judith Anderson, Edmund Gwenn, Dennis King, Gertrude Musgrove, Alexander Knox, McKay Morris, Alice Belmore Cliffe, and suchlike! Compare these with some such pure-art Guild marriage as, say, Sheridan's *The Rivals* with Walter Hampden, Mary Boland and Helen Ford, or, say again, to go back quite a spell, Romain Rolland's *The Game of Love and Death* with, hold your breath, Otto Krueger, Sidney Paxton, Laura Straub, Charles Henderson, Frank Conroy, Anita Fugazy, Alan Willey, and such.

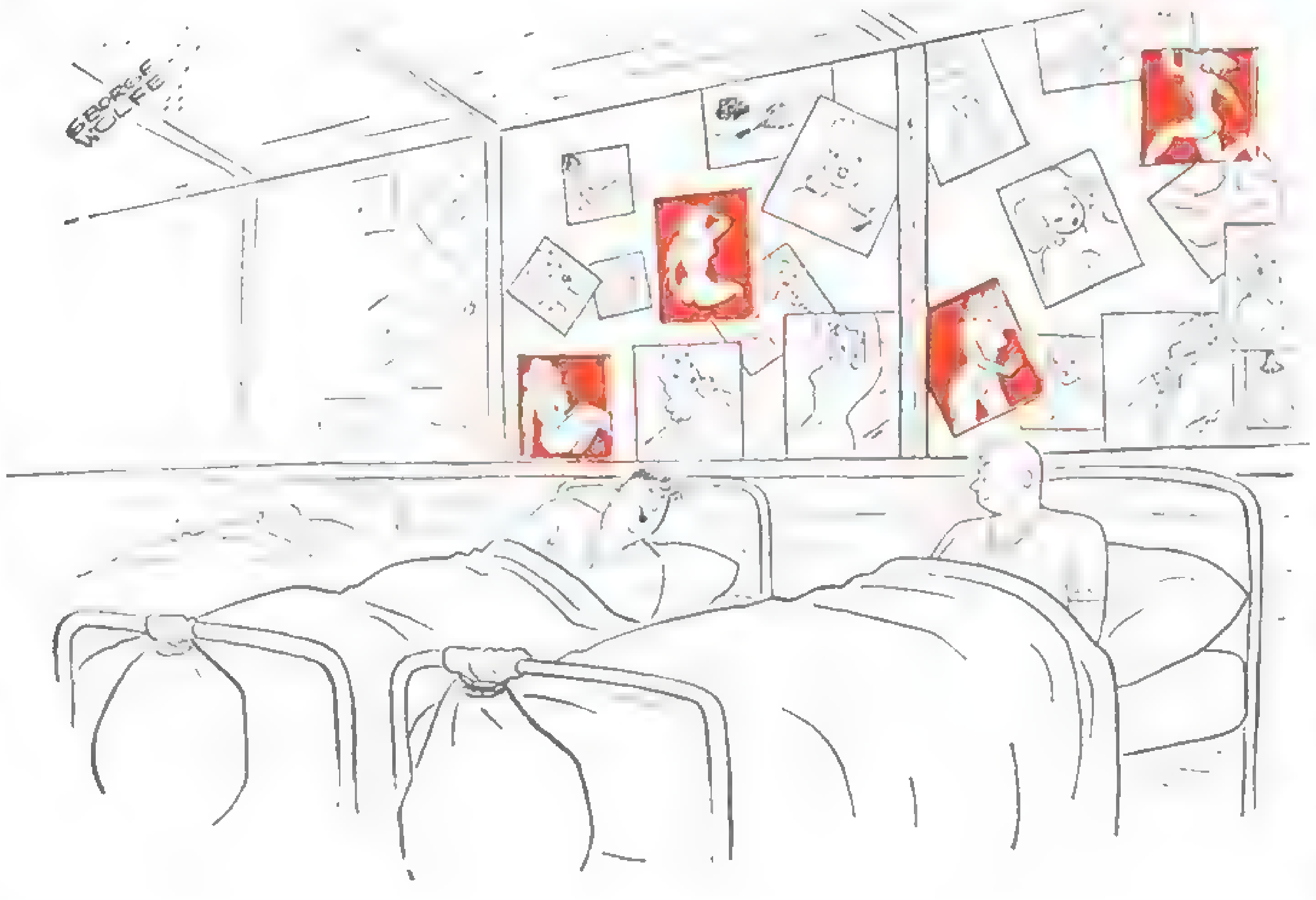
Look, also and further, at part of this McClintic's disgraceful producing record: *Hamlet*, *Saint Joan*, *The Doctor's Dilemma*, *Candida*, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Age of Innocence*, *The Wingless Victory*, *Lucrèce*, *Alien Corn*, *Flowers of the Forest*, *Saturday's Children*, *Parnell*, *Ethan Frome*, *Winterset*, *Yellow Jack*, *High Tor*, *Mamba's Daughters*—stuff like that!

As for the ignominious fellow's revival of the Chekhov drama, however, one has to confess that in the main he has done a pretty good job.

For while his company has one or two very weak spots, there are first-rate performances, among several others, by Miss Cornell, Judith Anderson and Edmund Gwenn, and while he has directed the last act not too skilfully and has made at least one deplorable cut in the text, the earlier acts are ably maneuvered. It might, true enough, all be better than it is, but lapses or not, it is so much better in the way of a general production than we usually get, whether in the case of Chekhov or almost anybody else, that we may be grateful for even three-quarters of a loaf.

III.

Joseph Fields' *The Doughgirls*, which suggests *The Greeks Had A Word For It* with a wartime Washington background, is—largely because of George S. Kaufman's admirable staging—good low fun. Its ribald story of three female swifties on the make is art with a capital T. And its cast, including Virginia Field, Arlene Francis, Arleen Whelan, W. J. Kelly, et al., couldn't be improved upon. As a play, it may not amount to much. But as a rowdy show, it is what the doctor ordered. ⧺



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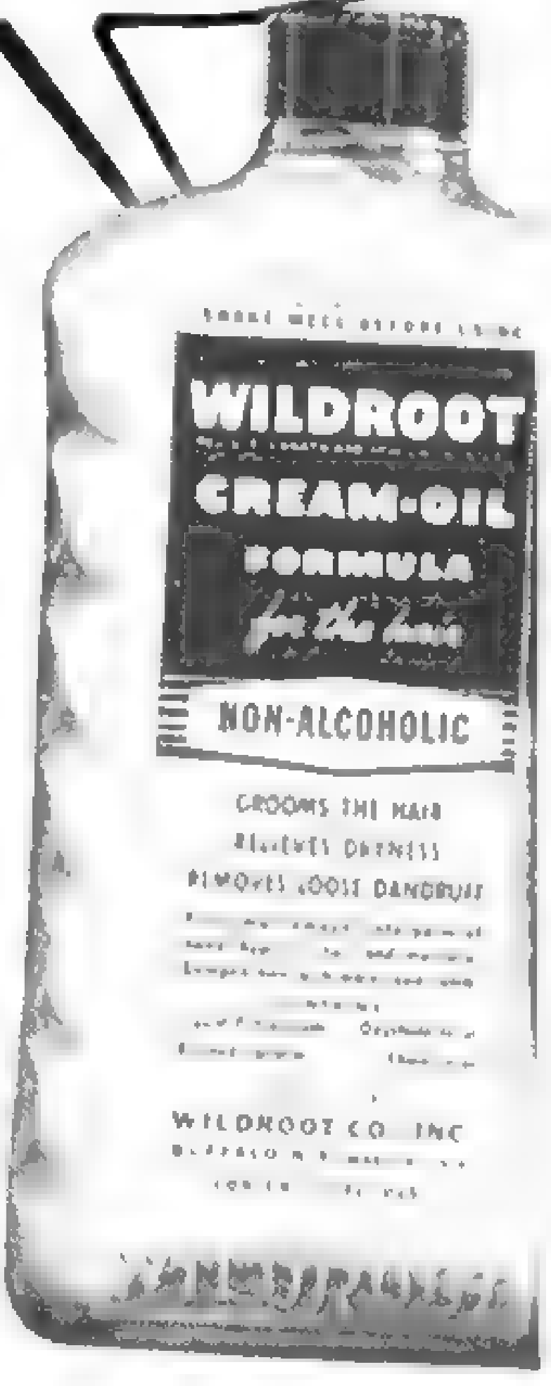

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And set the styles
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Bomber Backseat Driver

Continued from page 45

and warehouses as rack after rack of your incendiary cans spill their tiny bombs.

"Eggs all dropped," the bombardier reports over the interphone. The searchlights have caught up with you again. Time to high-tail it.

One of the engines is racing out of control, its prop shattered by the last near-bursting shell. A hole the size of a washtub appears in the nose beside you. Then the curtain of "flak" falls off. Enemy pursuit ships have climbed to your altitude. They're barging in, a squadron of twelve ugly Focke-Wulf 190's . . .

Over the intercom you hear the ball turret gunner chuckle as an attacker peels off, sweeps in to rake you, goes hurtling instead. Something big hits the ship and it wobbles for an instant . . . The battle din is terrific . . . The tail gunner gets another Nazi . . . A cannon shell crashes the length of the plane with a report that makes machine-gun fire sound like gravel in a bucket . . . The waist gunner has been hit and Sparks is tending to him . . . You leap to man his .50 caliber machine gun . . . Those five weeks in gunnery school come back to you now . . . You swivel and get a hundred-round burst at the Nazi squadron leader . . . The way the pilot and the co-pilot are juggling the controls between them spoils the enemy aim but it spoils yours too . . . You watch with fascination as a row of half inch holes are sprayed into the fuselage at shoulder height like a tailor's hemstitching . . . The row of holes stops before it reaches you. You forget it as you slam your own tracers into the belly of a strafing Nazi . . . A shell fragment in the cockpit crumples the co-pilot . . . It's getting smoky in here . . . You don't know it yet but there are two thousand holes in your ship . . . The enemy fighters are out of ammo . . . You give them a few departing bursts and you're ready to streak for home . . . More routine navigation for "Maps," but this time it isn't hard to get your "fix." You've left a key enemy port in flames . . . Over the interphone you give the pilot his homeward course.

"Nice show, eh?"

"Yeah. We pasted them."

* * *

The bomber back-seat driver is strictly a product of long-range military flying. In World War I pilots were their own navigators. Railroads, canals, or any other series of landmarks were followed to keep on route. The days of contact flying are over. With bombers ranging several thousand miles and flying at near-stratosphere levels over water as well as land, a well trained, experienced specialist is required to keep the ship's position charted.

Time-tested methods of marine navigation had to be streamlined to fit air-war needs. A bomber can cover the distance of a ship's daily log in an hour or so. Even a crackerjack navigator, deprived of his semi-automatic mechanical aids, would be handicapped. A military pilot must know where he *is*, not where he *has been*.

The comforting *dah-dit-dah* of a radio beacon tells you when you're on the beam and gives you an instant "fix." But in areas of military activity it's blacked out for the duration. The Japs and Germans aren't putting up signposts in the ether for our benefit. That's why 50,000 navigators are needed to meet Uncle Sam's program of 185,000 planes within the next two years. The Navy alone wants 20,000.

Three years ago we didn't have enough navigation teachers to teach the teachers—much less to teach the students. Since then navigation training has been put on a mass production basis. At Mather Field, California; Albany, Georgia; and Kelly Field, Texas, navigator candidates at the rate of thousands per month are getting their wings after twenty-nine weeks of intensive training.

"Maps" needn't be an astronomer or a math wizard but he must have a passion for accuracy and be able to solve problems involving proportions, fractions, ratios, decimals, formulas, and elementary algebra. The Army does not give a hoot about your diploma. They'd rather see how you tackle a three-hour multiple choice short-answer examination designed to indicate your ability to comprehend instructions. The all-time honor student at Kelly Field never finished high school. He's backseat driving a 250,000-dollar Flying Fortress in Alaska now. In civilian life he was a chain-store grocery clerk!

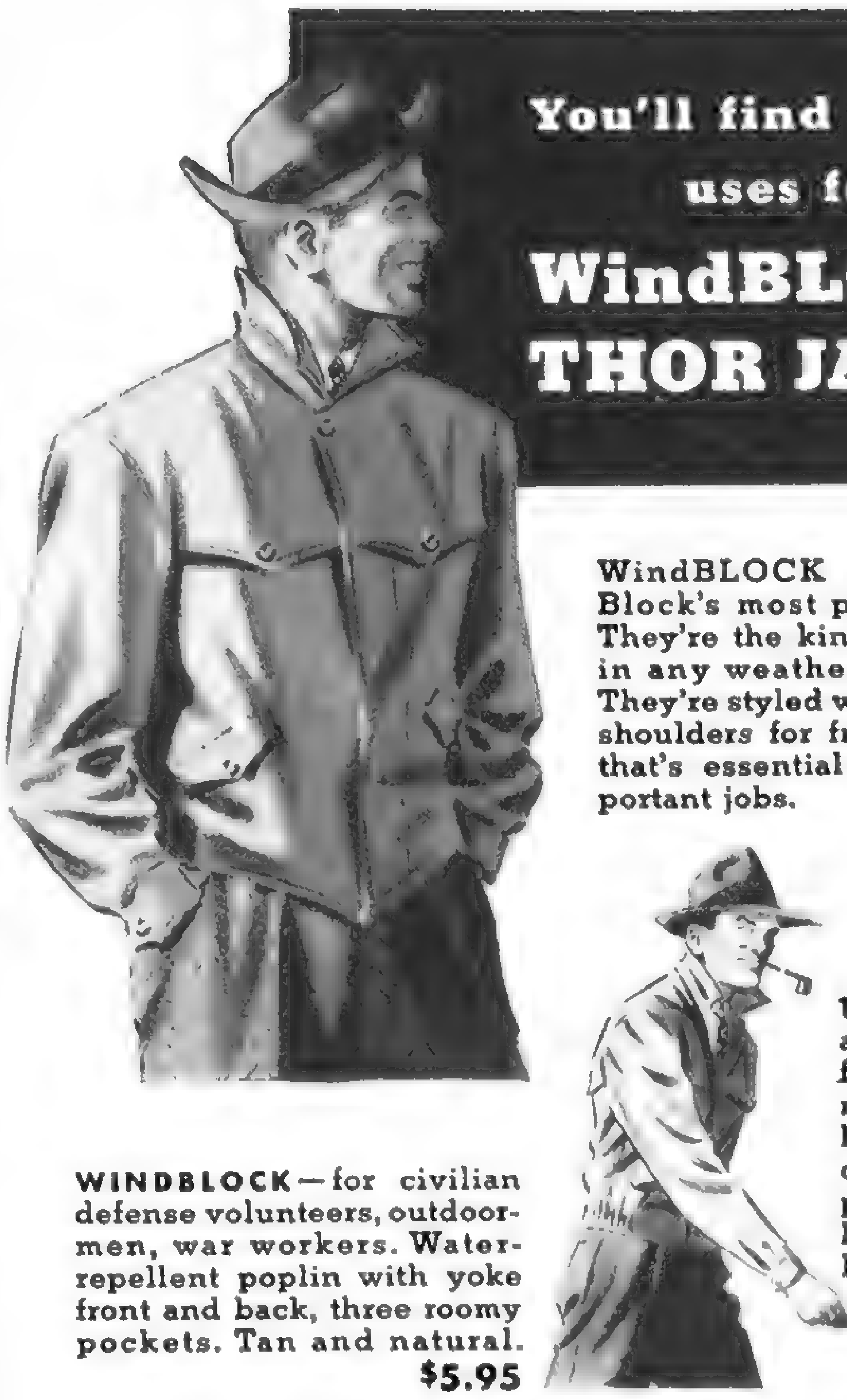
The Army wants to weed out all but the topnotchers, so navigation training courses are plenty tough. Whereas pilots and bombardiers spend 237 to 300 hours in courses before qualifying for their wings, a navigator must put in a total of 618 hours before Uncle Sam classifies him as an expert.

High above an Arizona desert a converted transport plane drones while a score of embryo navigators sit at cubbyhole desks and plot an imaginary course for a destination the ship will never reach. Bedlam can break out in these flying classrooms at any moment. *Bang! Wham! Eeeeeeeeeeeee!* A complex problem must be solved in thirty seconds. Distracting horns and whistles blare. Behind the student a tough instructor bellows:

"IF YOU ARE RATTLED NOW what will you do when in COMBAT!"

To see how you'd react to such a test, get up on a stepladder with somebody heckling you and try to fill out an income tax report.

Any bright-eyed average American youngster can go through navitraining with flying colors. All he needs then are two stars and a pencil—and he can set you down on a dime. ###



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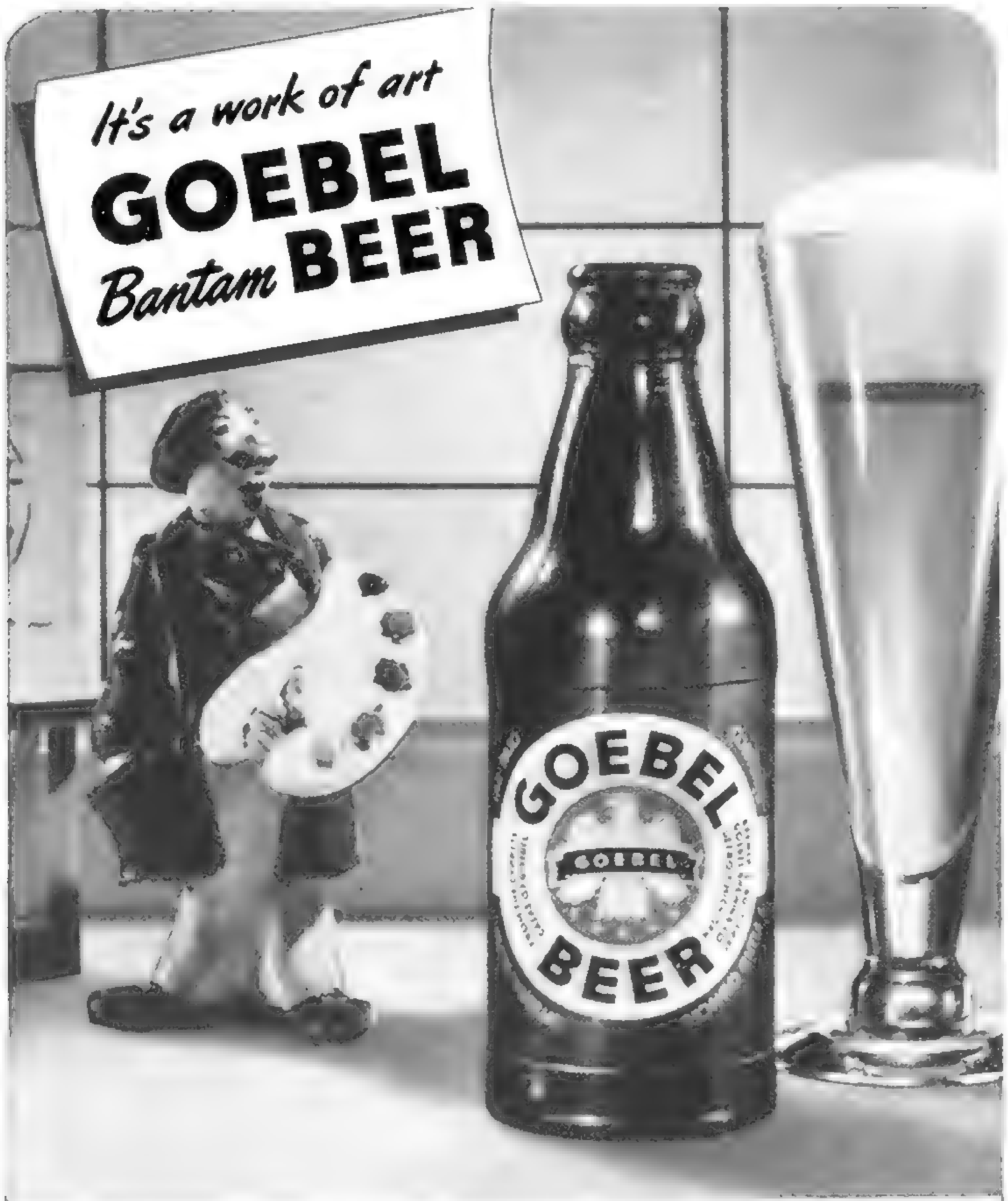


THE Goebel brewmaster really should dress like an artist. The product of his skill is indeed a work of art. Next time call for Goebel. Like good art, it's always "in good taste." Goebel Brewing Company, Detroit, Michigan

Nationally Famous For Good Taste • Right From the Cypress Casks of Goebel

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 90

and would howl at me joyful little greetings. In mental development the horse ranks far below the dog.

To be frank, I tell you all this to sour your sentimentality about eating the equine creatures on occasion. Because one obstacle in the way of horse flesh is this false sentimentality that springs from the close association between man and horse. But one lives almost as close to cattle, pigs and fowl, and one exhibits no emotion when they are taken to the abattoir.

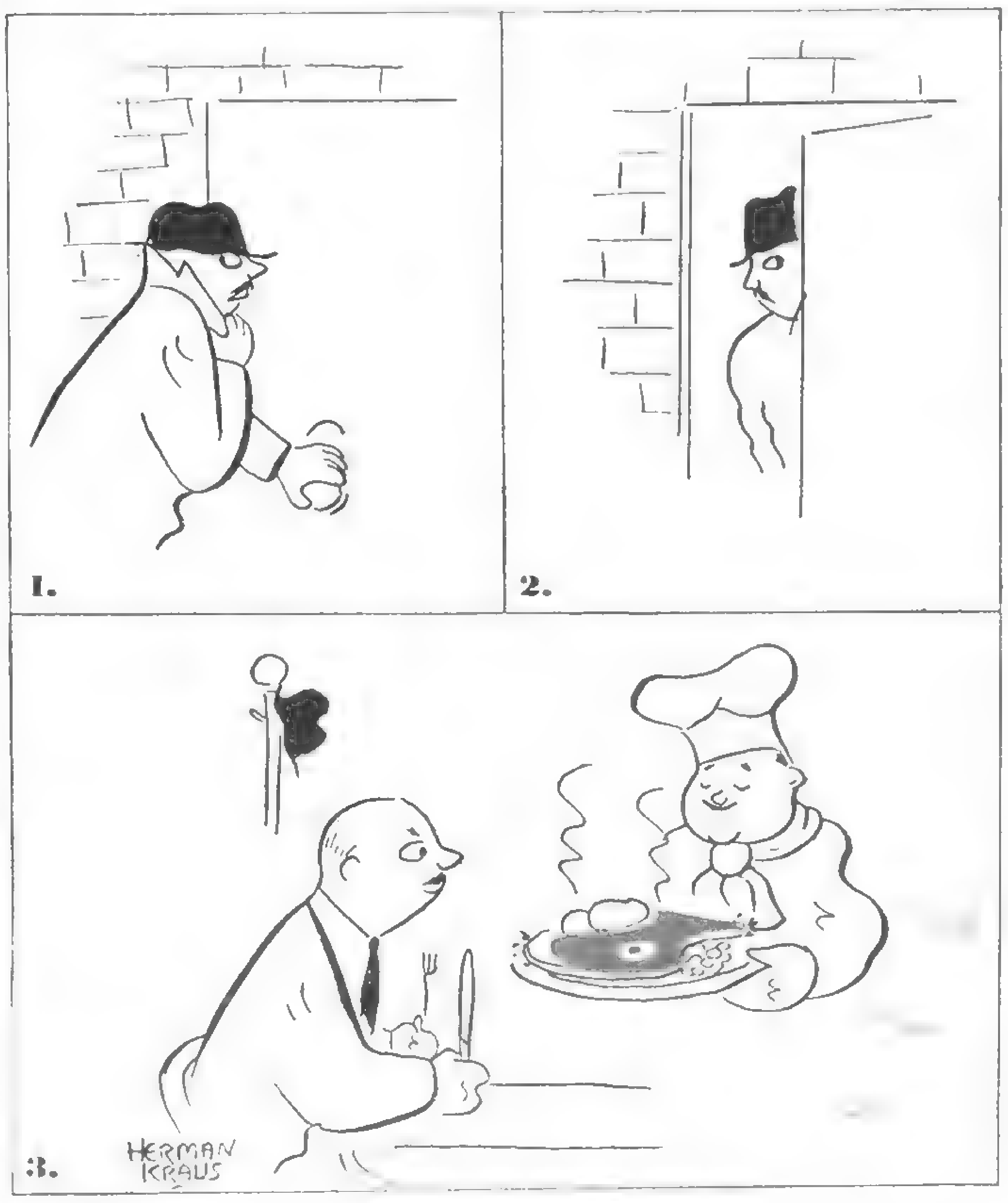
Times for meat eaters are very hard, and they may become even harder. Choice meats are scarce, and you have to find them wherever you can. There are about a million and a half pounds of horse meat available yearly in this country. These are the official figures on Government-inspected meat; but much unofficial slaughtering goes on at literally hundreds of local abattoirs in or near large centers of population.

In these times, one either has to become a vegetarian or one must look for novel cuts. But believe me it is only the first time that it is so difficult to eat an unusual dish. From a nutrition standpoint, the horse is no different from any other edible mammal. I don't advocate that you cook your own work animal, or three- or five-gaited favorite, because that would be like eating your servant or pet. Humans and pets seldom make palatable fare even in great extremity, for even if they are light on the stomach, they rest heavily on the conscience. But abstaining from horse flesh that comes from an animal you've never seen or known is purely psychological.

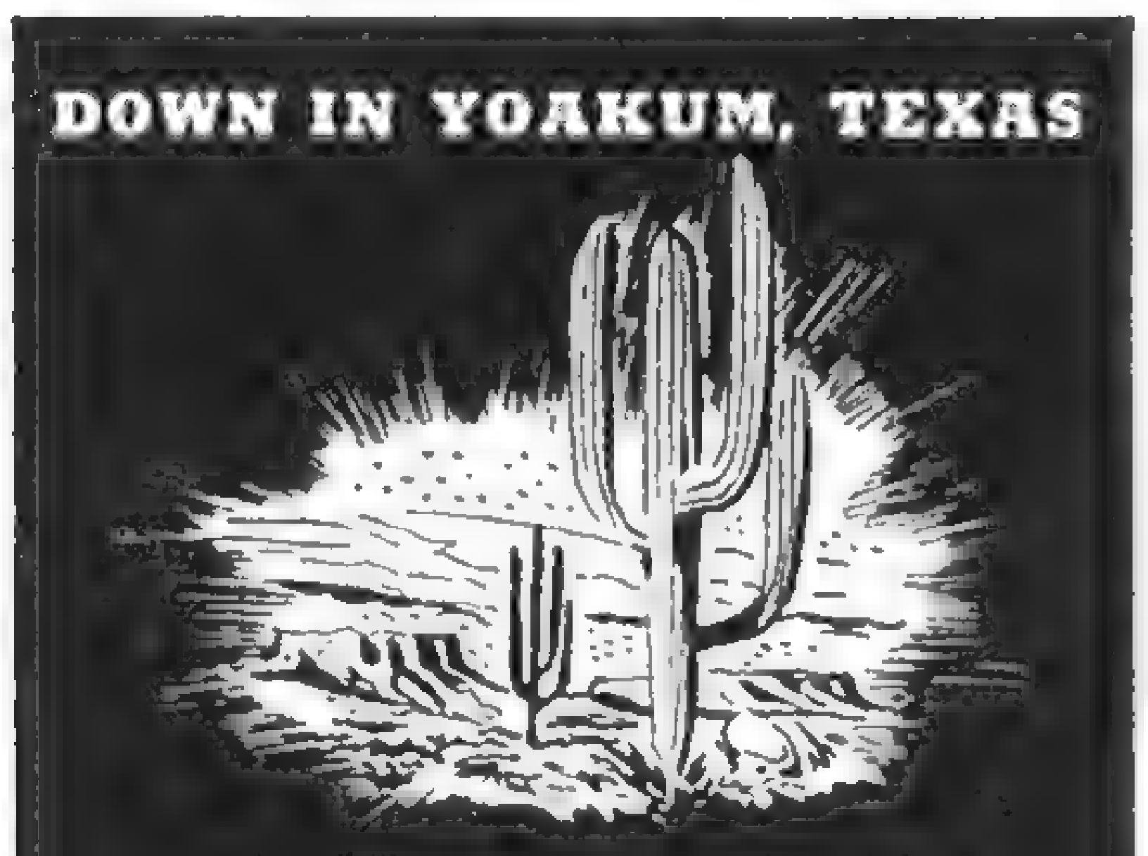
This prejudice against horse flesh in our era—and particularly in Anglo-Saxon countries—is the result of centuries of adverse propaganda. There is a theory that Moses started it, not because he considered the horse an impure animal but because his people liked the useful beast's flesh so well that the law-giver feared horses would soon be extinct if he didn't stop the gourmandizing.

The Koran doesn't definitely forbid the consumption of horse flesh, but Mohammed, who loved horses, frowned on their culinary usage, and naturally The Book recorded his words. The Catholic Church was the leader of the adverse propaganda in early days, because paganism called for sacrificing horses to the gods and eating them right after the ceremony. This culinary practice so closely allied to heathen rites was an obstruction to Christianity, and had to be abolished. Gregory III, and Zachary I, two popes whose edicts traveled fast and far, forbade the faithful to partake of horse flesh. During ten centuries the clergy preached against the barbarous custom with such eloquence, that the anathema got slowly but surely imprinted on the mores of almost every country. The priests didn't have much against horse flesh, but they had everything against pagan superstition and rituals, and they succeeded in influencing the people not through the brains or the hearts, of which the multitude always had little, but through one of the most receptive and sensitive parts of the human body—the stomach.

Soon after the propaganda started, popular belief had it that the horse is an unclean animal; that it is prey to myriad diseases which are easily communicated to



DOWN IN YOAKUM, TEXAS



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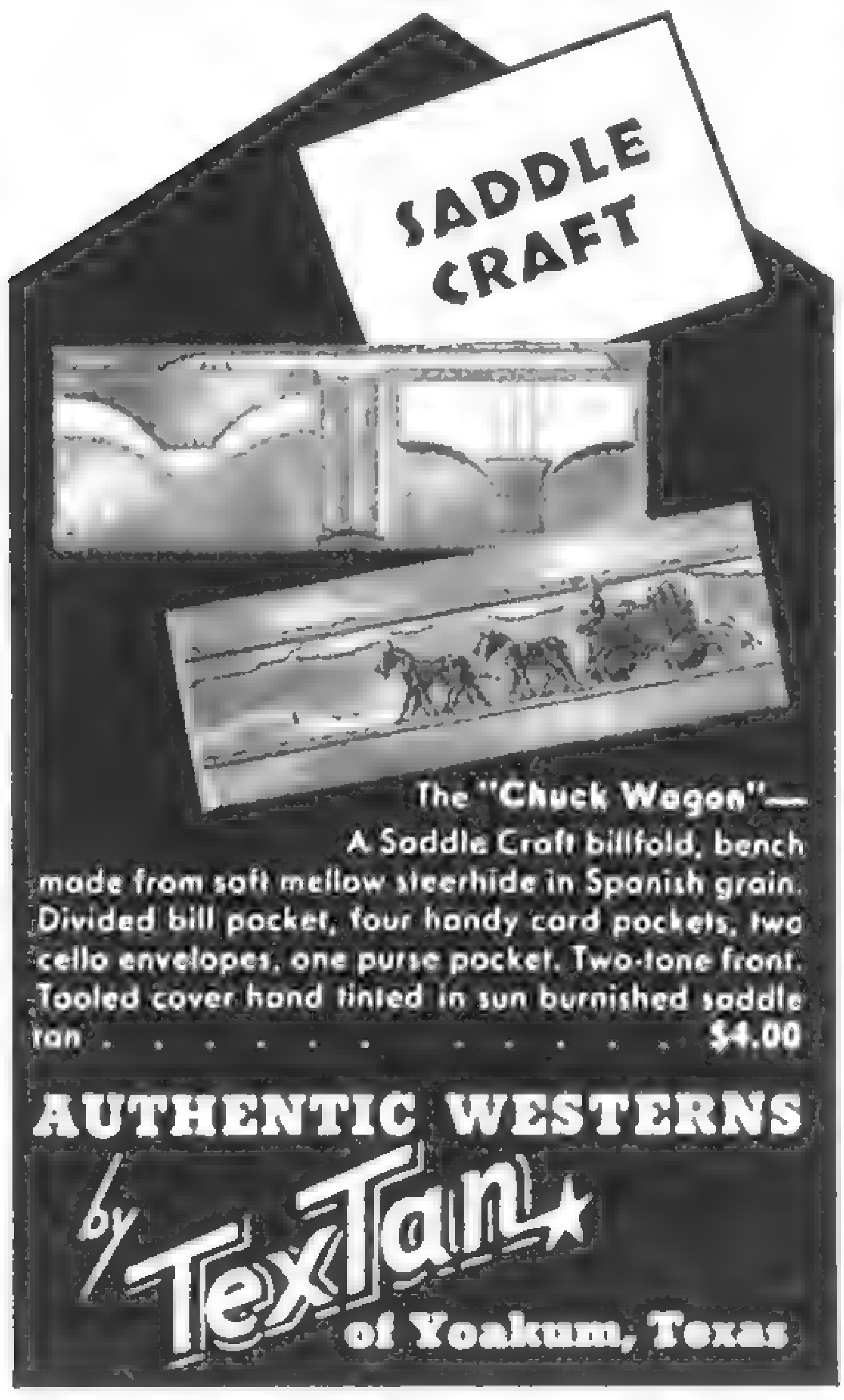

The **"Chuck Wagon"**—A Saddle Craft billfold, bench made from soft mellow steerhide in Spanish grain. Divided bill pocket, four handy card pockets, two cello envelopes, one purse pocket. Two-tone front. Tooled cover hand tinted in sun burnished saddle tan $4.00

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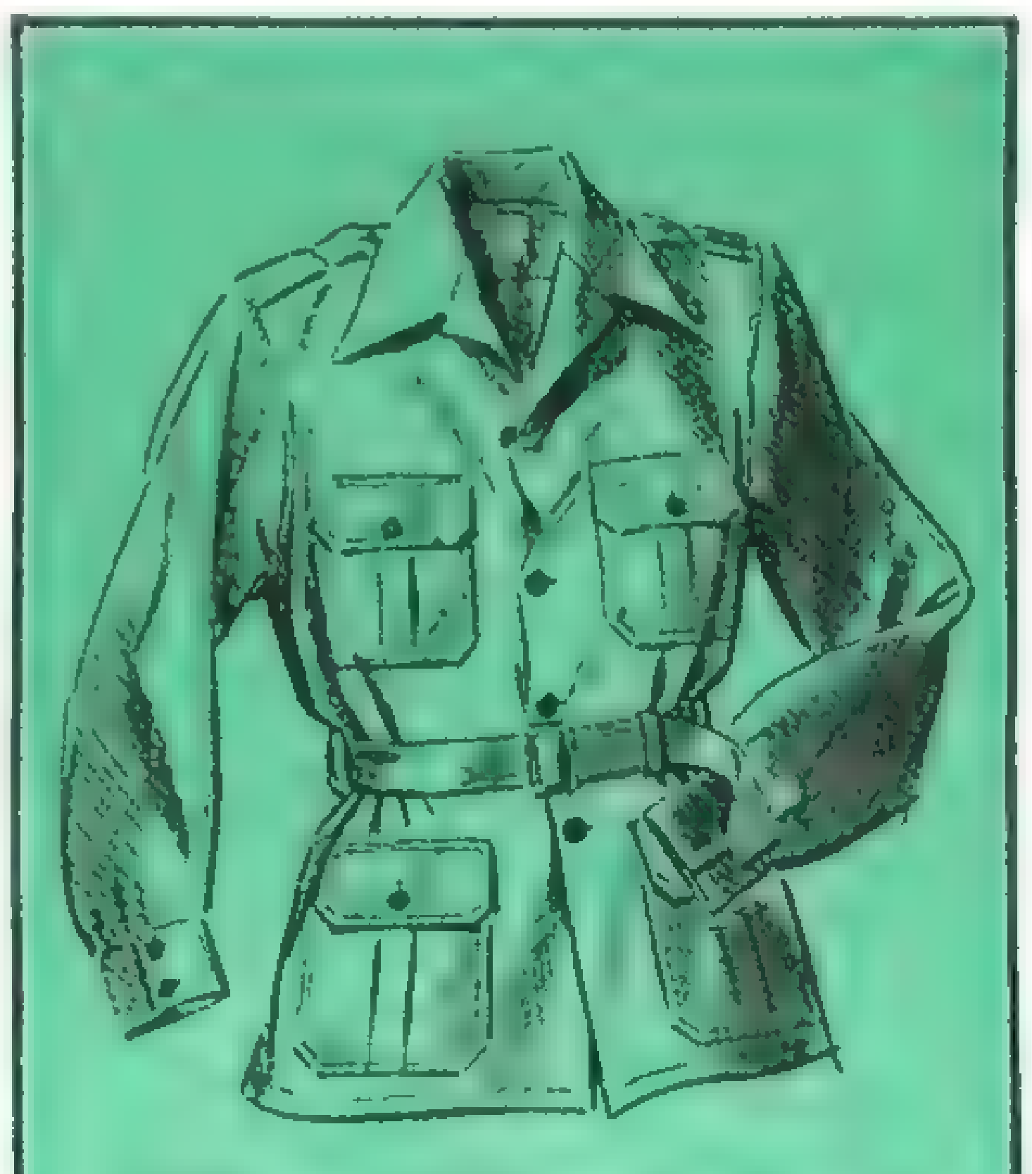
humans who eat the flesh; that horses are highly intelligent and affectionate animals which do not deserve the axe. The taboo put on horse flesh by religion was so overwhelming that between the fifth and twelfth centuries there was practically no horse flesh eaten. After this period when Christianity was everlastingly established, the clergy closed their eyes to the practice. However, due to the successful propaganda, only the minority returned to the habit and the delicacy.

For horseflesh at one time was just that. There is proof that in the Stone Age (in the Paleolithic Period) horseflesh was the favorite meat. The early Persians, rich and poor, loved it. So did the Greeks, and the Romans, the Chinese, the Manchus, Mongols, Cossacks, Kalmuks, and Arabs. In Algiers and in Tunisia they still like horseflesh but prefer mules. The Patagonians, Bolivians and the Chileans get their horse viands from the pampas, and it is said that they prefer the mare to the stallion or the gelding. Holland, the Scandinavian countries, France, Austria, Germany, Belgium, Italy, and some parts of Russia, are still hippophagous countries. Spain, Rumania, Hungary, Greece, England and Scotland scorned horse meat, but surely their attitude has changed. At any rate, Uncle Sam figures to feed the hungry countries after the war, at least partly, with American horse meat.



Military influence reflected by cotton gabardine bush jacket for wear during off hours.

In France—to speak of a highly culinary-conscious country—official horse meat eating started in the seventeenth century. Soon a municipal horse slaughter house opened in the Vaugirard district, in Paris, and so did the first horse meat butchery, with the emblem of a carved and gilded horse head above the door. The emblem is (or was, before the war) displayed in France at more than one thousand horse meat butcher shops in our days. During the Revolution there was nothing but horse meat to be had in Paris for six months, and there wasn't one single meat-poisoning resulting from horse flesh recorded in that period! When the Germans besieged the city, in 1871-72, the two million Parisians ate only horse meat for four months, since no other edible animal could be driven up to the town. Altogether 65,000 horses were slaughtered during the siege. For a long period in fairly modern times the French army's meat ration was horse. But it was that away back after the conquest by Julius Caesar, when the Gauls introduced horse meat eating to France. There was simply a lull that lasted too long. Veterinary General Decroix, who was in a position to know his meats, refused to eat anything else but horse flesh, and his devotion helped the cause tremendously in the nineteenth century.

When the French think of a good morsel they investigate the edible from every angle, going to the very core. On close examination they found that the horse is a cleaner animal than any other. The horse refuses anything but the purest water. In fact, it is the custom of all nomadic peoples (and cavalry men in more modern times) to let the horse smell the water before they themselves quench their thirst with it. If the horse doesn't sip the water, you can bet it is contaminated. On the other hand, cattle are often contented with swamp water full of microbes, dirt and disease. Equines are the cleanest feeders—if their fodder is not fresh, or if it has been tampered with, they refuse it no matter how hungry they might be. Their teeth are so constituted that they masticate every bite very thoroughly. One of the greatest peculiarities of the horse is its digestive organs—it has a very small and uncomplicated stomach; no gall bladder, the lack of which shows that digestion must be continuous and not interrupted by distinct intervals, as in the ruminants and carnivora. In other words, the stomach of the horse is almost always empty. Horses are never hunting eagerly for anything, just anything at all in the way of food as do hogs and fowl, the two dirtiest members of the edible animal kingdom. They would never lie in the mud like oxen or pigs. In fact, their bath water must be as clean as a human being's.

Horses are not altogether immune to tuberculosis, but they are not susceptible, while cattle, hogs, fowl, are. This is why raw horse meat hamburgers are sometimes given to people suffering from tuberculosis or anaemia. Glanders and farcy, the two greatest illnesses of horses, which are so difficult to cure, and which may be communicated to humans, can be most easily recognized both ante mortem and post mortem by the veterinary who very rigidly supervises the slaughtering. Moreover, in the United States all horses with glanders and farcy are destroyed at the outset of the disease, and consequently there are practically no cases in this country.

Four establishments are engaged in dressing horses in America operating under severe Federal inspection: the Hill Packing Com-

Continued on page 158

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WHITTEMORE
Stain Shoe Polish
FOR GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 90-157

pany, Topeka, Kansas; the Davis Packing Company, Estherville, Iowa; Chappel Brothers, Rockford, Illinois; and the Eastern Packing Company, in Linden, New Jersey. Mules and donkeys, lucky things, are ruled out, but we are the sufferers for they say that there is nothing better than a donkey steak. Of course, no cattle, sheep or swine can be handled at the horse slaughter houses. Most of the horses slaughtered are so-called "past-work horses," which means that they have worked out their span of usefulness. However, some of them are young range horses from the West. I do not know whether broken down or broken-legged race horses are slaughtered in this country. They are in Europe, for people consider the flesh of race horses particularly good, since these animals enjoy the finest fodder.

The slaughter of broken-legged, valuable horses, however, is surprisingly low today, since the recent invention of a Pennsylvania veterinary, Dr. Otto Stader, who discovered that a pin, driven through the affected bone, helps it to knit rapidly. Formerly the broken leg was put into a cast, but the horse failed to grasp the usefulness of the heavy cast, and the fracture seldom mended.

There are various methods of slaughtering used in different lands, but in the United States they sever a spot on the horse's neck where the aorta divides, so the animal bleeds almost directly from the heart, and leaves our troubled world in the quickest, most humane and painless way. Don't worry, a Government Inspector and veterinaries see to it that everything is done quickly and efficiently. After slaughter, the Inspector proceeds to examine every little part of the carcass and the viscera (he already has scrutinized the horse before slaughter), and if he finds them perfect, he stamps the various parts with green ink, while beef, pork, sheep, etc., are stamped with purple ink.

Tip

When somebody asks you how many lumps you prefer, he is referring to coal, not sugar.

All in all, American horse meat was so much liked in Europe that during 1939, for instance, over three million pounds were exported! In 1941 the figure dwindled to four thousand pounds, on account of the war. Here, until the present meat shortage and the sudden discovery by people that horse meat is just as good as other meats, the fine flesh was given to animals in the zoos, dogs and cats, and in some sections, to poultry.

Some clever Italian businessmen used to make fortunes in the United States before the war by sending back to their country the guts of horses, salted, so they would keep for a long time—all salami skin is horse guts, since it is the strongest, thinnest, longest and biggest of any animals', and most salami's inside also contains a large quantity of horse meat beside pork, and this accounts for the fact that salami keeps for years. Pork or veal sausage is much more perishable. Mortadella, the enormous sausage that we often ate in France, is also mostly horse meat, ground up to a purée fineness. Mayor La Guardia, who recently delivered vigorous speeches against horse meat, loves salami. Does he know, I wonder, how this superb sausage is made?

The great future of American horse meat for American people lies in turning the meat into sausages, for although horse's sirloin, porter, tenderloin, and round steaks, are really excellent, very easy to digest, and contain more protein and nitrogen than beef, it would be difficult to educate an entire population to eat it regularly. Sometimes a pill has to be given a sugar coating.

My own bitter pill won't be wrapped in anything—I am a member of the Canadian Provincial Stallions Owners' Association, and I am sure that I'll be blackballed after delivering this discourse in favor of horse flesh. Not to speak of the fact that I shall always be considered a low-down Yahoo by all the Houyhnhnms. However, herewith I give you the promised recipe, and another one for making horse flesh paté:

FILLY STEW

Take two pounds of horse meat for four people; cube the meat. Make a pickle out of a quart bottle of red wine, small onions, carrots, celery, thyme, one clove of garlic, one bay leaf, three cloves, and parsley. Marinate the meat in this concoction overnight. Then take out the meat, wipe it dry with a cloth, sprinkle the cubes with a few drops of brandy or whiskey, salt and pepper them, and then sauté them in a pan with finely diced bacon and a little flour over a brisk fire. Then pour in a new quart of red wine, adding mushrooms and small onions. (Not the ones that were in the pickle, of course). Cook for about two hours over a low flame.

HORSE MEAT PATÉ

Take two pounds of horse meat, half a pound of ham, half a pound of horse liver, half a pound of veal. Chop the meats up very thoroughly and season with salt, pepper, chopped laurel leaf, chopped parsley, and a clove of crushed garlic.

Place a quarter pound of pork fat in a baking pan, put the hash over it, spread on top another quarter pound of pork fat, and bake it in a medium oven until done. ###

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Simplicity's Godchild

Continued from page 62

until they had finished. They worked so fast that one day a plumber was found to be missing. After looking all over the building for him, they realized that he had been completely walled in while working on a drain. When one of the encircling walls was torn down, the plumber was discovered placidly sitting and awaiting his release.

During the first days, the school had no textbook, no planned curriculum. The first shortage was solved when the staff started mimeographing material that they thought should be valuable to their students. The second was met after Eddy and his men devised a course of study that seemed both direct and teachable.

Eddy and his assistants realized after a short time that their students were handicapped by not being facile in mathematics. They then worked out a mathematics refresher book that now has gone into its first hundred thousandth printing. The volume strikes a new tack in that Eddy believed it a waste of time to go into elaborate explanations of the principles involved. Instead, he proposed a system whereby problems are worked out in full in the book so that puzzled students can see exactly how the proper solution is obtained. The book is divided into 24 one-hour lessons intended to cover the entire range of mathematics that his students would encounter. It is considered a complete self-teaching method for mathematics, and has been brought out in a second edition by Prentice-Hall, New York publishers, for use in high schools, colleges and private study groups.

As long as Eddy and his staff could personally interview each applicant for radio matériel, they found that they made relatively few mistakes in selecting their students. Recruiters in the field, however, did not have their technical knowledge and were in deep water whenever the question of enlisting men for the work arose. College-sponsored tests were far too complicated, but to have no test at all would permit the enlistment of incompetents who would only waste the Navy's time. For this problem Bill had a ready solution. Characteristically, he worked out a simple test that made the wrong selection of radio matériel candidates practically impossible. Thus, on the basis of the "Eddy" test, which remains a restricted Navy secret, a recruiter in Alaska who knew nothing about radio was absolutely correct in accepting a man for training under Eddy.

Eddy's school was expected by the Navy to give students in three months the equivalent of two years' college work in radio engineering. His job was to lay the foundation in a primary course for the very difficult study offered in another school, which meant that if the primary schools floundered, the entire training program would be upset.

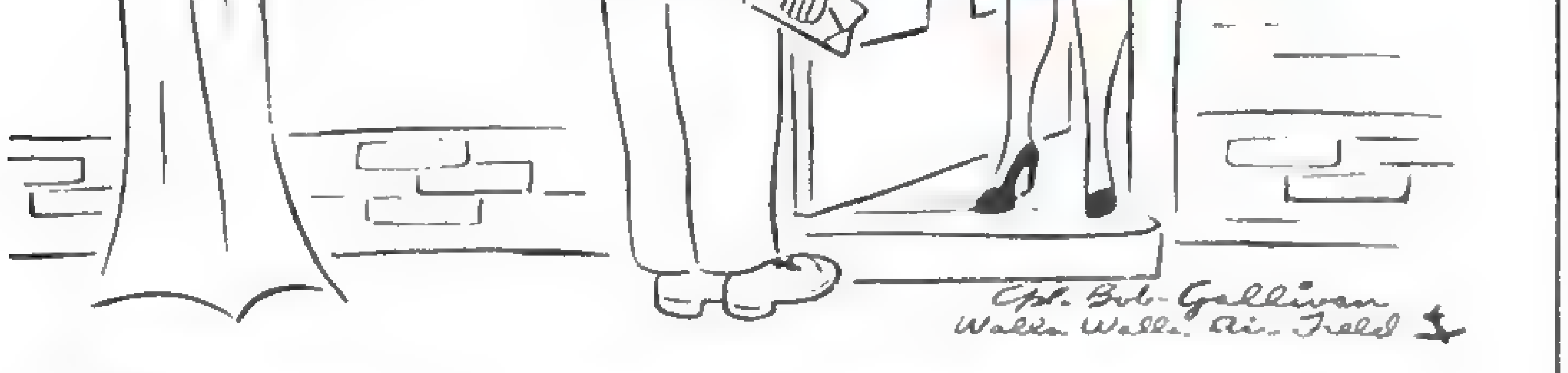
Confronted by the immensity of such a job, many men might have become confused and resorted to the most complicated teaching technique. Eddy was different. He made things simple. The students couldn't miss.

In being simple, the Chicago school produced a series of novel teaching methods applicable in other Navy educational units. The Bureau thus discovered that it was handy to have such a guinea pig school available for experimentation and observation.

As time went on, the Navy made another discovery. The enlisted instructors trained under Eddy in Chicago were not only more efficient than the men enlisted in the other schools, they also were better instructors for fledgling students. And so the Bureau authorized the establishment of a teachers' training course in the Chicago school to produce instructors for the other primary schools. Shortly afterwards, he was made a senior lieutenant, although injuries prevent him from ever being sent to sea again.

A civilian who visited Bill's Chicago school expressed amazement when he learned what was

Continued on page 160



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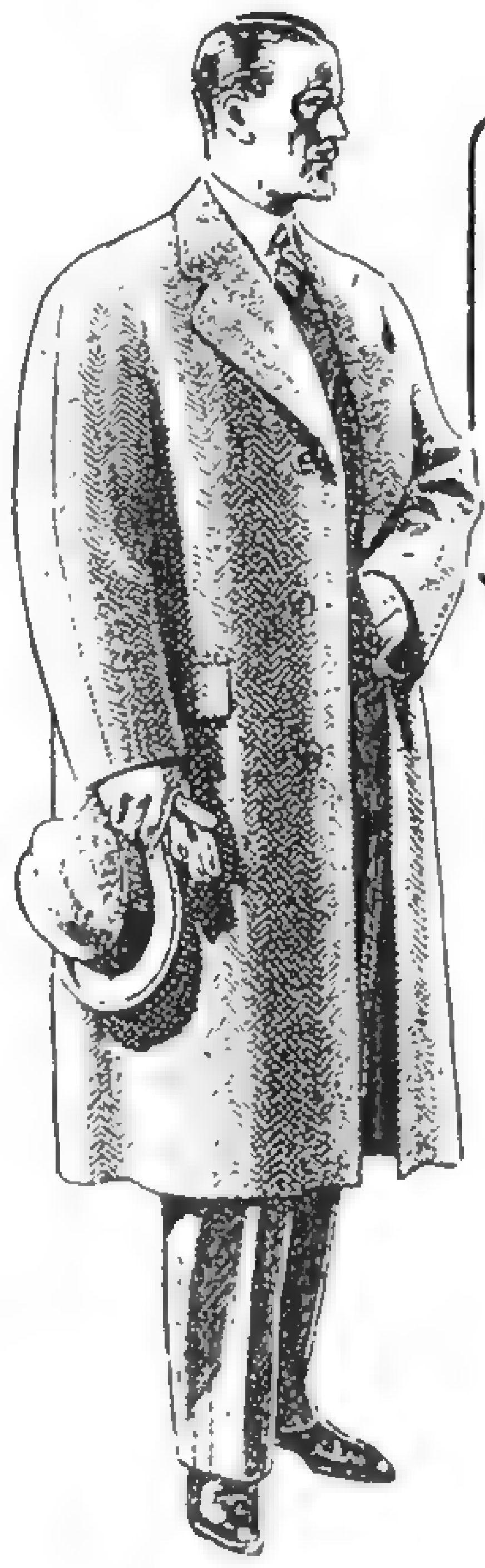
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Simplicity's Godchild

Continued from pages 62-159

being done. "Why," he said, "it's the most unusual thing I ever saw. All of those students there are just like younger and smaller editions of Bill Eddy. All of them are learning to be ingenious and make do with whatever equipment they have. It's just like he was duplicating himself."

The students themselves are like Bill Eddy because they believe that he is like them. He shares their enthusiasm and he matches their 70-hour work week in the school with an identical pattern for himself. The students honor him most, however, for being uncomplicated in teaching them their complicated subject. "Nothing ever gets too hard all at once," one student said. "We just kind of drift along and before we know it, we're through the course." He has an appeal for technical-minded boys that enlists their co-operation.

This appeal was demonstrated when he appeared on a Chicago radio station to make a recruiting speech. At the end of his broadcast he started out the door, but was almost knocked over by two breathless applicants. They had listened to his first words and then sped to the studio to enlist before the quota was filled. Laughingly, Navy officials conceded it was one of the fastest recruiting jobs in history.

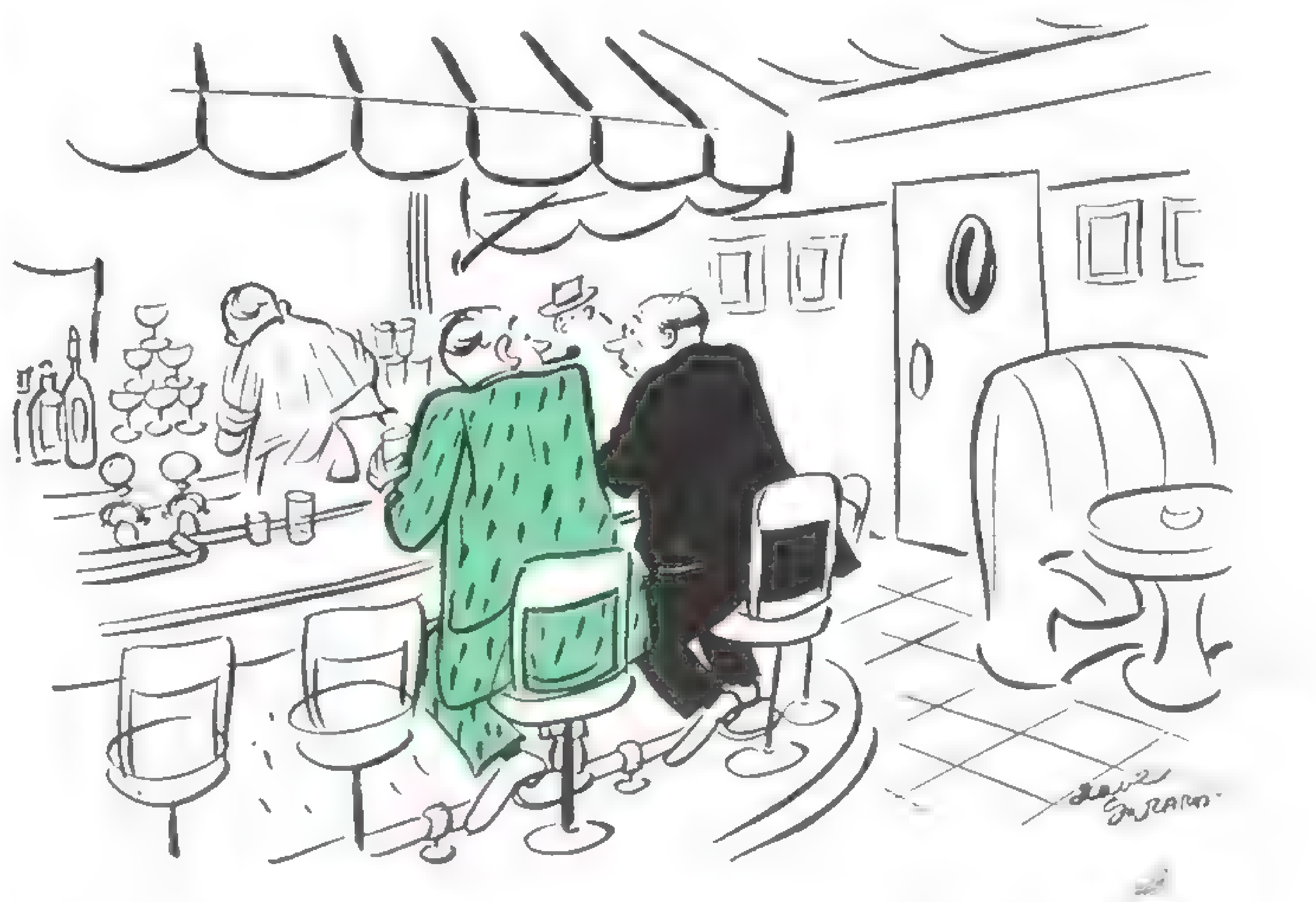
Recruiting for the school work is handicapped by the fact that it is one of the most closely guarded secrets in our war chest. It is, however, a secret whose broad principles are known to every warring nation. Before the war, America, Germany, Britain and Japan were all working on its development and knew of each other's progress through the filing of international patent rights. The initial work in this field was freely discussed in the general press, a fact that Eddy can bring out by recalling one of his early introductions to this subject.

On a semi-foggy afternoon in October of 1938, a United Air Lines plane loaded with newspapermen, government officials and Western Electric company scientists took off from LaGuardia field for an experimental flight over New York City. After being aloft for an hour, the plane landed and the reporters went running to their offices. They weren't quite sure of what they were writing, but they knew that they had just seen an epoch-making invention.

The next morning, on a suburban Long Island Railroad train running into New York, the long-waisted Eddy suddenly sat up straight. The passenger in front of him was holding a *Times* that carried the story of the previous day's flight. Looking over the man's shoulder, Eddy read, "An instrument that will add immeasurably to the safety of airplane flights and may conceivably be modified and developed as an aid to anti-aircraft equipment and technique was demonstrated yesterday."

The story then told how the old-style barometric pressure altimeter, which measured only height above sea level, had been replaced by an absolute altimeter that showed a pilot how far he was from the ground directly below him. Utilizing what the *Times* called the "shortest radio wave ever in aviation," the invention involved the "transmission of a signal from the plane toward the earth and the reflection of the signal from the earth back to the plane, with a measurement of the elapsed time between the transmission and reception. The time is then translated into feet, which is shown immediately on a meter."

When Eddy got down to his desk in the RCA television department, where he was chief sight effects engineer before going to B. and K., he reached into his drawer and pulled out a copy of a government publication entitled *The Air Commerce Bulletin.* One passage was underlined in an article by Richard C. Gazley of the Bureau of Air Commerce. It read, "In the somewhat distant future, but not too far away, I can foresee the development of ultra high frequency radio to the point where



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it may be utilized in an airplane to detect objects such as other aircraft in flight, mountain peaks, or varying ground elevations, and indicate distance and direction of the object from the instrument . . ."

That lengthy sentence became clear in its implications to Eddy when he remembered the *Times* article on the absolute altimeter. "Something's happening," he said to a co-worker, "and just watch out for the results."

Sleeveless cardigan has a good rating.

The Axis, however, was watching out also. Their agents could connect up the government article with the *Times* story as well as Eddy. Their own technicians probably were working on the same project. This meant only one thing. When the Axis declared war on America our Navy had to assume that the foes' knowledge of this device was as complete as our own. Granting this assumption, we then had to develop technicians who could learn to operate the equipment faster and better than any enemy fighter.

That's where Eddy came in on that December 8th when he parked his size 12 shoes in the Bureau and said, in his deep voice, "I think I can help."

He was well qualified to make that statement. He was ready to tackle the toughest of problems because, as he once told a reporter, "In television we have learned not to take anything for granted. Problems that seem too tough for solution pop up every day . . . and we wouldn't get very far if we took every man's nod-of-the-head as final."

It was because he didn't take every man's nod-of-the-head as final that Eddy became what a magazine writer once called "one of the most interesting figures yet turned up by television . . ."

When Eddy's name is mentioned in a group of television industry workers, there is almost sure to be someone present who'll say, "Why, I know him. He's that gadget guy, isn't he?" He deliberately fosters that opinion of himself.

His eyes will pop wide in wonder if he's asked to explain one of the inventions that have made him famous. "Explain that gadget?" he'll say. "Oh, I don't know as I can do that. You see, I've never taken an engineering degree. I just go along and improvise and do what I think has to be done." His television studio lighting system, which completely outmoded preceding techniques and made Hollywood blush for its illumination methods, is to him a gimcrack of the moment. Shunning the cape of conceit for his achievements, he prefers instead the tunic of a toymaker.

Why? Because that's the Eddy way of doing things. He got better co-operation from both his employes and his own employers, he found, if he played the role of a magician constantly amazed by what came out of his own hat than if he attempted to be Mister Big Shot.

His knowledge, however, enabled Eddy to contribute to technical trade journals before the war came. His by-line was seen steadily in at least four magazines because of his popularity with readers, and three of them have used his picture on their covers.

His strangest writing assignment came in June of 1939 when he needed money to buy a boat. He wasn't quite sure what the boat was like because he couldn't see all of it. At the moment the yen to purchase the craft came over him, it was on the bottom of Long Island Sound, having capsized in a vicious summer squall.

With his father, W. D. Eddy, former Mayor of Saratoga Springs, New York, to aid him in haggling, Eddy bought the boat at a time when he said he was "$3,000 short of a $2,500 cruiser." He then faced the problem of telling his wife, Chris, a Grand Rapids, Michigan girl who married him in China while she was on a round-the-world cruise, about their new debt.

"Listen, Honey," he started out, "how'd you like to spend our next vacation on a yacht cruising through the Great Lakes and then on up the Saint Lawrence . . ." Chris, who's a landlubber at heart, curtly rejected the idea and then reminded him that the expenses of their three children were exceeding the budget. Shamefaced, Eddy then had to admit the purchase. To make the money, he wrote of his experience in becoming a member in the "Insolvent Brotherhood of Small Boat Owners" for a yachting magazine.

"Never wrote anything else like that in my life," he said later. "I must have rewritten it ten times before it was satisfactory."

With the knowledge he had acquired as a Naval officer on active duty for eight years, he salvaged the boat and made it run. It wasn't quite satisfactory to him, however—and he proceeded to take the entire engine, piece by piece, to his RCA office where he worked on it that winter.

Visitors were amazed to see the gigantic old-style four cylinder engine in the television laboratory but few of them asked questions of Eddy. They thought he was rigging up a power system to light the entire Radio City. That was the kind of reputation he had as a mechanical wizard. #

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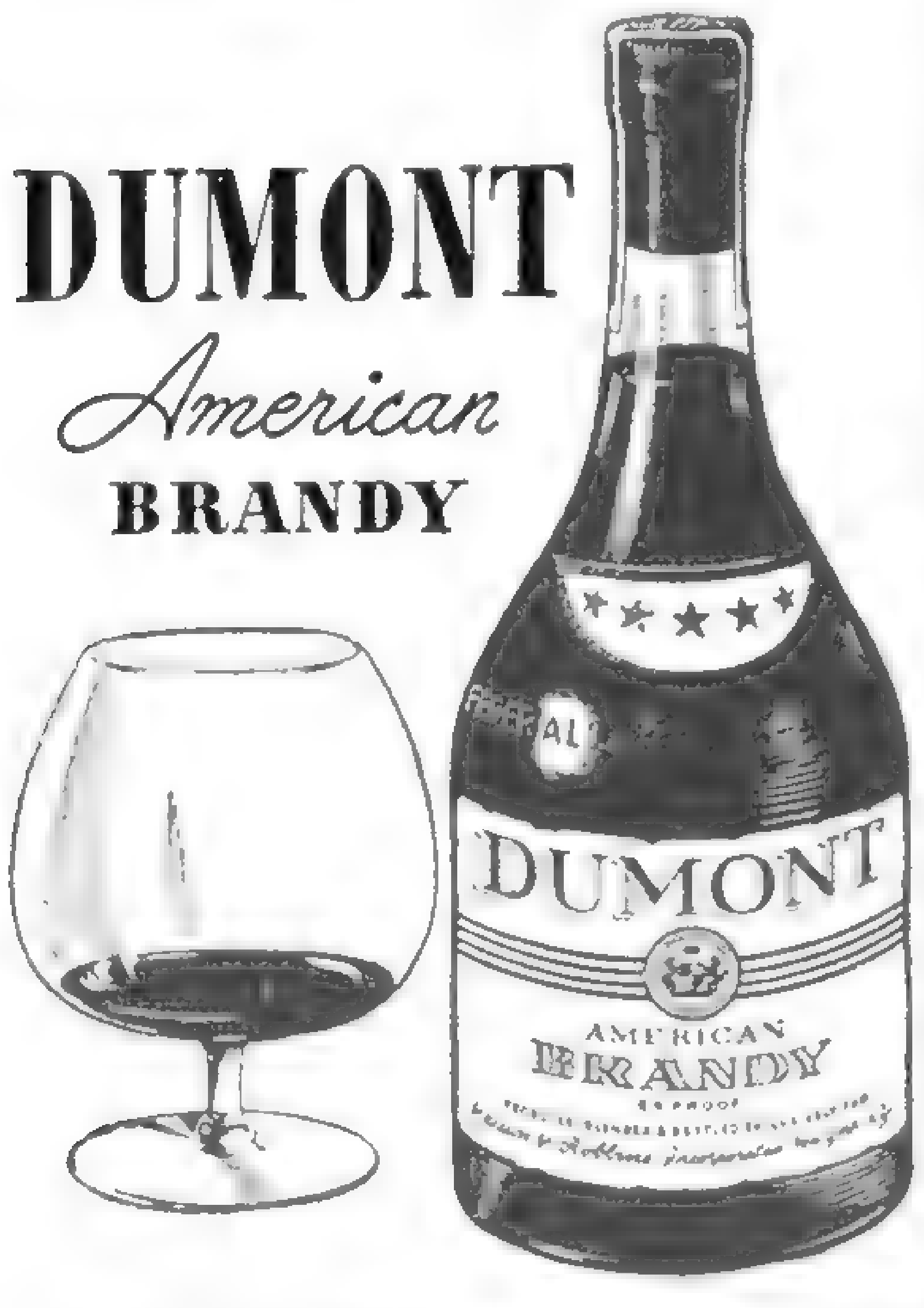

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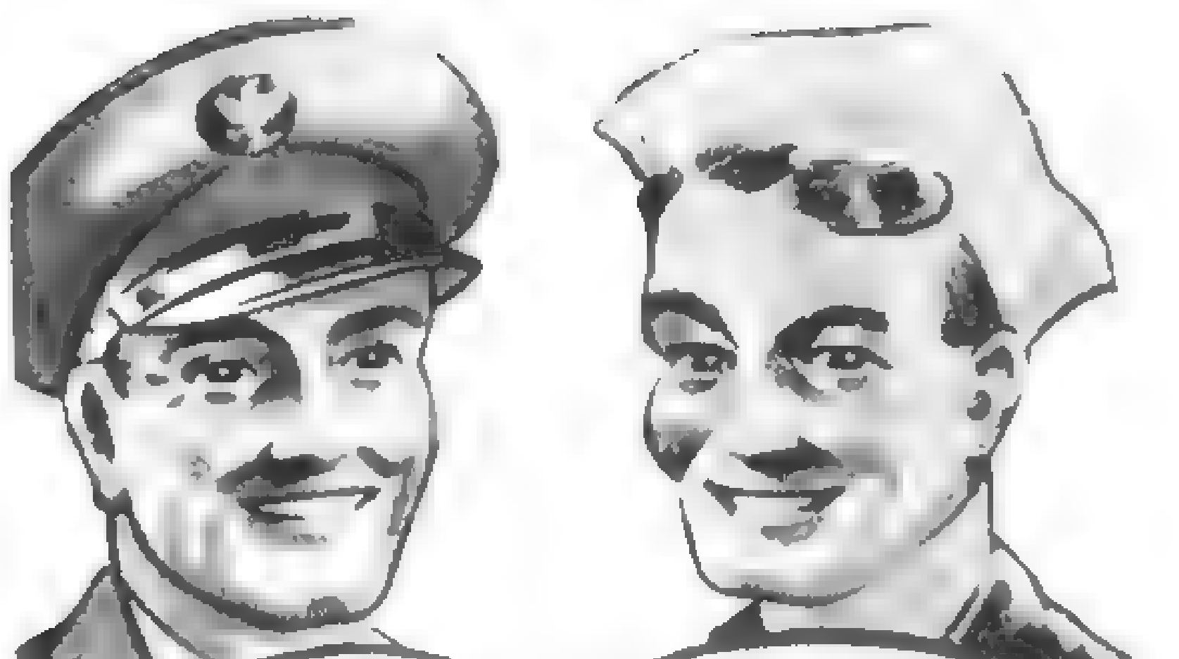

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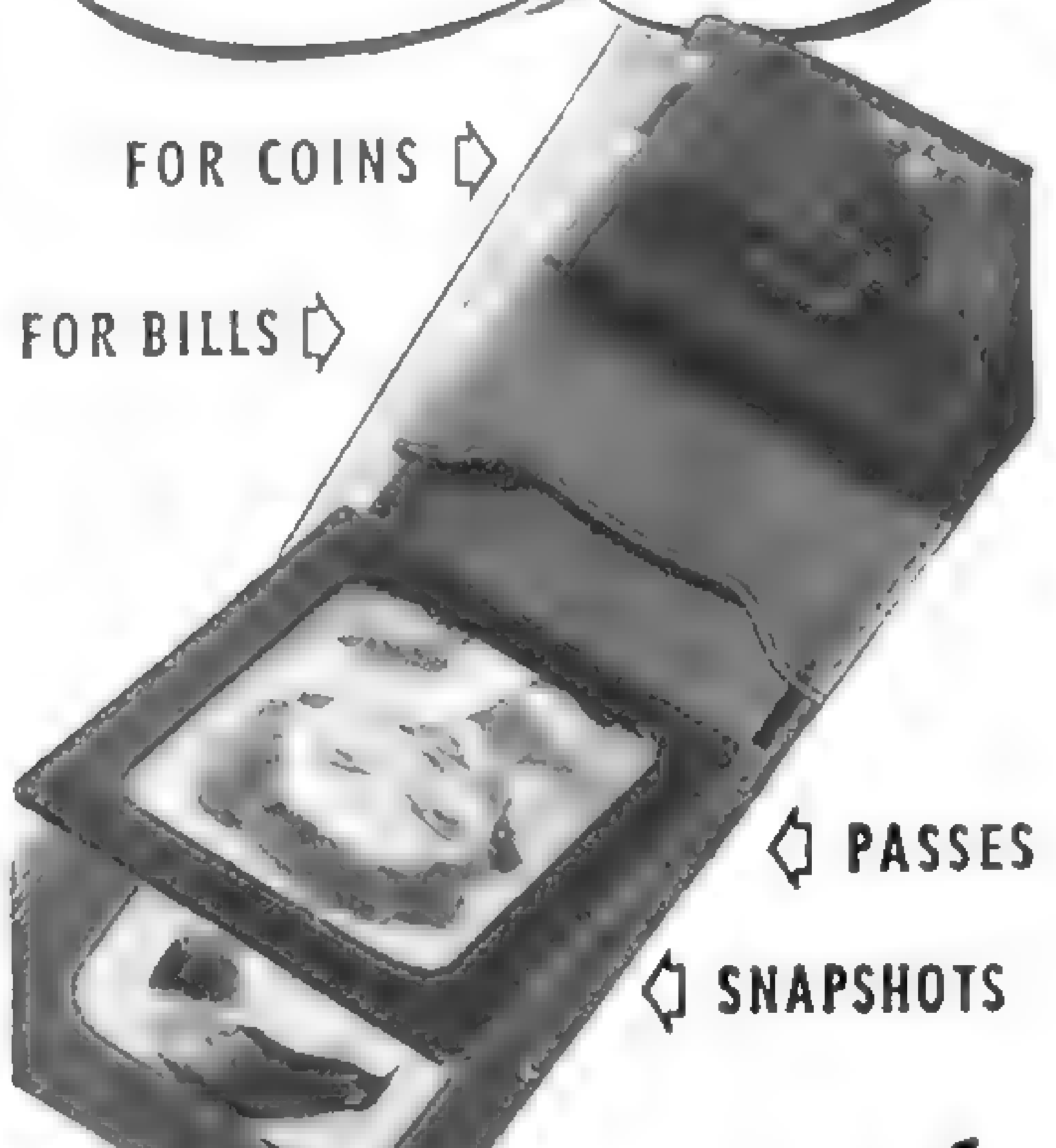

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The Court of Lost Ladies

Continued from page 61

papers and looks at the Dixie mouth pouting above the shimmering ruff of fur.

The attendant drones: ". . . loitering in said premises and did place your hand upon the arm of so-and-so . . . How plead you? Guilty or not guilty?"

The pout gives way to a desperate, weak smile. The watermelon accent says: "Not guilty."

The Magistrate considers the plea briefly. "What have you to say for yourself, Miss?"

Alert beneath her terror, the prisoner catches the "Miss," used for the first time today. It's a straw to point the wind and she responds with a frank confession, in a voice tuned to her tearful eyes, that she has lied about her name. "It's not the true one, Madame Judge."

Her Honor nods.

The prisoner begins her tale in awkwardness, takes all the blame for what the policeman thought, but she denies that she meant to do that awful thing. No, for no amount of money would she bring such a disgrace upon her family. Voice and eyes play "Dixie."

Her Honor nods, even goes so far as to smile faintly. She believes the story.

Sweetly the lady prattles on, declares that she really thought the man was going to give her money just for the honor of dining and dancing with her. And she just had to get her fare back home because she was engaged to a young man there, who, even now, was waiting to marry her.

"Can you prove that, Miss?"

The tarnished bell that locks her purse flies open. She searches daintily among her belongings, dares even to take one bewitching glance at her mirror. She pulls out a telegram, unfolds its yellow page, tenderly reads it, and hands it over.

Her Honor reads it and then makes her decision. "See that she gets home." All her grace renewed, the girl turns toward a woman police officer, owlish in a blue uniform, who advances and tries to smile a social-service smile.

The Magistrate glances after the free one, smiles faintly again, and then rises in her place. She is tiring now. She whispers to the clerk and, while he answers, she gazes down at the waiting women. Forty of them have come and gone, come from bad, gone—for the most part—to worse. She has altered their lives a little, according to law. Forty women. And there are twice that number waiting—thieves, shoplifters, fugitives.

"Next case."

The old prostitute rises hopefully. Her eyes speak loudly of her guilt and just as loudly of her desire for miserable freedom. Her Honor once more confronts reality, clad in cheap cloth, blazing with cheap gems. She looks down at the record before her: Boston, Tampico, Chicago, San Francisco. Back through the years the wretched story runs. It began long, long ago when they were calling this way of hers "the primrose path." She reads the story: city to city, from dive to dive. There's no counting the money she has earned, the men she has comforted, the men she has ruined.

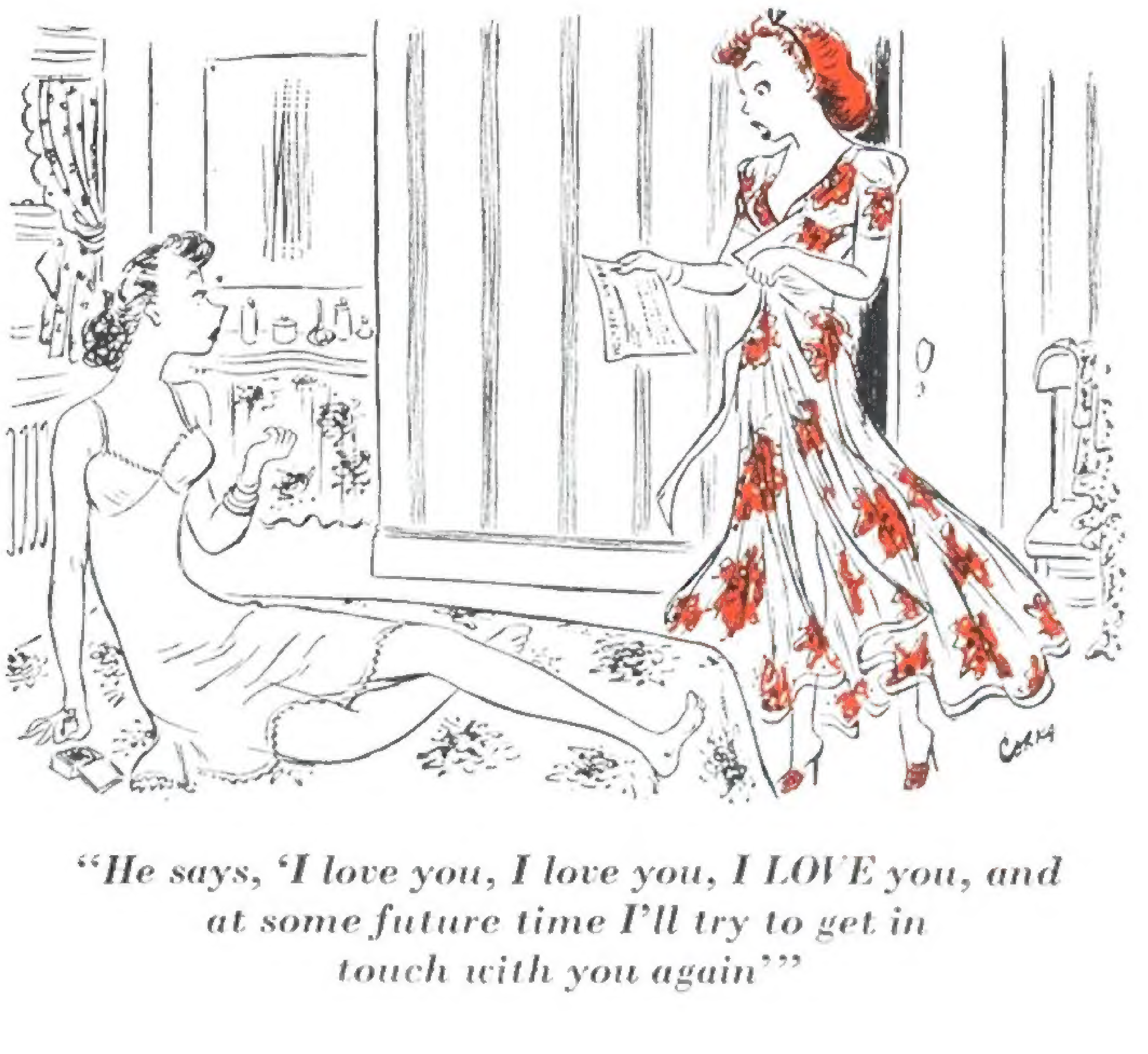
She mumbles her replies. "I was in St. Louis then" or "It was in a Galveston joint." She strives to hide her hideous face, knowing it will win no mercy for her. She shudders.

The Magistrate sighs and once more glances swiftly through the cards.

What's the story? What goes? The story is the same old one. Same words. Same music.

"One hundred days in the workhouse . . . medical attention."

The Magistrate turns from that sigh which rises from a heart long since broken. She cannot listen to sighs. There are too many. Last year there were nine thousand such women in the court. This year there will be nine thousand more. ♯



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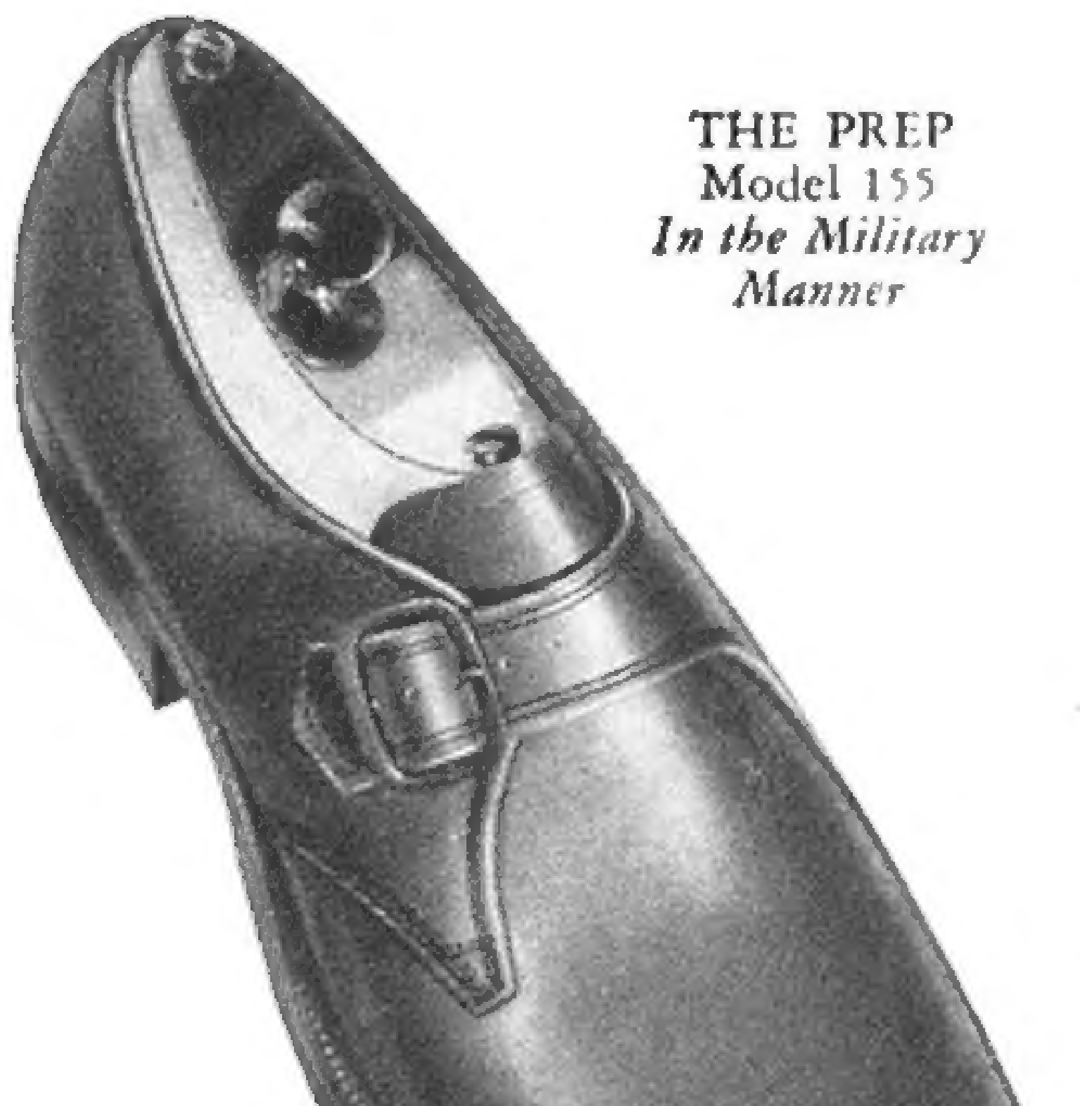
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Vitamins by the Bunch

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rite still do duty in the mummery of chi-chi chow places. But time has brought script changes and a new title; instead of "The Awaited Verdict" it's "The Waiter and the Waxwork." That is to say, the gentleman who is going to pay for the wine gets priority to the extent of half a finger's worth as always, but (and here's the novel twist) doesn't do anything with it. He and his glass just sit there, unconsulted and abandoned, while life goes on its way around the table bestowing bounty. Luckily the bearer is of the retriever breed and eventually shows up with, let us hope, enough heeltap to remedy the lowness of the lord of the feast whose palate is thus the last to learn any bad news as to quality.

The gimmick that saves such a charade from explosions of mortification is a piece of paper called a label. If Mr. Orderer has checked that, he can sit back and await assured, telling the waiter, "You may pour at will, Gridley." For we have emerged from the era of the dusty bottle, with all its uncertainties, into that of the *trusty* one backed by American skill.

For a while, though, and not such a short while either, we stalled on the threshold with a foot in each era—acted as though we were planning to camp there permanently. We talked the foreign, because names like Pommard, Mouton-Rothschild, and Yquem were part of social aplomb, but when nobody was lorgnetting us, we drank American to the tune of approximately twenty times as much, if the Federal Alcohol Administration knows how to do sums correctly.

This informal putting away of native wines was done at home tables and happy-go-lucky table d'hôtes. Ultra starchy places either ignored them entirely or dog-housed them on the *Carte des Vins* as "Domestic," and any inquisitiveness about them was given the shrug.

Rubber and sugar conservation dovetail beautifully. If a woman eats fewer sweets she is in less need of a girdle.

At the very same social registerants one now sees the very same wines paraded to ringside with as much pomp as though each were the ultimate of the ultimate, which you'll admit is a good deal to get for two bucks.

Possibly they aren't quite *that* wonderful—as yet. But that's the trend. And here's the how and why of it:

Prize vineyards, which Prohibition had scissored out or ignobly switched to supplying the makings of home-basement muck, are with us again. Rehabilitated with replantings they are surpassing their proud pasts. If you want a close-up of what Californian cultivators and vintners went through, just peruse Alice Tisdale (*Oil for the Lamps of China*), Hobart's best-seller *The Cup and the Sword;* or *The Vineyard* by Idwal Jones, which you'll thank me for recommending.

California successfully grows all of the important grape varieties of *all* of Europe's wine countries. Does so with the co-operation of a copyrighted climate, instead of being plagued with the vagaries of Continental weather which cause off years oftener than good.

And, brethren, that isn't all. Strictly native vine varieties such as Delaware, Catawba, Norton, Elvira, and Scuppernong, fructifying in the Middle West and the Northern and Southern East, yield wines which are exclusive to the New World. The Whites are fascinators at first taste. Some Reds are so "different," it may take you a while to get their idea—the way venison would if you had been expecting beef. I remember a little misunderstanding I had with a bottle of Ohio Port. "Liar!" I called it because it didn't fit into any pigeonhole in *my* Port experience. I felt so indignant, I couldn't get the damn thing off my mind, and later in the evening I decided to clinch disapproval by having another pour. Oho, Ohio! So I dug deeper into the evidence, and when I really got to the bottom of things, who should I run into but Truth.

"Listen, quibble-brain," said she, "don't indulge in shallow opinions. To judge a wine, you've got to sit around with it, get to know it, have something to eat with it if only a nibble. As for theories, did you ever know a theory that could quench a thirst?"

Come to think of it, I didn't.

Evidently this gimlet-eyed lady has been busy in California, because the landscape out there is littered with junked hoke including some Old World traditions with quaint moss on them. Suspicion prevails that wine industries in Europe which produced 5 per cent sound wines and 95 per cent unsound, needn't be looked up to as perfection. It is even hinted that we Americans, with our knack at precision through large scale operation would deem such a record lousy.

All of which is bad news for the Gremlins that lie in wait for unguarded fermentations and storings. The guy with the test tube is cleverer than they, and he knows what gives flavor the green light and what gives it the Indian sign.

And what's happened to Romance? Instead of being in the balcony it's now in the bottle, vigorous with vitamins. ⧺

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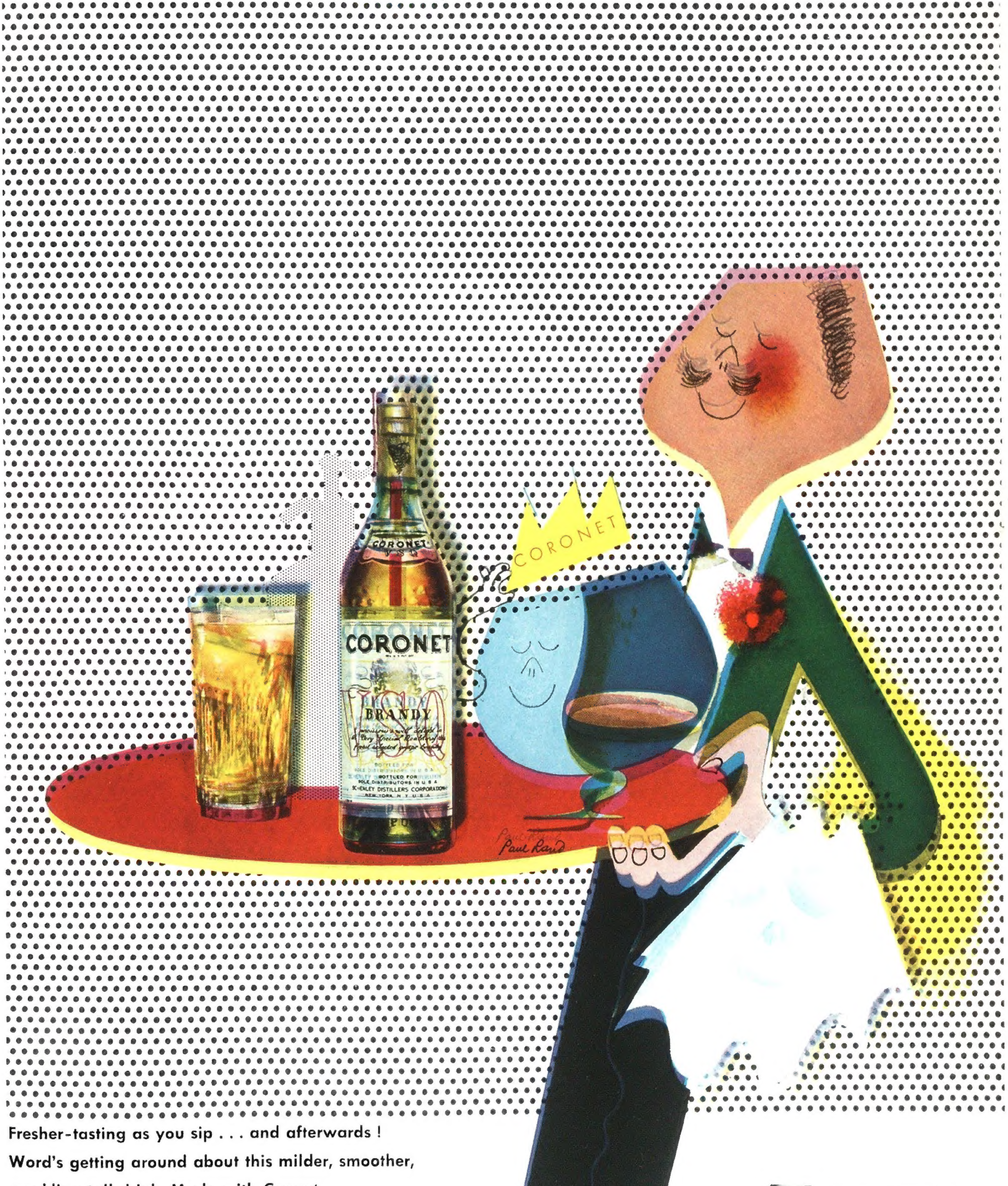

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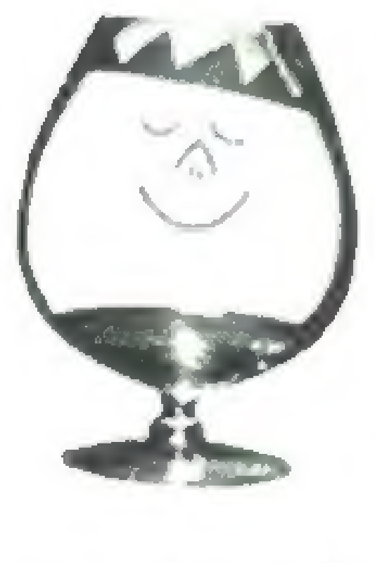

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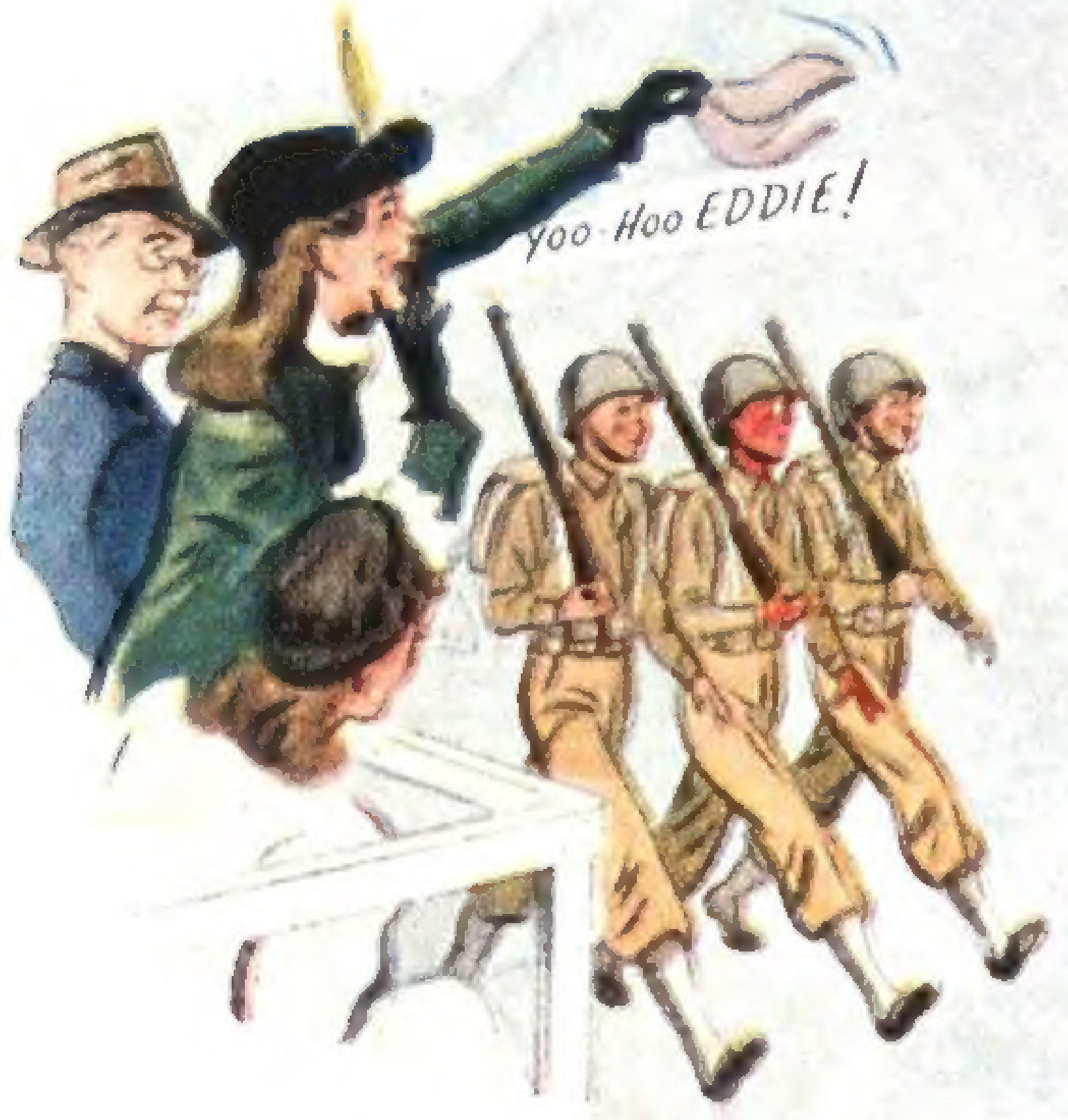
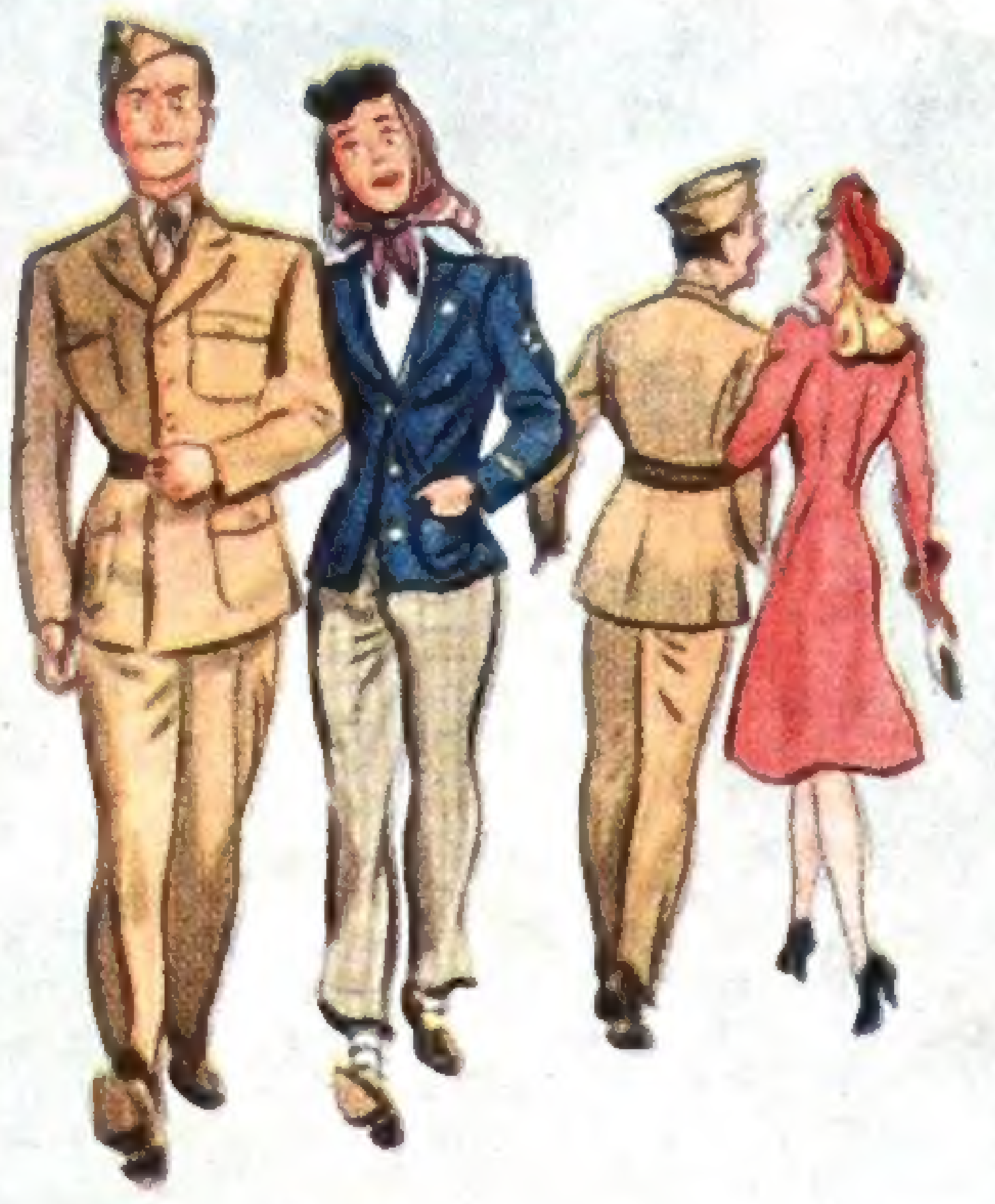
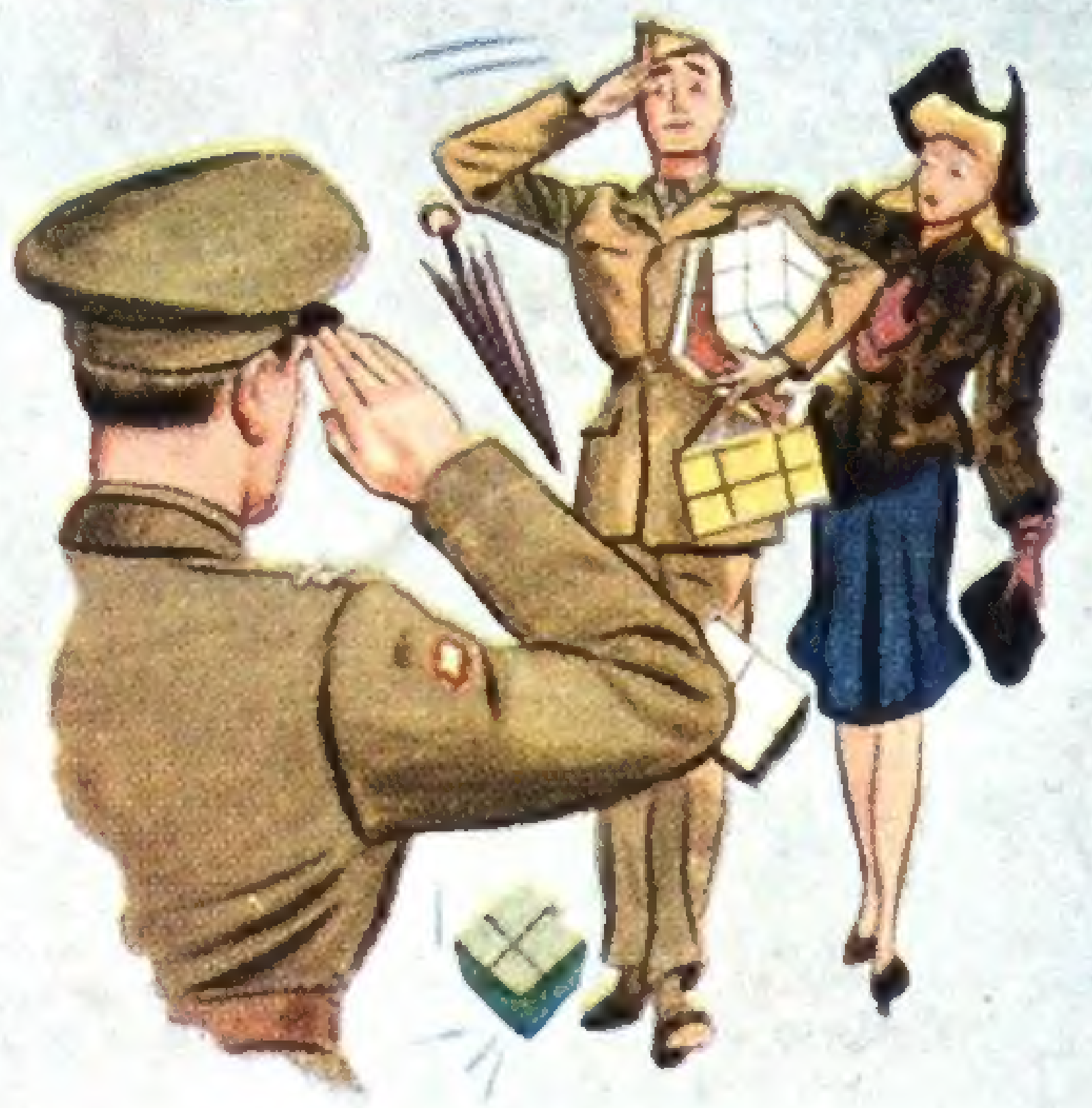
HAVE YOU A MAN IN THE ARMY?


Yoo-Hoo EDDIE!

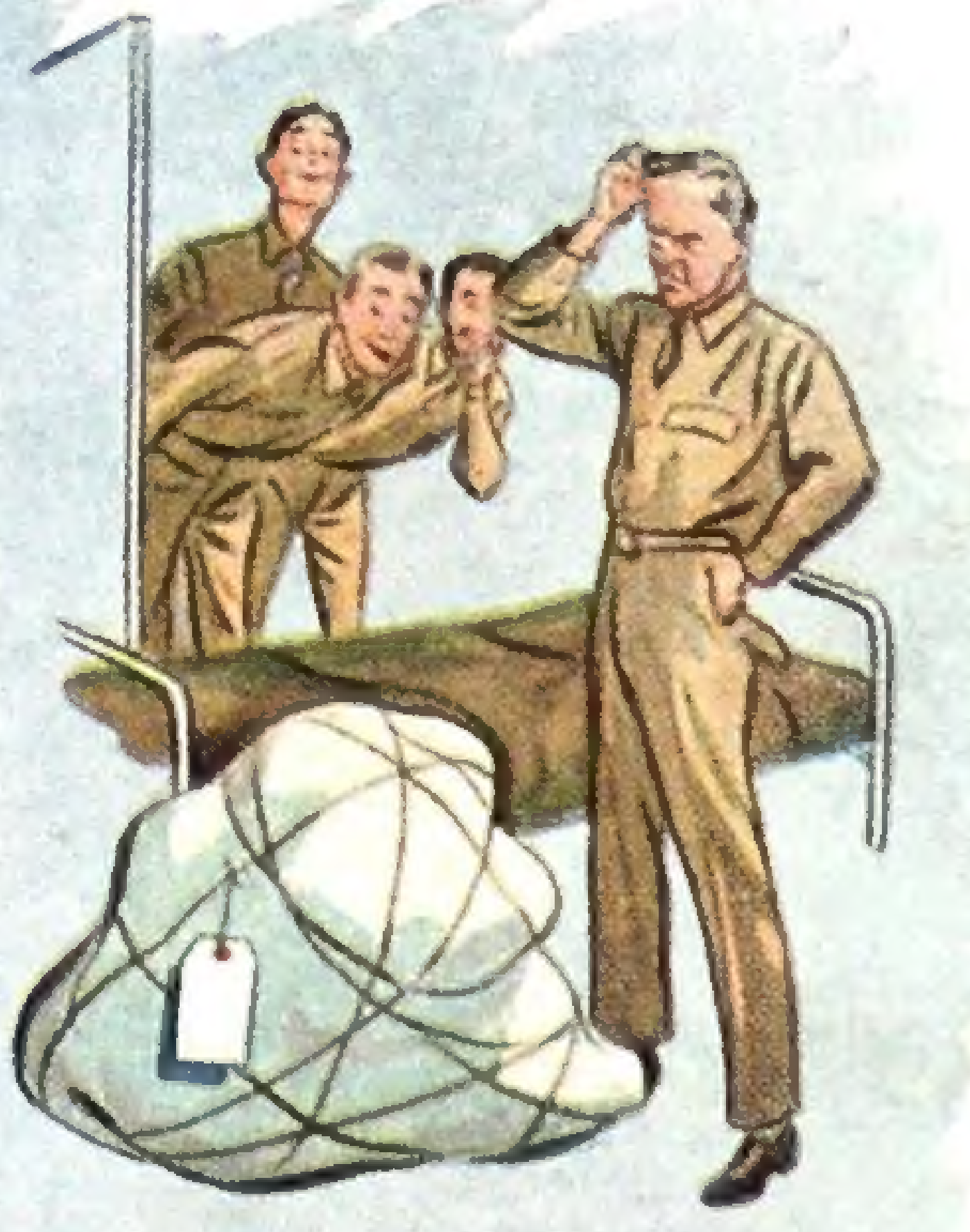
DON'T wave or signal or try to attract the attention of a man marching in formation. He's not allowed to answer or even to look at you—regulations say that in formation marching he must always look straight ahead.



DON'T try to surprise your soldier by dressing in "military fashion"—he sees plenty of uniforms. Above all, don't turn up wearing slacks! Wear your prettiest, most feminine clothes—that's the way he wants to see you.



DON'T ask a soldier to carry packages or an umbrella. He'll do it, of course, if you ask him to—but it's considered unmilitary and it's apt to get him into difficulties... particularly when he has to salute an officer!



DON'T send him anything too big to conceal in his bunk or duffle bag. At daily barracks inspection, *nothing must show* except government property. DO remember the preferred gift is cigarettes...and the favorite is Camel.*

Do remember— Camels are first in the service

WANT to know a secret about that man of yours in the Army?

Well then, it's this: in spite of the fact that he's doing the biggest job in the world—the "little things" count for a lot with him.

"Little things" like the right cigarette, for instance. There's a good reason why men in the Army...in the Navy...the Coast Guard, and the Marines prefer Camel. You see, Camels are expertly blended from costlier tobaccos—tobaccos that are rich in flavor, for lasting enjoyment—tobaccos that give extra mildness, yet are never thin-tasting.

Trust the men in the service to spot the difference! And, of course, that goes for millions of smokers on the "home front," too. They know that Camels are more pleasing *every* way. If *you're* not a Camel smoker now—make your next cigarette Camel.

*With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel.

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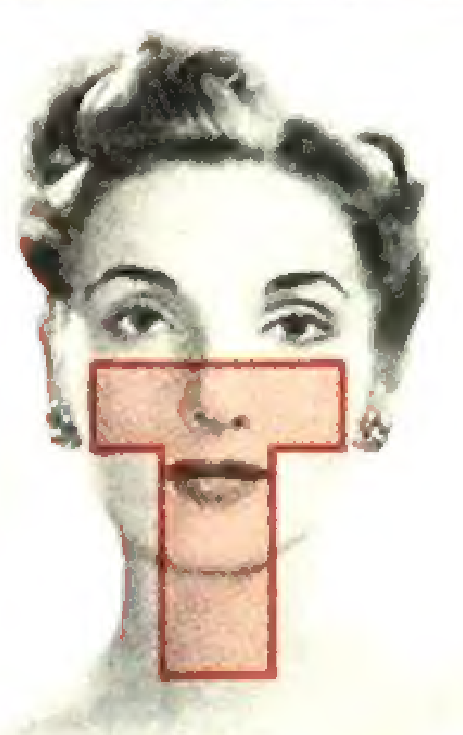

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